

There is a fine specimen of *Phacelium* in the
herbarium of the University of California at Berkeley.



Paume Brown
1892
28

NEW SCIENCE OF ELOCUTION.

THE
ELEMENTS AND PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL EXPRESSION
IN LESSONS,
WITH
EXERCISES AND SELECTIONS
SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED
FOR ACQUIRING
THE ART OF READING AND SPEAKING.

BY S. S. HAMILL, A.M.,
CHICAGO, ILL.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC, ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND ELOCUTION,
ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.,
STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.

NEW YORK:
PHILLIPS & HUNT.
CINCINNATI:
CRANSTON & STOWE.

1888.

Copyright, 1886, by
PHILLIPS & HUNT,
NEW YORK.

SCIENCE OF ELOCUTION.

BY S. S. HAMILL.

TESTIMONIALS.

From ANDREW D. WHITE, LL.D., *President of Cornell University, late Professor of History and English Literature, Michigan University.*

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR, Oct. 8, 1860.

Mr. S. S. Hamill has taught large Elocution classes in this institution, and has given perfect satisfaction.

His exercises for developing the voice, and inculcating its right tone, cannot, I think, be surpassed. A. D. WHITE.

From REV. H. P. TAPPAN, D.D., LL.D., *Chancellor of Michigan University.*

It affords me much pleasure to commend Mr. S. S. Hamill to Colleges and Schools as a teacher of Elocution. Mr. Hamill is himself an excellent elocutionist, but this would be of small account if he merely taught his pupils to imitate his own manner and tones. His worth as an instructor in this very important, but too much neglected, branch consists in the inculcation of correct principles of Elocution, and in subjecting his pupils to a proper drill of the voice. His aim is to correct bad habits of pronunciation and intonation, and to bring out the natural power and compass of the human voice. He is, besides, very faithful and diligent, and spares no pains to accomplish his object. Mr. Hamill succeeds also in winning the esteem and respect of his pupils by his gentlemanly bearing. He has formed voluntary classes in this institution for two successive seasons, and has given great satisfaction. HENRY P. TAPPAN.

Dec. 7, 1860.

From REV. D. A. WALLACE, D.D., LL.D., *late President of Monmouth College.*

PROF. HAMILL: I have examined your book, and am prepared to say deliberately, that I like it exceedingly. I expected much: my expectations are more than realized. I see that you are to lead the profession in the United States.

From WILLIAM RUSSELL, *Professor of Elocution, Lancaster, Mass., Author of Vocal Culture, Pulpit Elocution, etc., etc.*

PROFESSOR HAMILL.—DEAR SIR: Your favor of the ninth gave me the rare pleasure of perceiving that Dr. Rush's Philosophy of the Voice, as exemplified in my manual of Orthophony (or Vocal Culture), has led an intelligent and accomplished teacher of Elocution to prosecute for himself the analysis of vocal expression into its interesting and instructive details. The closeness of your investigations must have been a source of great pleasure, as well as conscious intellectual discipline, to yourself, and I have no doubt that it will greatly enhance the benefit of your instructions to others. . . . Let me assure you that the ingenuity and thoroughness of your scheme gives me peculiar pleasure, from the attempt to give philosophical completeness to a tabular view of the phenomena of vocal expression.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

From REV. O. N. HARTSHORN, LL.D., *President of Mount Union College.*

Feeling a deep interest in the important subject of Elocution, and being personally acquainted with Professor S. S. Hamill, a scholar and gentleman of high standing, I take the liberty to introduce him to the favorable consideration of all persons interested in this too much neglected branch of education. Mr. Hamill is the most accomplished, thorough, and systematic teacher of Elocution that I have ever met. He has taught some five classes, composed of students and professors of Mount Union College, with satisfactory results. I attended three of these classes with great profit and pleasure to myself. While Mr. Hamill has been here he has arranged a simple diagram, which, in my judgment, gives in one view to the eye an accurate and comprehensive outline of each style of utterance. I have examined it carefully, and think it highly adapted in its plan and execution to illustrate, when explained by him, that most difficult and important, but too much neglected, department of education, the various qualities, forms, stress, pitch, and movement of voice, to be exemplified in the utterance of each style of sentiment.

Sept. 9, 1861.

O. N. HARTSHORN.

From ALEXANDER CAMPELL, *President of Bethany College, Va.*

Having recently had the pleasure of hearing the distinguished Elocutionist, Mr. S. S. Hamill, deliver himself on the science and the art of Elocution, in doing which he so scientifically and also artistically exhibited the orator in utterance and in action, I cannot but rec-

commend him to all those youth who desire to acquire either the theory or the practice of this most interesting and useful science and art.

April 10, 1861.

A. CAMPBELL.

From W. K. PENDLETON, President of Bethany College.

To all who are interested in the attractive art of Elocution we take pleasure in tendering a very cordial introduction of Mr. Hamill. He has made Elocution his special profession, and besides his own very high attainments in its practice, is eminently gifted as a teacher of it to others. He has given instruction to a number of voluntary classes in Bethany College, and with the most marked success. His gentlemanly bearing, his accomplished mastery over his subject, his great fidelity and energy as a teacher, and, withal, his genuine enthusiasm in the noble art of Elocution, make Mr. Hamill a welcome instructor to all who take his lessons.

His method is strictly scientific, and as a teacher he labors to point out and exemplify the principles and exercises by which excellence in oratorical utterance not only *may*, but *must*, be reached. We trust that Mr. Hamill will be encouraged and sustained in his generous efforts to elevate the tone of our Elocution, and that in his hands this much-neglected and sometimes-despised element of a polished education may be invested with new interest, and raised to a noble place in the courses of our colleges.

W. K. PENDLETON.

April 18, 1861.

From J. BALDWIN, A.M., President State Normal School, Huntsville, Texas.

Professor HAMILL is the best teacher of Elocution in the United States.

From THE CHRISTIAN UNION (Henry Ward Beecher's paper), Nov. 20, 1872.

Prof. HAMILL has given us the most valuable matter, with a better classification than we have seen.

From THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, Oct., 1872.

"The Science of Elocution," by Prof. HAMILL, is without a superior to our scholars, to our ministry, and to our academic, collegiate, and theological classes.

From THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Oct., 1872.

"The Science of Elocution," by Prof. HAMILL, is the most scientific in its methods and complete in its instructions of any on the subject that we remember to have seen.

From S. H. CARPENTER, M.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, University of Wisconsin.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, Jan. 17, 1874.

Prof. S. S. HAMILL—Dear Sir: I have examined your "Science of Elocution" with great pleasure, and unhesitatingly pronounce it the best thing of the kind with which I am acquainted. I shall recommend it to my classes.

Respectfully yours,

S. H. CARPENTER.

*From S. P. LUCY, Professor of Elocution and English Literature, Oska-
loosa College.*

OSKALOOSA, IOWA, Dec. 4, 1875.

Prof. S. S. HAMILL—Dear Sir: Permit me to congratulate you on the production of a book on Elocution that is at once practical and scientific. It fully meets the demands of the class-room.

From J. B. PEASLEE, Ph.D., Supt. Public Schools, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Prof. Hamill is one of the few who has reduced Elocution to a science. His teaching is thorough and systematic.

From S. ESTABROOK, late Principal Michigan State Normal School.

Prof. Hamill is the most thorough, systematic, and accomplished teacher of Elocution I have ever met. His method is thoroughly scientific, his manner is easy, natural, and inspiring.

From DATUS C. BROOKS, Prof. of English, Michigan University.

We have had other teachers of Elocution in this university, but none so successful in his instructions. Regretting that we cannot retain Mr. Hamill permanently here, he has my most cordial commendation and warmest wishes for his success in the chosen profession of his life.

DATUS C. BROOKS.

Dec. 18, 1860.

P R E F A C E.

IN the belief that Elocution should be studied as a science as well as practiced as an art, the following pages are presented to the public.

That Elocution is a science, that there are certain established principles observed by all good speakers and violated by all bad ones, none will deny who have carefully investigated the subject. To understand and to practically illustrate these principles should be the prominent object of the student of Elocution.

The design of the work is to unfold the principles of Elocution, to show their application to the different forms of thought and emotion, to classify selections under their appropriate styles, and, in connection therewith, to furnish sufficient exercises for the cultivation of the articulation, the tones of the voice, and the graces of manner.

Without this all cultivation of the voice and manner will be of little avail. Instances are numerous of students who have carefully and diligently practiced the exercises for the cultivation of the voice and manner, so abundant in the various works on Elocution, and derived therefrom all the advantages they propose, and yet good readers and speakers are rare.

A radical defect exists somewhere, or, contrary to all experience and testimony, the ability to read and speak well is not an acquirement. An experience of nearly twenty years as a teacher in this department has convinced the author that the study of Elocution usually ceases where it really should begin, namely, with the adaptation of the tones of the voice and the expression of countenance to the sentiment uttered.

To correct in some degree this defect, and to awaken a deeper interest in the subject of Elocution, is the hope of the author in the present publication.

When Elocution shall be studied in our colleges and universities as a science, its principles known and practiced, then, and not till then, will good speaking be the rule, and not, as now, the rare exception.

S. S. H.

CHICAGO, ILL.

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION.

IN revising the Science of Elocution the author desires to express his sincere thanks to the literary and professional men and women, and to the schools and colleges throughout the country for their generous and complimentary indorsement and adoption of the work, and to hope that the revised edition may be no less acceptable.

The original design of the work, which was to present the elements and principles of vocal expression in a plain, simple, scientific manner, is still retained.

The changes are chiefly in the arrangement of the exercises, the addition of questions and diagrams, and the substitution of new and better selections. The present plan is to present the explanations, exercises, elements, principles, and the selections for their illustration in systematic lessons, and thus better adapt the work to the wants of the class-room. Instead of presenting with each element brief examples to illustrate all the styles of thought and feeling in which the element may be employed, only one illustration will be given, the others being presented when new elements are introduced. By this arrangement frequent repeti-

tions will be avoided, and yet all the styles of thought and feeling illustrated.

No attempt has been made to give instruction in action, further than the exercises in position and movement. Indeed, it is questionable whether grace and propriety of gesture and attitude can be successfully taught by printed instructions either in words or wood-cuts and dotted lines. Certain it is that the accomplishments of action can be best acquired from the living teacher and the careful study of works of art and natural illustrations.

The suggestions in the lessons on gesture and attitude are on the supposition that the teacher is competent to give such instruction orally and by illustration.

CHICAGO, ILL., *Feb.* 1, 1886.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	7
PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION	9
INTRODUCTION	19
QUESTIONS	23
DIAGRAM OF THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION...	24
DIAGRAM OF THE ACCIDENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.....	25
ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.....	26
<p>Exercises in Position, Respiration, Articulation, Breathing, and Gesture will be found in connection with each lesson.</p>	
LESSON I..... POSITION, RESPIRATION, ARTICULATION....	28-31
FORMS OF VOICE.....	32
EFFUSIVE FORM.....	33
LESSON II..... EXPULSIVE FORM.....	39
LESSON III..... EXPLOSIVE FORM.....	44
LESSON IV..... QUALITIES OF VOICE.....	49
PURE TONE.....	51
PURE TONE, EFFUSIVE FORM.....	53
LESSON V..... PURE TONE, EXPULSIVE FORM.....	57
LESSON VI..... PURE TONE, EXPLOSIVE FORM.....	61
LESSON VII... OROTUND.....	63
OROTUND, EFFUSIVE FORM.....	65
LESSON VIII.. OROTUND, EXPULSIVE FORM.....	69
LESSON IX.... OROTUND, EXPLOSIVE.....	74
LESSON X..... ORAL.....	77
ORAL, EFFUSIVE FORM.....	78

	PAGE
LESSON XI..... ORAL, EXPULSIVE	82
LESSON XII..... ASPIRATE	85
ASPIRATE, EFFUSIVE	86
LESSON XIII..... ASPIRATE, EXPULSIVE.....	89
LESSON XIV..... ASPIRATE, EXPLOSIVE.....	91
LESSON XV..... PECTORAL.....	96
PECTORAL, EFFUSIVE.....	97
LESSON XVI..... PECTORAL, EXPULSIVE.....	101
LESSON XVII.... PECTORAL, EXPLOSIVE.....	104, 105
LESSON XVIII... GUTTURAL.....	108
GUTTURAL, EFFUSIVE	109
LESSON XIX..... GUTTURAL, EXPULSIVE.....	111
LESSON XX..... GUTTURAL, EXPLOSIVE.....	115
LESSON XXI..... FALSETTO.....	118
FALSETTO, EFFUSIVE FORM.....	118
LESSON XXII.... FALSETTO, EXPULSIVE.....	120
LESSON XXIII... FALSETTO, EXPLOSIVE.....	124
LESSON XXIV... NASAL.....	127
NASAL, EXPULSIVE	128
LESSON XXV.... FORCE OF VOICE.....	135, 136
SUBDUED FORCE.....	137
LESSON XXVI... MODERATE FORCE	142
LESSON XXVII.. ENERGETIC FORCE.....	148, 149
LESSON XXVIII.. IMPASSIONED FORCE.....	155
LESSON XXIX... STRESS OF VOICE	162
MEDIAN STRESS.....	163
LESSON XXX. ... RADICAL STRESS.....	166
LESSON XXXI... FINAL STRESS.....	174, 175
LESSON XXXII.. COMPOUND STRESS.....	179
LESSON XXXIII.. THOROUGH STRESS.....	185
LESSON XXXIV.. INTERMITTENT STRESS.....	190
LESSON XXXV... PITCH OF VOICE.....	195

	PAGE
LESSON XXXV... MIDDLE PITCH.....	198
LESSON XXXVI.. LOW PITCH.....	201
LESSON XXXVII.. HIGH PITCH.....	205
LESSON XXXVIII. VERY LOW PITCH.....	208
LESSON XXXIX.. VERY HIGH PITCH.....	212
LESSON XL..... MOVEMENT OF VOICE	215
MODERATE MOVEMENT.....	216
LESSON XLI..... SLOW MOVEMENT.....	220
LESSON XLII.... RAPID MOVEMENT.....	224
LESSON XLIII... VERY SLOW MOVEMENT.....	227
LESSON XLIV.... VERY RAPID MOVEMENT.....	229-233
CONCLUSIONS FROM THE PREVIOUS LESSONS.	236
LESSON XLV..... GROUPING.....	238
LESSON XLVI.... ACCIDENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.....	248
QUANTITY.....	248
LONG QUANTITY.....	249
LESSON XLVII... SHORT QUANTITY.....	250
LESSON XLVIII.. INFLECTIONS.....	254
RISING INFLECTION	254
LESSON XLIX.... FALLING INFLECTION.....	258
LESSON L..... CIRCUMPLEX.....	264
LESSON LI..... CADENCE.....	267
LESSON LII..... EMPHASIS.....	270
EMPHASIS OF FORCE.....	270
EMPHASIS OF STRESS.....	271
EMPHASIS OF QUALITY.....	271
EMPHASIS OF PITCH.....	272
EMPHASIS OF MOVEMENT.....	272
LESSON LIII..... PAUSES	278
LESSON LIV..... CLIMAX	281
LESSON LV..... ACTION	282
POSITIONS OF HANDS.....	283

	PAGE
LESSON LV... POSITION AND MOVEMENT OF ARMS	285
QUALITIES OF GESTURE	286
ACCOMPANIMENTS OF GESTURE.....	287
SIGNIFICANCE OF GESTURE.....	287
THE EYE.....	288
LESSON LVI.. EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.....	290
TRANQUILLITY.....	291
CHEERFULNESS.....	291
MIRTH.....	292
JOY.....	293
PITY	294
HOPE.....	294
HATRED, AVERSION.....	295
ANGER, RAGE, FURY.....	296
REVENGE	297
REPROACH.....	298
FEAR AND TERROR.....	299
SORROW.....	300
SNEER.....	301
SURPRISE, WONDER, AMAZEMENT, ASTONISH- MENT.....	302
VEXATION.....	303
SHAME.....	303
GRAVITY.....	304
COMMANDING.....	304

SELECTIONS.

	PAGE
ABOU BEN-ADHEM.— <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	316
AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.— <i>G. A. Baker</i>	256
AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.— <i>Alice Cary</i>	218
APPEAL IN BEHALF OF IRELAND.— <i>S. S. Prentiss</i>	145
APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.— <i>Lord Byron</i>	249
BALD-HEADED MAN, THE.....	379
BARON'S LAST BANQUET, THE— <i>A. G. Greene</i>	112
BELLS, THE.— <i>Edgar A. Poe</i>	328
BELLS, THE. (First stanza.)— <i>Edgar A. Poe</i>	61
BELLS, THE. (Third stanza.)— <i>Edgar A. Poe</i>	75
BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.— <i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	335
BLACKSMITH'S STORY, THE.— <i>Frank Olive</i>	354
BOBOLINK, THE.— <i>Aldine</i>	349
BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!— <i>Tennyson</i>	165
BUGLE SONG.— <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	119
BURIAL OF ARNOLD, THE.— <i>N. P. Willis</i>	139
CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.— <i>Croly</i>	106
CATO'S SOLILOQUY.— <i>Joseph Addison</i>	231
CHARCOAL MAN, THE.— <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	121
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, THE.— <i>Tennyson</i>	314
CHARLIE MACHREE.— <i>William J. Hoppin</i>	331
CHEERFULNESS.....	198
CLARENCE'S DREAM.— <i>Shakespeare</i>	102
CLOSING YEAR, THE.— <i>Prentice</i>	150
COUNT CANDESPINA'S STANDARD.— <i>George H. Boker</i>	332
CREEDS OF THE BELLS.— <i>George W. Bungay</i>	323
CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT— <i>Rosa A. Hartwick</i>	317

	PAGE
DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE.— <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	123
DARKNESS.— <i>Byron</i>	98
DEAD DOLL, THE.— <i>Margaret Vandegrift</i>	380
DEATH-BED, THE.— <i>Thomas Hood</i>	138
DEATH OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.— <i>Dr. Nott</i>	311
DEATH OF LITTLE JIM, THE.....	79
DUTY OF LITERARY MEN TO THEIR COUNTRY.— <i>Grimke</i>	306
EVENING AT THE FARM.— <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	343
GOD.— <i>Derzhavin</i>	65
GOD THE TRUE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.— <i>Thomas Moore</i>	147
GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.— <i>W. C. Bryant</i>	223
GONE BEFORE.— <i>B. F. Taylor</i>	316
GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE, THE.....	124
HAMLET. ACT III. SCENE IV.— <i>Shakespeare</i>	181
HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.— <i>Shakespeare</i>	58
HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.— <i>Shakespeare</i>	280
HATE OF THE BOWL.....	177
HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.— <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> ..	371
I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.— <i>G. P. Morris</i>	206
INDUSTRY AND ELOQUENCE.— <i>Wirt</i>	41
IN MEMORIAM—A. LINCOLN.— <i>Mrs. Emily J. Bugbee</i>	202
ISLE OF LONG AGO, THE.— <i>B. F. Taylor</i>	35
JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.— <i>F. Bret Harte</i>	320
LADY CLARE.— <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	261
LASCA.— <i>F. Desprez</i>	363
LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP, THE.— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	187
LIFE-BOAT, THE.— <i>Anon</i>	214
MACBETH. (Extract from dagger scene.)— <i>Shakespeare</i>	109
MACBETH. SCENE II. ACT II.— <i>Shakespeare</i>	93
MARCO BOZZARIS.— <i>Fitz Greene Halleck</i>	209

CONTENTS.

17

	PAGE
MARMION AND DOUGLAS.— <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	251
MAUD MULLER.— <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	244
MAZEPPA.— <i>Byron</i>	234
MERCHANT OF VENICE. (Brief extract.)— <i>Shakespeare</i>	110
MERCHANT OF VENICE. SCENE I. ACT III.— <i>Shakespeare</i>	359
MERCUTIO'S DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB.— <i>Shakespeare</i>	279
MILITARY COMMAND.— <i>Anon</i>	90
MODULATION.— <i>Lloyd</i>	144
MR. PICKWICK'S PROPOSAL TO MRS. BARDELL.— <i>Dickens</i>	347
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.— <i>Phillips</i>	307
NEARER HOME.— <i>Phoebe Cary</i>	54
NIGHT.— <i>Shelley</i>	291
NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.— <i>Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland</i>	366
ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.— <i>Ethel L. Beers</i>	192
OUR FOLKS.— <i>Ethel Lynn</i>	361
OVER THE RIVER.— <i>Miss Priest</i>	268
PAINTER OF SEVILLE, THE.— <i>Susan Wilson</i>	273
PARTING WORDS.— <i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	87
PICTURES OF MEMORY.— <i>Alice Cary</i>	351
PITT'S REPLY TO WALPOLE.....	265
POLISH BOY, THE.— <i>Mrs. Ann S. Stephens</i>	157
POOR LITTLE JOE.— <i>Peleg Arkwright</i>	369
PYRAMUS AND THISBE.— <i>John G. Saxe</i>	344
RAVEN, THE.— <i>Edgar A. Poe</i>	338
RESPONSIBILITIES OF OUR REPUBLIC.— <i>Joseph Story</i>	153
RIDE OF JENNIE MCNEAL, THE.— <i>Will Carleton</i>	169
RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.— <i>Miss Mitford</i>	310
RISING OF 1776, THE.— <i>T. Buchanan Read</i>	70
ROBERT OF LINCOLN.— <i>W. C. Bryant</i>	376

	PAGE
SANDALPHON.— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	352
SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE, THE.— <i>G. W. Patten</i>	116
SHERIDAN'S RIDE.— <i>T. Buchanan Reid</i>	312
SPRING.— <i>Bryant</i>	153
TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE ALPS.— <i>J. S. Knowles</i>	156
TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.— <i>Wendell Phillips</i>	357
TWO BOOT-BLACKS, THE.....	235
VAGABONDS, THE.— <i>Trowbridge</i>	325
VOICE OF SPRING.— <i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	46
WOUNDED.— <i>William E. Miller</i>	82
YOUNG LOCHINVAR.— <i>Scott</i>	228

SCIENCE OF ELOCUTION.

INTRODUCTION.

ELOCUTION.

DEFINITION.

ELOCUTION is the expression of thought and feeling by voice and action. It is not, as many erroneously think, an accomplishment valuable only in professional life; but a divine gift, a natural endowment, invaluable in every position and condition of life, and susceptible of the highest cultivation. It is Elocution in the familiar conversations of the family circle as truly as it is in the pulpit; it is Elocution in the social circle as really as it is at the bar, when the lawyer addresses judge and jury; it is Elocution in business life as much as it is upon the platform or the stage. Wherever we express thought and feeling, there we use or abuse the principles of expression.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Elocution is both a science and an art. As a science, it investigates, classifies, and applies the elements and principles, of expression; as an art, it gives practical illustration to these elements and principles.

As a science, it teaches us to know; as an art, to do.

PROVINCE OF THE SCIENCE.

The science of Elocution deduces the principles of expression from natural sounds — animate and inanimate. It observes in the joyous songs of birds explosive form, pure tone, high pitch, and rapid movement.

It perceives in the low, angry growl of the wild animal the pectoral quality ; in the mutter of the blood-thirsty savage the guttural tone ; in the moaning of the winds the aspirate ; in the roar of the ocean the orotund ; in the tranquil murmur of the stream the pure, clear tone.

It classifies these principles, adapts them to the comprehension of man, and thus establishes a system true in theory and natural in practice; a system based not on human rules, but on divine laws. It discovers in every vocal utterance six essential elements: **FORM, QUALITY, FORCE, STRESS, PITCH, and MOVEMENT** ; that by no possibility can there be a continuous vocal utterance in which these elements will not exist in some combination; that they are as essential to vocal expression as are the notes to the tune, the parts of speech to the sentence, the processes — addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division — to the solution of problems ; that all other properties of expression, as quantity, inflection, emphasis, cadence, grouping, and even distinct articulation, are simply different combinations of these essential elements; that utterance does not depend upon them, but may exist without them, and hence they may be termed simply accidents or accomplishments of expression. Science perceives that the excellence in vocal expression, whether in conversation, reading, speaking, or recitation, depends on the perfect illustration and correct combination of these

elements, and that the defects are found in an improper use of one or more of them. It determines the combination appropriate for the expression of the different styles of thought and feeling, classifies these combinations, and thus renders the art of Elocution as simple and easy as the art of music, mathematics, or language.

PROVINCE OF THE ART.

The Art of Elocution cultivates the voice, perfects the articulation, improves the respiration, gives ease and grace to position and movement—propriety and power to gesture and attitude. It teaches the practical illustration of the elements and their innumerable combinations. It applies these in the expression of the different styles of thought and feeling, thus embodying in delivery every accomplishment both of voice and action.

ADVANTAGES.

The proper study of Elocution will make the family circle more agreeable, the social circle more desirable, the business man more successful, the teacher more instructive, as well as the professional man more impressive. Is it so desirable that our musical instruments upon which we occasionally play be sweet-toned and in perfect tune, and of no importance that our own voices and our children's voices be clear and sweet and musical and pure? Are easy, graceful positions and attitudes so important in pictures and statues and not desirable in ourselves? Pleasant tones of voice and agreeable manners gain friends, win confidence, secure customers, inspire pupils, and delight audiences. They are desirable and profitable every-where. It would be difficult to name a subject taught in school or college

that affords a culture so broad, so thorough, so practical as the study of Elocution. It most happily combines the cultivation of the physical, the mental, and the moral powers.

Physical Culture.

The exercises in respiration, articulation, and vocalization strengthen the lungs, expand the chest, develop the muscles of the throat and neck, protecting them against cold and bronchial affections, call into action the abdominal, dorsal, and intercostal muscles, and thus promote digestion and, in fact, invigorate all the physical powers; they cultivate sweetness, purity, power, and flexibility of voice. The exercises in action give ease and grace to position and movement. If, for its physical culture alone, Elocution were introduced into all our schools and colleges, it would more than compensate for all the expenditure of time and money. But its physical advantages are the least important. It furnishes no ordinary

Mental Culture.

To express thought and feeling appropriately and impressively they must be clearly comprehended. But the comprehension of the thought is not sufficient. The science of Elocution must be mastered—a science exact, abstruse, exhaustless. The elements and principles of this science must be perfectly familiar to the mind. The adaption of the elements and the application of the principles in the expression of the different styles of thought and feeling cultivate the taste and judgment. To recite a selection, or present a scene impressively, it must be memorized. This strengthens the memory, that faculty so greatly neglected in our modern methods of education. Each character presented

must be clearly conceived, must have an ideal existence. This exercises the imagination. In the combination of the elements, the conception of the characters, and the arrangement of the scenes, there must be a constant effort to produce those effects most pleasing both to eye and ear. This cultivates the æsthetic taste and develops the originating faculties.

But the study of Elocution stops not with the cultivation of the physical and mental faculties; it develops

The Moral Powers.

It brings us into intimate communion with the noblest thoughts of the wisest men of all ages. It makes us familiar with the sublimity of Shakespeare, the grandeur of Milton, the imagination of Scott, the pathos of Dickens, the purity of Longfellow, and the inspiration of the Bible. It cannot be but that the study and recitation of such writings will ennoble the moral nature.

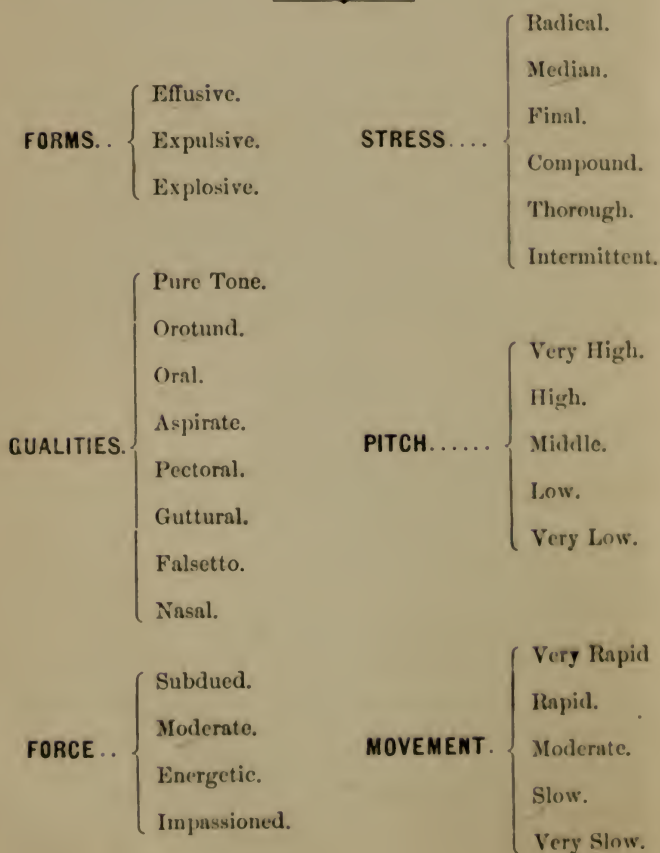
QUESTIONS.

1. What is Elocution?
2. Where used?
3. What is the province of the Science of Elocution?
4. How do we ascertain the elements and principles of expression?
5. How many essential elements of expression are there?
6. What is an essential element?
7. How many of the essential elements are found in every utterance?
8. What is an accident of expression?
9. What constitutes excellence in expression?
10. Where are the defects found?
11. How do we determine the combinations appropriate for the expression of the different styles of thought and feeling?
12. Define the province of the art of Elocution.
13. Mention some of the physical advantages of Elocution.
14. Some of the mental.
15. Some of the moral.

DIAGRAM

OF THE

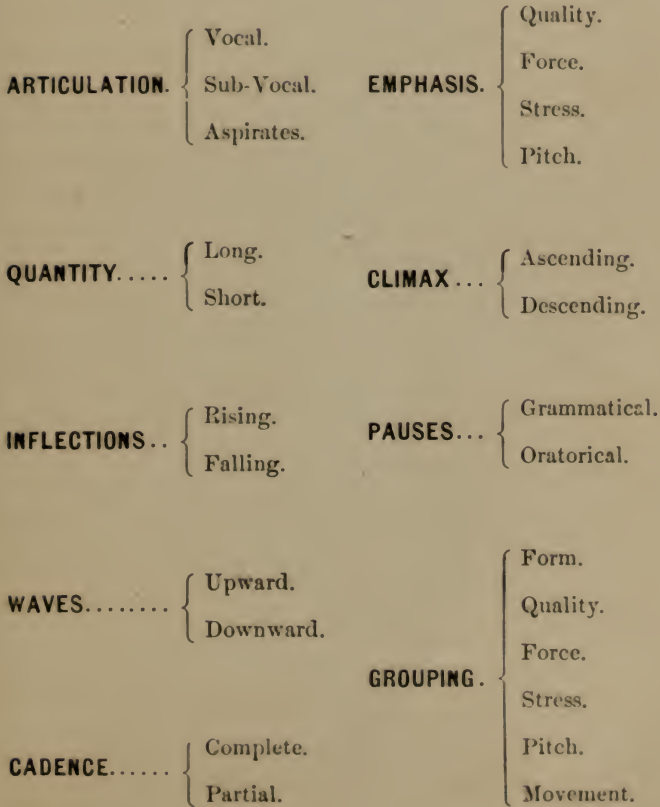
ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.



DIAGRAM

OF THE

ACCIDENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION



ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

An elementary sound is a sound produced by a single impulse of the organs of speech.

Phonologists generally agree that there are forty-four elementary sounds in the English language.

These sounds are represented by letters and characters.

The sounds are divided into vocals, sub-vocals, and aspirates ; the letters into vowels and consonants.

CHART OF THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

LONG VOCALS.

1. e, as in me, eve.
2. ē, “ serge, verge.
3. ā, “ aim, ale.
4. â, “ air, care.
5. ä, “ arm, farm.
6. ô, “ or, for.
7. ō, “ oak, no.
8. o, “ ooze, do.

SHORT VOCALS.

9. I, as in ill, it.
10. ě, “ ell, let.
11. ǒ, “ odd, not.
12. ů, “ up, sup.
13. ǻ, “ add, sad.
14. à, “ ask, task.
15. ũ, “ full, pull.

DIPHTHONGS.

16. I, as in ice, lie.
17. oi, “ oil, boil.
18. ū, “ mute, tube.
19. ou, “ out, sound.

SUB-VOCALS.—*Correlatives.*

20. b, as in boy, ebb.
 21. d, “ did, rod.
 22. g, “ go, rag.
 23. g, “ gem, judge.
 24. v, “ veer, valve.
 25. th, “ this, breathe.
 26. z, “ zone, zeal.
 27. zh, “ azure, seizure.

SUB-VOCALS.—*Liquids.*

28. l, as in lo, will.
 29. r, “ row, roar.
 30. m, “ moon, home.
 31. n, “ no, moon.
 32. ng, “ sing, ring.

SUB-VOCALS.—*Coalescents.*

33. w, as in we, wit.
 34. y, “ yet, you.

ASPIRATES.—*Explosives.*

35. p, as in pin, pipe.
 36. t, “ till, spot.
 37. k, “ kick, neck.
 38. ch, “ church, which.

ASPIRATES.—*Continuants.*

39. f, as in file, stiff.
 40. th, “ think, breath.
 41. s, “ see, pass.
 42. sh, “ shine, wish.
 43. h, “ he, hat.
 44. wh, “ whence, what.

LESSON I.

POSITION.

In beginning a course of lessons in Elocution the attention of the student should first be directed to the subject of position. It is the position of the body that first attracts attention. If it be easy and natural, the impression will be favorable; if stiff and awkward, it will be unfavorable. Again, an easy position promotes freedom of thought and smoothness of expression, while a restrained manner hinders speech and embarrasses utterance.

POSITIONS OF THE HEAD, BODY, HANDS, AND FEET.

Stand with the head and body erect, the chest fully expanded, the shoulders well thrown back—not rigid and formal, but easy and natural. Let the arms hang easily by the side, or, if there be a table or desk near, let one hand rest gently upon it. If a book or manuscript is used, hold it in the left hand, the thumb and fourth finger in front, the other three fingers back.

POSITIONS OF THE FEET.

FIRST POSITION.—Place the feet so that they will form an angle of nearly ninety degrees, the right a little in advance, and about three or four inches from the left, the weight of the body resting principally on the left, the center of the heel of the right foot opposite the center of the hollow of the left.

SECOND POSITION.—The second position is just the converse of the first—the weight of the body rests upon the right foot, the left a little in advance and

about three or four inches from the right, the feet forming an angle of nearly ninety degrees.

THIRD POSITION.—In the third position the right foot is about six or eight inches obliquely to the right, in advance of the left, and supports the weight of the body; the toe or ball of the left foot gently rests on the floor, and balances the body, the heel being raised about an inch. The feet in this position should also form a right angle.

FOURTH POSITION.—In the fourth position the weight of the body rests upon the left foot, which is about six or eight inches obliquely to the left, in advance of the right, the toe or ball of the right gently resting on the floor, the heel raised about an inch, the feet forming a right angle.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

Class rise and take the first position.

1. Change from the first to the second position by placing the right foot back of the left, and turning the left out a little.

2. Change from second to first position by placing the left foot back of the right, and turning the toe of the right out a little.

3. Change from first to third position by stepping forward about six or eight inches with the right foot, inclining the body a little forward, and balancing it with the toe or ball of the left foot—the heel of the left raised about an inch from the floor and inclined in toward the heel of the right.

4. Change from the third to the first position by bringing up the left foot to within about three inches of the right, and allowing the weight of the body to rest upon the left.

Repeat these changes several times, until the class is perfectly familiar with them.

Class may sit.

RESPIRATION.

The next exercise to which attention should be directed is breathing. Excellence in expression is largely dependent upon appropriate respiration. Without a sufficient supply of breath the vocal organs cannot perform their functions properly. In ordinary tranquil breathing the process is involuntary and unconscious; but when strength and force of voice are required, the vocal chords must be swept with a greater volume of air, and art must be called in to the assistance of nature.

To inhale skillfully and exhale properly, to keep the lungs constantly supplied with breath so that they can furnish to the larynx instantly the requisite supply of air, constitutes the art of breathing, and can be acquired only by practice. Incorrect breathing not only affects the vocal utterance, but produces bronchial trouble and pulmonary diseases.

The process of respiration includes both inhalation and expiration. In the act of inhaling great care should be taken to fill the lungs quickly and quietly, and at such times as will least inconvenience yourself and least attract the attention of an audience. Always inhale before beginning a sentence or phrase, before every animated or impassioned expression, before and after every emphatic word, and at all pauses.

In exhaling give out the breath as economically as possible, using no more than is necessary to produce the required tone.

EXERCISES IN RESPIRATION.

Class rise. While the teacher slowly elevates his hand the class should inhale quietly, filling the lungs to their utmost capacity. As the teacher lowers his hand exhale slowly and quietly. Repeat this exercise several times. Class may then sit.

ARTICULATION.

Distinctness of articulation, though not essential to expression, is an invaluable accomplishment. It enables the speaker to express his thoughts without weariness, and the audience to hear without effort. Every effort to understand the word detracts from the thought. In large assemblies and in the open air distinctness of articulation is indispensable. Loudness is not distinctness. Strong emotion and passion, if not expressed with distinctness, degenerates into rant and vociferation.

To perfect the articulation, practice the elementary sounds—first separately, then in combination.

In these exercises attention should be given to the position of the body, the breathing, and particularly to the positions and action of the organs of articulation.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

First pronounce the word distinctly, and then give each sound separately.

ē, as in me.

he,	the,
meed,	heed,
breathe,	these,

1. I mean what I say.
2. I believe it every word.
3. Be not overcome by evil.
4. Seems, madam! nay, it is.
5. Tell them we need no change.

This exercise should not occupy more than two or three minutes, and all the previous explanation and exercises should be given in less than ten minutes.

FORMS OF VOICE.

Before beginning the discussion of the Essential Elements, it will be well to direct the attention of the pupil again to certain axiomatic propositions on which these lessons are based :

FIRST. *In every vocal utterance there are six essential elements.*

SECOND. *Excellence in vocal expression depends on the perfect illustration and correct combination of these elements.*

THIRD. *The defects in vocal utterance are produced by an imperfect illustration or incorrect combination of one or more of these elements.*

If these propositions be true, it follows that a practical and theoretical knowledge of the essential elements will make good readers and speakers.

The primary object of these lessons is to explain, illustrate, and apply the elements and principles of vocal expression. All other exercises and explanations are simply auxiliary.

Form is the manner in which the sound is sent forth from the vocal organs. It is to sound what shape is to matter. There are but three forms of Voice; there

are really but three forms of sound, effusive, expulsive, and explosive.

Every sound, whether produced by the human voice, the voice of bird or beast, by inanimate nature, or mechanical means, must be in one of these forms.

Effusive Form.

The Effusive is that form of Voice in which the sound is sent forth gently from the vocal organs without abruptness either in beginning or ending. The breath is not sent forth by a forcible effort, but is gently effused into the surrounding air.

ADVANTAGES OF EFFUSIVE FORM.

The Effusive Form gives a smoothness to the tone and a mildness to utterance which, in the expression of pathos and solemnity, reverence and devotion, produces one of the most pleasing effects in delivery, calling out at once all the purer and nobler feelings, and fitting the mind for higher and holier contemplations. The absence of this element in the utterance of the sublime passages in prayer and praise gives a harshness to the expression. In the milder forms of awe and horror the effusive gives intensity to the utterance. Owing to our defective methods of elocutionary instruction the Effusive Form is rarely heard.

To acquire this form of voice practice the elementary sounds and words in the following manner :

First inflate the lungs fully, and then exhale the breath gently in a prolonged clear tone, being careful to expend no more breath than is necessary to produce the tone.

EXERCISES IN EFFUSIVE FORM.

1. ē, as heard in me.
2. ā, “ “ ale.
3. a, “ “ arm.
4. ă, “ “ all.
5. ō, “ “ old.
6. ōō “ “ ooze.

Repeat each of these sounds several times. Practice the following words in the same manner, only less prolonged :

calm,	balm,	vow,	bowl,
amuse,	refuse,	awful,	beauty.

PRINCIPLE OF EXPRESSION, OR WHEN THE EFFUSIVE
FORM SHOULD BE USED.

The Effusive is the appropriate Form of voice for the expression of *tranquillity, solemnity, sublimity, pathos, grandeur, reverence, adoration, devotion, awe, and amazement* of a quiet and tranquil character.

That the Effusive Form should be so employed is not an empirical rule, by following which excellence in expression may be acquired, but a divine principle which must be observed by all who excel in reading and speaking, whether they are conscious of it or not. This principle is clearly illustrated wherever God, in nature, expresses by animate sounds or awakens in us by inanimate sounds these thoughts and feelings.

The dove, lamenting the loss of its mate, always expresses its sadness in the Effusive Form. The wind as it moans around the building, awakening in us sad and gloomy thoughts and feelings, always illustrate the

Effusive Form. The roar of the ocean, awakening grand and sublime thoughts and feelings, is Effusive in Form.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

In instructing classes it would be well for the teacher to read one line, *not for imitation*, but to illustrate the Effusive Form, and then have the class repeat it in concert. After reading one stanza in this manner let the class be seated, and then call upon two or three pupils successively to read the entire stanza. When two or three have read, then read a second stanza in concert, and again call on two or three individually, and so on until the entire selection is read. Both teacher and pupils should bear in mind that the prominent object in this lesson is to cultivate the Effusive Form.

EXAMPLE: PATHOS.

Effusive Form.

The Isle of Long Ago.

B. F. TAYLOR.

1. O a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.
2. How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf, so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.
3. There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

4. And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

5. There are fragments of song that nobody sings;
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

6. There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

7. O remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the first exercise to which the attention of the pupil is called?
2. Why?
3. Describe the position of the head, body, and arms.
4. How many positions of the feet are given?
5. Describe and illustrate each.
6. What was the second exercise in this lesson?
7. What are the advantages of exercises in Respiration?
8. How should the lungs be filled?
9. When should we inhale so as least to attract attention or interrupt the utterance?
10. What was the third exercise?

11. Is articulation essential to expression ?
12. What are the advantages of a distinct articulation ?
13. What essential element is presented in this lesson ?
14. Upon what propositions are these lessons based ? Repeat them.
15. If these propositions are true what conclusion follows ?
16. What is the primary object of these lessons ?
17. Define Form of Voice.
18. How many Forms are there ?
19. Define Effusive Form.
20. Illustrate it.
21. What are the advantages of Effusive Form ?
22. When should the Effusive Form be used ?
23. How do we ascertain when the Effusive Form should be used ?
24. What is a principle of expression ?
25. Where in nature do we find the principle in this lesson illustrated ?
26. Why should the selection in this lesson be given in the Effusive Form ?

DIAGRAM OF FIRST LESSON.

- | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Exercises..... | { | Position.
Breathing.
Phonics. |
| 2. Element—Form..... | { | Definition.
Division.... { Effusive.
{ Expulsive.
{ Explosive.
Illustration. |
| 3. Topic—Effusive Form. | { | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercises.
Principle of Expression.
Examples. |
| 4. Selection for Practice. | { | “ Isle of Long Ago.” |

LESSON II.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

Take first position.

1. Change from first to second by placing the right foot back of the left and turning out the toe of left slightly.

2. Pass from second to fourth position by stepping forward six or eight inches with the left foot and balancing the body with the toe or ball of the right.

3. Bring the right foot up to second position.

4. Change to third position.

5. Change to first position.

Repeat the changes several times.

EXERCISES IN RESPIRATION.

Inhale slowly and exhale rapidly.

Repeat several times.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ē, as in earth.

earth,	ermine,
verge,	mirth,
prefer,	serge.

1. I am in earnest.
2. I prefer not to do it.
3. Crown him with myrtle.
4. He is on the verge of ruin.
5. The unsullied sanctity of your ermine.

Review Effusive Form theoretically and practically.

Expulsive Form.

The Expulsive is that form of voice in which the sound is sent forth from the organs in an abrupt and forcible manner. To produce the Expulsive Form the breath must be forced from the lungs to the larynx by a vigorous inward and upward action of the abdominal muscles and diaphragm.

The larynx is the instrument of sound, the lungs the reservoir of air, and the abdominal muscles and diaphragm the power for propelling the air. It is the inward and upward action of the abdominal muscles that compresses the lungs, and thus keeps the larynx furnished with a sufficient supply of air. Many cases of speaker's sore throat are caused by an inefficient action of the abdomen.

ADVANTAGES.

No exercise is more beneficial for strengthening and developing the voice than practice on this form.

It is the Expulsive that gives life, energy, and spirit to all forcible speaking. The speaker who fails in regard to the effect of this property of utterance solicits our pity rather than commands our respect. Divested of this form of voice, the manly and powerful eloquence of Demosthenes, Webster, Chatham, and Clay would become ridiculous and contemptible.

In practicing this exercise always stand or sit erect, keep the chest well expanded, and be very careful to maintain a vigorous *inward* and *upward* action of the abdominal muscles and diaphragm.

Repeat the following sounds, words, and sentences in a full, clear, expulsive form:

EXERCISES IN EXPULSIVE FORM.

1. ē, as heard in me.
2. ě, “ “ end.
3. ħ, “ “ add.
4. ō, “ “ odd.
5. ī, “ “ ill.
6. ū, “ “ up.

on,	orb,	air,	end,
up,	down,	sink,	live.
add,	old,	bold,	bond,
speak,	fate,	demand,	defy.

1. Firm in his faith he stands.
2. He has reached the zenith of his glory.
3. Through the thronged crowd he forced his way.

EXERCISES.

Contrasting Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

Repeat each of the above sounds, words, and sentences first with Effusive, then with Expulsive, Form.

EXPULSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

It is a principle of expression that the Expulsive Form should always be used in the expression of *narrative, descriptive, didactic, animated, argumentative, and impassioned poetic thought*, as expressed in scientific and literary lectures, doctrinal and practical sermons, senatorial and political speeches, and formal orations. This principle is illustrated in the direct, earnest utterances of children, the forcible speech of the savage, the bark of the dog, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, neighing of horses, the broken sound of the cascade, and the deep roar of the thunder, all of which ex-

press thought or feeling more or less didactic, narrative, or impassioned.

EXAMPLE: DIDACTIC THOUGHT.

Expulsive Form.

Industry and Eloquence.

WIRT.

1. In the ancient republics of Greece and Rome oratory was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller proportion of the citizens were educated than among us, but of these a much larger number became orators. No man could hope for distinction or influence and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies were orators as well as soldiers, and ruled as well by their rhetorical as by their military skill. There was no trusting with them, as with us, to a natural facility or the acquisition of an accidental fluency by occasional practice.

2. They served an apprenticeship to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools; they submitted to a long and laborious discipline; they exercised themselves frequently, both before equals and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone which art and perseverance could accomplish.

3. The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies, except indeed in their high intellectual endowments, had to struggle against natural obstacles, and, instead of growing up spontaneously to their own unrivalled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging artificial process.

4. Demosthenes combated an impediment in speech and an ungainliness of gesture which at first drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero failed at first through weakness of lungs and an excessive vehemence of manner which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study and discipline. He exiled himself from home, and during his absence in various lands passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the masters who

were most severe in criticism as the means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed.

5. Such, too, was the education of their other great men. They were all, according to their ability and station, orators ; orators, not by nature or accident, but by education, formed in strict process of rhetorical training.

6. The inference to be drawn from these observations is, that if so many of those who received an accomplished education became accomplished orators, because to become so was one purpose of their study, then it is in the power of a much larger proportion among us to form ourselves into creditable and accurate speakers. The inference should not be denied until proved false by experiment.

7. Let this art be made an object of attention; let young men train themselves to it faithfully and long, and if any of competent talents and tolerable science be found at last incapable of expressing themselves in continued and connected discourse, so as to answer the ends of public speaking, then, and not till then, let it be said that a peculiar talent or natural aptitude is requisite, the want of which must render effort vain; then, and not till then, let us acquiesce in this indolent and timorous notion, which contradicts the whole testimony of antiquity and all the experience of the world.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson ?
2. What is the Topic ?
3. Define Expulsive Form.
4. Explain the action of the diaphragm and abdominal muscles in producing the Expulsive Form.
5. What is the instrument of sound ?
6. What is the reservoir of air ?
7. What are the advantages of the Expulsive Form ?
8. How does the action of the abdomen assist the vocal utterance ?
9. When should the Expulsive Form be used ?
10. How do we ascertain this principle ?
11. Give some examples.
12. Why does the selection require Expulsive Form ?

DIAGRAM OF SECOND LESSON.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Exercises..... | { | Position.
Breathing.
Phonics. |
| 2. Review First Lesson Theoretically and Practically. | | |
| 3. Element—Form. | | |
| 4. Topic—Expulsive Form.. | { | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercises.
Principle of Expression, or when
used.
Example. |

LESSON III.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

1. Class take first position.
2. Change from first to second position by stepping forward with the left foot.
3. Change from second to first position by stepping forward with the right foot.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING.

1. Inhale quickly and quietly, and exhale rapidly and audibly, on the sound of h.
2. Inhale slowly and exhale suddenly on the sound of the letter h. Repeat several times.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

a, as in aim.

aim,	ale,
age,	pale,
pray,	day.

1. He is a saint.
2. May we pay our way?
3. They say that we will fail.
4. If we fail we can do no worse.
5. He may pray, but it will be all in vain.

Review briefly the EFFUSIVE AND EXPULSIVE FORMS.

Explosive Form.

The Explosive is that form of voice in which the sound bursts forth instantaneously from the organs. It resembles in suddenness the crack of a pistol or the report of a rifle.

This form of voice proceeds from a violent and abrupt exertion of the abdominal muscles acting on the diaphragm, and thus discharging a large volume of air previously inhaled.

“The breath in this process is, as it were, dashed against the glottis or lips of the larynx, causing a loud and instantaneous explosion. Just before the act of explosion the chink of the glottis is for a moment closed, and a resistance offered to the escape of the breath, by a firm compression of the lips of the larynx, and downward pressure of the epiglottis. After this instant pressure and resistance follows the explosion caused by the appulsive act of the abdominal muscles and diaphragm propelling the breath with powerful and irresistible force on the glottis and epiglottis, which at length give way, and suffer the breath to escape with a loud and sudden report of a purely explosive character.

ADVANTAGES.

No exercise is so effectual for imparting energy to the tone, or strengthening weak organs, as practice on the Explosive Form of voice.

Combined with the Expulsive, in argumentative discourse, it gives life and energy to the utterance. "This form of the human voice (the Explosive) is one of the most impressive in its effects. By a law of our constitution it acts with an instantaneous shock on the sympathetic nerve, and rouses the sensibility of the whole frame; it summons to instant action all the senses, and in the thrill which it sends from nerve to brain we feel its awakening and inciting power over the mind.

"With the rapidity of lightning it penetrates every faculty, and sets it instinctively on the alert.

"It seems designed by nature as the note of alarm to the citadel of the soul." But it must not be practiced too frequently or forcibly. Like all violent exercises it must be used judiciously.

Practice the following sounds, words, and sentences with all the force and abruptness you can command, being careful, however, not to give too high a pitch to the utterance.

In connection with these exercises practice the mechanical act of coughing and laughing.

EXERCISES IN EXPLOSIVE FORM.

1. I, as heard in it.
2. ě, " " let.
3. ǎ, " " add.
4. ä, " " ask.
5. ǒ, " " odd.
6. ů, " " up.

back,	hack,	trip,	skip.
mock,	stuck,	lot,	lied.

1. On ! Stanley on !
2. Forward the Light Brigade !
3. Stand to your guns, men !

EXERCISES.

Contrasting Effusive, Expulsive, and Explosive Forms.

Repeat the elements, words, and sentences in the Effusive, Expulsive, and Explosive Forms.

EXPLOSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The Explosive Form is appropriately employed in the expression of *ecstatic joy, the sudden cry of terror and alarm, the quick, sharp command.*

This principle is illustrated in the merry ringing laugh of childhood, the gladsome bark of the dog, the joyous song of birds, the angry yell of the Indian warrior, the sharp, rapid stroke of the fire bell, the sudden report of the rifle, the startling peal of thunder.

EXAMPLE: JOYOUS THOUGHT.

Explosive Form.

Voice of Spring.

MRS. HEMANS.

- 1 I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
- 2 I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fauns,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

- 3 I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.
- 4 I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.
- 5 From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.
- 6 Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.
- 7 Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.
- 8 The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne;
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me, I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. Describe the Explosive Form.
3. How is it produced?
4. What are the advantages of the Explosive Form?
5. When should the Explosive Form be used?
6. Where in nature is this principle illustrated?
7. Why does the selection require the Explosive Form?

DIAGRAM OF THIRD LESSON.

<p>1. Exercises.....</p> <p>2. Review Second Lesson.</p> <p>3. Element—Form.</p>	{	Position. Breathing. Phonics.
<p>4. Topic—Explosive Form.....</p>	{	Definition. Illustration. Advantages. How Acquired. Class Exercises. Principle of Expression. Examples.

LESSON IV.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

Take first position.

1. Change from first to third position by stepping forward about six or eight inches with the right foot, and resting the weight of the body upon the right.

2. Change from the third to first position by bringing up the left foot to within about three inches of the right, and resting the weight of the body upon the left.

3. Change from the first to the fourth position by stepping forward with the left foot about six or eight

inches, and balancing the body with the toe or ball of the right foot.

4. Change from fourth to first position by bringing up the right foot.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING AND GESTURE.

Inflate the lungs, and at the same time raise the tips of the fingers to the shoulders, strike downward forcibly, and at the same time expel the breath from the lungs.

Repeat the exercise several times.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

â, as in air.

there,	lair,	dare,
chair,	prepare,	prayer.

1. Dare to do right.
2. The air is very cool.
3. Swear by my sword.
4. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
5. Air, earth, and sea, resound his praise.

Review carefully the FORMS OF VOICE.

QUALITIES OF VOICE.

Quality is the kind of tone, the purity or impurity of the voice. Every vocal utterance must have some quality. This may be Pure Tone, Orotund, Oral, Aspirate, Pectoral, Guttural, Falsetto, or Nasal, or a combination of two or more of these.

Qualities of voice may be divided according to their use and importance into three classes. To the first

class belong the Pure Tone, Orotund, and Oral. These qualities are employed in the expression of the higher and nobler styles of thought and feeling. Nature teaches this principle in the pure clear notes of the birds, the grand roar of Niagara, the sad tones of the animals in their expressions of sympathy and suffering. To the second class belong the Aspirate, Pectoral, and Guttural, qualities employed chiefly in the expression of the harsh, repulsive, malignant thoughts and feelings. This we learn from the hiss of the snake, aspirate in quality; the growl of the lion, tiger, hyena, and all blood-thirsty animals, always more or less guttural or pectoral in character. To the third class belong the Falsetto and Nasal, qualities having but little in common, and the classification not founded in nature. They are simply thrown together here to present the subject in a more systematic order. They are chiefly used in the expression of burlesque and mimicry, though the falsetto is often employed in the expression of the elevating and ennobling. Many teachers and writers upon this subject have divided the qualities of voice into two classes, "Pure" and "Impure," placing under the first class only Pure Tone and Orotund, and under the second class all the others. They have taught that only the qualities termed "Pure" should be cultivated, that they are the only qualities required, that all others are defective, improper, and should be avoided. Now, while the Pure Tone and Orotund are the qualities most frequently employed, they are not the only qualities required; Aspirate, Pectoral, Guttural, Oral, Falsetto, and even Nasal being indispensable to the expression of certain styles of thought and feeling. To express fear or awe with Pure Tone is as inappropriate as to express joy

with Aspirate; to express revenge or hate with Orotund is as incorrect as to utter sublimity with Guttural.

Appropriate utterance requires the adaptation of the quality of voice to the sentiment expressed.

To determine the quality appropriate for the expression of the different styles of thought and feeling is an important part of the study of Elocution. Here, as every-where in the study of this science and art, we must "Hold the mirror up to Nature." Her teachings are infallible; her guidance unerring. If we but learn her lessons aright, we will understand the principles of expression; if we but embody her teachings in practice, we will correctly illustrate the art of Elocution.

Upon no element of expression are the teachings of Nature more explicit than upon Quality. In every wind that blows, in every thunder-peal that rolls, in every laughing, dancing brook, and every storm-tossed wave, we find an instructive lesson.

Each has a quality appropriate to the thought or feeling awakened.

As quality cannot exist except in some form, and as all the qualities may be given in each of the forms, each quality will be presented in the three forms.

Pure Tone.

Pure Tone is that quality of voice in which all the breath is converted into a clear, round, smooth, musical sound, with the resonance in the back part of the roof of the mouth. It is free from all Aspirate, Oral, Nasal, or other impure qualities.

Owing to our neglect of voice-culture this quality, so peculiar to childhood, is rarely possessed in more

mature age. The restraining influences of the school-room tend directly to destroy all the natural purity and sweetness of the voice.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of Pure Tone are twofold — first, to the speaker ; second, to the hearer. It is produced with less expenditure of breath than any other quality ; its effect upon the vocal organs is beneficial rather than injurious ; with the same effort it is heard at a greater distance than any other quality ; its clear musical properties give a distinctness to articulation and an ease to utterance grateful to the ear ; it produces none of the jarring effects experienced in listening to a speaker whose voice is harsh, hard, or in any way impure in quality.

To cultivate and restore this natural quality, practice daily the following exercises with the strictest attention to the purity of the tone.

Repeat a number of times each of the following elements in the Effusive Form with the utmost purity of tone. It will be noticed that the object of the exercise on page 33 was to cultivate Effusive Form without reference to quality or other attributes. The special object of this exercise is to cultivate Pure Tone, and, at the same time, to retain and perfect what was gained by the exercises under Form. It should be constantly borne in mind that in connection with each new exercise, attention should be given to all the previous exercises, so that when the exercises in movement of Voice are presented (the last exercises under the Essential elements), they will be not only exercises in Movement, but also in Form, Quality, Force, Stress, and Pitch.

EXERCISES IN PURE TONE, EFFUSIVE FORM.

1. ē, as heard in me, see.
2. ā, " ale, pale.
3. ä, " father, arm.
4. a, " all, talk.
5. ō, " no, old.
6. öö, " moon, food.

Repeat the words with less prolongation.

all,	fall,	breathe	softly,
gently,	wondrous,	bow,	heaven,
beauteous,	brow,	sleep,	pall.

PURE TONE, EFFUSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

In the first lesson you were taught that it is a principle of expression that the Effusive Form should always be employed in the expression of pathos, solemnity, sublimity, grandeur, reverence, adoration, and devotion, of a quiet and tranquil character.

Now if we limit the Effusive Form to Pure Tone we necessarily exclude many styles of thought and feeling, for Effusive Form has greater extension than Effusive Form, Pure Tone; and each element unlimited will have a wider range in expression than when limited even by one other element. Pure Tone, Effusive Form, is appropriately employed chiefly in the expression of *pathetic*, *solemn*, *serious*, and *tranquil thought*. This principle is illustrated in the plaintive cooing of the dove, the solemn tones of the Æolian harp, and the tranquil murmur of the brook, all of which are not only Effusive in Form but Pure in Quality.

EXAMPLE: SOLEMNITY.*Pure Tone, Effusive Form.***Nearer Home**

PHEBE CARY.

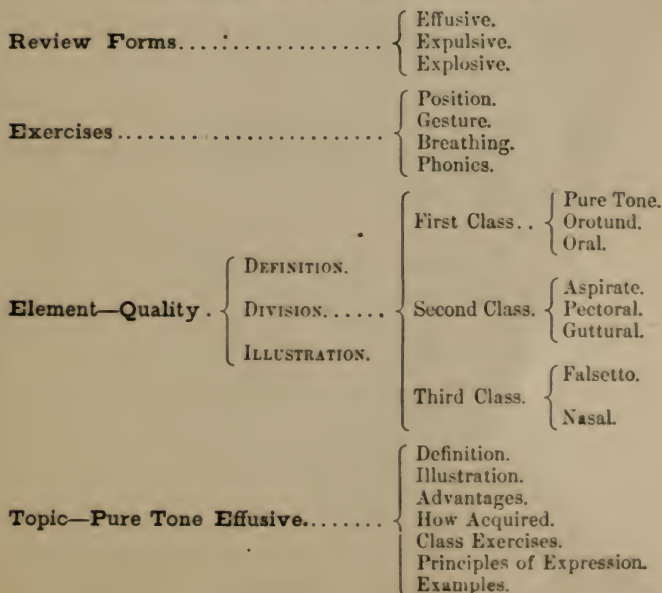
- 1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.
- 5 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,
- 6 Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define quality.
2. How many qualities-of voice are there?
3. Into how many classes are they divided?
4. To the first class belong what qualities? When used?
5. To the second class belong what qualities? When used?

6. To the third class belong what qualities? When used?
7. Where do we learn when the different qualities should be used?
8. Give illustrations.
9. What does appropriate utterance require?
10. What is an important part of the study of Elocution?
11. Who is the best instructor?
12. Give some illustrations of the teachings of nature on the qualities of voice?
13. In connection with what other element must quality be presented? Why?
14. How will the qualities be presented?
15. Define Pure Tone.
16. Why do we so seldom find persons of adult years with pure, clear, sweet tones?
17. What is the special object of the exercise in this lesson?
18. When do we use Pure Tone, Effusive Form?
19. Why does the selection require Pure Tone?
20. Why Effusive Form?

DIAGRAM OF FOURTH LESSON.



LESSON V.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

First position.

1. Change from first to fourth position by stepping forward to the left about six or eight inches at an angle of forty-five degrees.

2. Change from fourth to first by bringing up the right foot.

3. Change from fourth to third by stepping forward to the left.

4. Change from third to first by bringing up the left foot.

Repeat these changes several times.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING AND GESTURE.

1. Inhale slowly and quietly, and exhale slowly, while elevating and lowering the arms.

2. Place the arms akimbo, and inhale and exhale very rapidly several times.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ä, as in arm.

arm,	harm,
qualm,	calm,
palm,	psalm,

1. I will not harm thee, boy.
2. The night was calm and beautiful.
3. The psalm was warrior David's song.
4. The balmy breath of incense-breathing morn.
5. Father, thy hand hath reared this venerable column.

Having defined Pure Tone in the last and Expulsive Form in the second lesson, it will not be necessary to here repeat the definitions.

The quality Pure Tone is the same in all forms.

EXERCISES FOR CULTIVATING PURE TONE, EXPULSIVE FORM.

1. ē, as heard in me.
2. ä, " " arm
3. ǎ, " " add.
4. ě, " " end.
5. ǒ, " " odd.
6. ů, " " up.

arm,	on,	bet,	let,
back,	down,	live,	again.

1. The moon's pale light.
2. There is no longer any room for hope.
3. Soon we shall join the kindred dead.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Pure Tone Effusive and Pure Tone Expulsive.

Repeat each of the above sounds, words, and sentences, with

1. Pure Tone, Effusive Form.
2. Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

PURE TONE, EXPULSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

Pure Tone, Expulsive Form, is appropriately employed chiefly in the expression of *narrative, descriptive, didactic, and argumentative thought*, in the form of scientific and literary lectures, doctrines, and practical sermons.

This principle is illustrated in the earnest, direct utterances of children, the chattering of birds, and the

clear ringing bark of the house dog when he welcomes you home; all pure in tone as well as Expulsive in Form.

EXAMPLE: DIDACTIC THOUGHT.

Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

Hamlet's Advice to the Players.

SHAKESPEARE.

1. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoken my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hands, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that will give it smoothness.

2. O it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you avoid it.

3. Be not too tame either, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of Nature, for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end is to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the times their form and pressure.

4. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it may make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of which one must, in your allowance, outweigh a whole theater of others. O there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely—that neither having the accent of Christian nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the prominent object of the vocal exercises in this lesson?
2. What is the difference between Expulsive Form and Expulsive Form, Pure Tone?
3. When should the Pure Tone, Expulsive Form, be used?
4. Where in nature is this principle taught?
5. Why does this selection require Pure Tone?
6. Why Expulsive Form?

DIAGRAM OF FIFTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. Exercises..... | { | Position.
Breathing.
Phonics. |
| 2. Review Pure Tone, Effusive Form. | | |
| 3. Element—Quality. | | |
| 4. Topic—Pure Tone Expulsive. | { | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercises.
Principles of Expression.
Examples. |

LESSON VI.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

First position.

1. Change from first to second position by stepping forward with the left foot.
2. Change from second to third by stepping forward with the right foot.
3. From third to first by bringing up the left foot.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING.

Inhale quickly and exhale rapidly. Repeat several times.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ò, as in or.

odd,	for,
north,	war,
law,	corn.

1. The North is for war.
2. My voice is still for war.
3. The law must be obeyed.
4. The cause stands not on eloquence, but stands on laws.
5. All that I am, all that I hope in this life, I am now ready to stake.

Review briefly Effusive and Expulsive Pure Tone.

EXERCISES FOR CULTIVATING PURE TONE, EXPLOSIVE FORM.

1. ɪ, as heard in ill.
2. ŭ, “ “ up.
3. ě. “ “ ell.
4. ǎ, “ “ add.
5. ǔ, “ “ odd.

on,	end,	top,	mat,
had,	hand,	him,	think.

1. Stand! the ground is your own.
2. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone.
3. This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.

EXERCISES.

Contrasting Pure Tone in Effusive, Expulsive, and Explosive Forms.

Repeat each of the elements, words, and sentences with

1. Pure Tone, Effusive Form.
2. Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.
3. Pure Tone, Explosive Form.

PURE TONE, EXPLOSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

Pure Tone, in the Explosive Form, is appropriately employed chiefly in the expression of *ecstatic joy and mirth*.

This principle is taught in the joyous songs of birds, the babbling brook, the merry laughter of children.

EXAMPLE: ECSTATIC JOY.

Pure Tone, Explosive Form.

The Bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic in this lesson ?
2. What is the difference between Explosive Form and Pure Tone, Explosive Form ?
3. When do we use Pure Tone, Explosive Form ?

4. Where in nature is this principle taught?
5. Why does this selection require Pure Tone?
6. Why Explosive Form?

DIAGRAM OF SIXTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1. Exercises..... | { | Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Phonics. |
| 2. Review Pure Tone Effusive and Expulsive. | | |
| 3. Element—Quality. | | |
| 4. Topic—Pure Tone Explosive. | { | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Exercises.
Principles of Expression.
Examples. |
| 5. Selection. "Bells" (First Stanza). | | |

LESSON VII.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

First Position.

1. Change from first to fourth by stepping forward with left foot.

2. From fourth to first by bringing up right foot.

Repeat several times.

Suggestions. If the teacher can give instructions in gesticulation, orally and by illustration, it would be well at this lesson to devote one, two, or five minutes to exercises in gesture, beginning with the positions and movement of the fingers, hand, and arm. As stated in the preface, it is not the purpose of this work to give instruction on gesture, and if the teacher cannot instruct the class orally, it will be better to omit the subject entirely.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING.

Inflate the lungs fully, raise the arms perpendicularly, and then strike down suddenly and expel the air.

Repeat several times.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ō, as in no.

home,	old,	bold,
sold,	enrolled,	fold,

1. Thou glorious mirror.
2. They have enrolled us.
3. Fold her hands lightly.
4. Home, thy joys are passing lovely.
5. No, no, gentlemen; gold cannot purchase it.

Orotund.

The Orotund is that quality of voice in which the breath is converted into a full, round, deep, musical tone, with resonance in the upper part of the chest.

It is distinguished from the Pure Tone by a fullness, clearness, strength, smoothness, and sub-sonorous quality resembling the resonance of a musical instrument.

“In the Orotund, volume and purity of tone, to the greatest extent of the one and the highest perfection of the other, are blended in one vast sphere of sound.”

This quality is possessed naturally by very few. Even among public speakers it is rarely heard, save in a limited degree. Actors and orators of eminence and distinction understand and appreciate the value of the Orotund, and have spared no pains to obtain control of it. It is heard in all their utterances of grand, lofty, and sublime thoughts.

Though rarely possessed, it is susceptible of cultivation, and may, by judicious practice, be acquired by almost every one.

ADVANTAGES.

Dr. Rush mentions the *Orotund* as the highest perfection of the cultivated voice of the public speaker.

The *Orotund* is fuller in volume and purer in quality than the common voice; it is more musical in tone; it is more efficient in the production of long quantity; it is more under command; it is freer from all impurities; it is, in short, the only quality appropriate for the solemnity of the Church service, the grandeur and energy of the oration, and the majesty and sublimity of Shakespeare and Milton.

It must not, however, be imagined that the *Orotund*, when once acquired, is to entirely supersede the common voice. Teachers and students of Elocution and public speakers frequently render themselves ridiculous, and the study of Elocution contemptible, by parading their powers of *Orotund* on all occasions. Such exhibitions suggest

“Ocean into tempest tossed
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.”

Except in the expression of grand, lofty, and sublime thought, the *Pure Tone* should form the basis of utterance.

To acquire control of the *Orotund*, practice the following exercise, with the freest opening of the vocal organs, and the utmost volume and depth of tone.

Before repeating the sounds, words, and sentences, inhale a large quantity of air.

EXERCISES IN OROTUND, EFFUSIVE FORM.

1. ä, as in father, arm.
2. ä, “ ask, grass.
3. a, “ all, talk.
4. ö, “ old, note.

loud,	deep,	broad,	profound,
round,	holy,	moon,	sublime,
soul,	hour,	roll,	grandeur.

1. Thou glorious mirror.
2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.
3. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Pure Tone Effusive and Orotund Effusive.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Pure Tone,
2. Effusive Orotund.

OROTUND, EFFUSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The *Orotund* in the *Effusive Form* is the quality of voice appropriate for the expression of *sublimity, grandeur, reverence, adoration, and devotion.*

This principle is clearly taught in the grand and majestic roar of the lion, the deep tones of the distant thunder, the sublime roar of Niagara and the ocean—all Effusive in form and Orotund in quality.

EXAMPLE: SUBLIMITY AND ADORATION.

Orotund, Effusive Form.

God.

DERZHAVIN.

1. O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight!
 Thou only God—there is no God beside!

Being above all beings! Mighty One.

Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
 Who fill'st existence with thyself alone,
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!

2. Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence; Lord, on thee
 Eternity hath its foundation; all
 Sprung forth from thee—of light, joy, harmony.
 Sole origin—all life, all beauty thine;
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
 Thou art and wert and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

3. Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—
 Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death!
 As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

4. A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
 They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
 A glorious company of golden streams—
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
 But thou to these art as the noon to night.

5. Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
 Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
 Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
 I live and breathe and dwell; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am, O God! and surely thou must be.

6. Creator, yes. Thy wisdom and thy word
 Created me. Thou source of life and good.
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord,
 Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source—to thee—its Author there.
7. O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
 Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
 Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
 'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic of this lesson?
2. Define Orotund Quality.
3. What is the difference between Pure Tone and Orotund?
4. Is it a natural or acquired quality?
5. What does Dr. Rush say of it?
6. Mention some of the advantages of the Orotund.
7. Should it be constantly used when acquired?
8. What mistake is frequently made by teachers and students of Elocution?
9. How can it be acquired?
10. When should it be used?
11. Where in nature is the principle taught?
12. Why does the selection require Effusive Form?
13. Why Orotund Quality?

DIAGRAM OF SEVENTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. Exercises..... | { | Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation. |
| 2. Review Sixth Lesson. | | |
| 3. Element—Quality. | | |
| 4. Topic—Orotund Effusive..... | { | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired
Class Exercise.
Principle.
Example. |
| 5. Selection. "God." | | |

LESSON VIII.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

First Position.

1. Change from first to third position by stepping back with left foot.
2. From third to first by bringing up the left foot.
3. Change from first to fourth by stepping forward with the left foot.
4. From fourth to first by bringing up the right foot.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING AND GESTURE.

Inhale quickly, extend the arms horizontally, draw them back quickly, and at same time exhale.

Repeat several times.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

o as in ooze.

who,	loom,	room,
moon,	ooze,	doom.

1. Thy doom is fixed.
2. You denied me this.
3. The fool hath said, No God.
4. Soon we shall join the kindred dead.
5. The blood oozed from his ghastly wound.

EXERCISES IN OROTUND EXPULSIVE.

Repeat the following sounds, words, and sentences in the Expulsive Form with the fullest Orotund Quality. Inflate the lungs fully before each effort.

1. ā, as heard in ale, hale.
2. ǎ, “ add, have.
3. I, “ ice, fine.
4. ō, “ old, bold.

sword,	down,	head,	army,
slave,	never,	ambition,	spurn,
amuse,	above,	present,	forever.

1. The war must go on, we must fight it through.
2. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Pure Tone Expulsive and Orotund Expulsive.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.
2. Orotund, Expulsive Form.

OROTUND, EXPULSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The *Orotund*, in the *Expulsive Form*, is the quality appropriate for the delivery of *earnest*, *bold*, *grand*, and *lofty thought* in the form of argumentative and oratorical speeches and sermons, and impassioned poetic thought.

EXAMPLE: IMPASSIONED POETIC.

*Orotund, Expulsive Form.***The Rising of 1776.**

T. BUCHANAN READ.

1. Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
2. And there was tumult in the air.
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land every-where
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.
3. Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Pass'd 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.
4. How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool !
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

5. The pastor came: his snowy locks
 Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
 And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
 He led into the house of prayer.
6. The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
 The psalm was warrior David's song;
 The text, a few short words of might—
 "The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
 He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
 Of sacred rights to be secured;
 Then from his patriot tongue of flame
 The startling words for Freedom came.
 The stirring sentences he spake
 Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
 And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant king.
7. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
 In eloquence of attitude,
 Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
 Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside.
 And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.
8. A moment there was awful pause,
 When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
 God's temple is the house of peace!"
 The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause;
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers
 That frown upon the tyrant foe;
 In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
 There is a time to fight and pray!"

9. And now before the open door—
 The warrior priest had ordered so—
 Th' enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty Death must wake and hear.
10. And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before:
 It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"
11. "Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came—
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered "I!"

 QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic of this lesson?
2. What is the difference between Orotund Expulsive and Pure Tone Expulsive?
3. When should the Orotund, Expulsive Form, be used?
4. What style of thought should be given with the Pure Tone Expulsive which should not be given with the Orotund Expulsive?
5. Why does the selection require the Orotund Quality?
6. Why Expulsive Form?
7. If the selection were given with the Pure Tone Expulsive, what elements of expression would it lack?

DIAGRAM OF EIGHTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. Exercises..... | { | Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation. |
| 2. Element—Quality. | | |
| 3. Topic—Expulsive Orotund..... | { | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercises.
Principle.
Example. |
| 4. Selection. "The Rising of 1776." | | |

LESSON IX.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

First Position.

1. Change from first to second position by stepping forward with the left foot.

2. From second to fourth by stepping forward with the left foot.

3. From fourth to first by stepping forward with the right foot.

Repeat.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING AND GESTURE.

1. Inhale slowly and quietly, extend the arms horizontally and lower them slowly, and at the same time exhale. Repeat two or three times.

2. Inhale slowly, extend the arms horizontally, quickly, and at the same time exhale.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

Y, as in ill.

will,	inch,	risk,
fill,	ink,	till.

1. Ill-mannered wretch.
2. I'll risk my life upon it.
3. Rid me of these vagabonds.
4. If I can catch him once upon the hip.
5. Inch by inch we will dispute the ground.

EXERCISES IN OROTUND EXPLOSIVE.

Repeat the following elements, words, and sentences in the Explosive Form, fullest Orotund Quality. Be careful to give each exercise the sudden, startling explosive.

1. ä, as heard in add, fat.
2. ě, " end, met.
3. Y, " ill, fin.
4. ō, " odd, not.
5. ů, " us, tub.

Up,	end,	add,	odd,
lie,	admit,	push,	back,
pick,	hack,	mock,	luck.

1. Tell them we need no change.
2. Now set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Pure Tone and Orotund in all the Forms.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences, with

1. Effusive Pure Tone.
2. Expulsive Orotund.
3. Explosive Pure Tone.
4. Effusive Orotund.
5. Expulsive Pure Tone.
6. Explosive Orotund.

OROTUND, EXPLOSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The *Orotund*, in the *Explosive Form*, is the quality appropriate for the expression of *courage, warning, alarm, terror, and abrupt exclamation.*

EXAMPLE: ALARM.

Orotund Explosive Form.

The Bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor,

Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

O the bells, bells, bells,

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear, it fully knows,

By the twanging

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
 Of the bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic of this lesson?
2. What is the difference between the Orotund Explosive and Pure Tone Explosive?
3. When should the Orotund Explosive be used?
4. Where in Nature is this principle taught? (This question is not answered in the lesson.)
5. Why does the selection require the Orotund?
6. Why the Explosive Form?
7. Could the selection be given with equal impressiveness in any other quality?

DIAGRAM OF NINTH LESSON.

1. Exercises.....	}	Position. Gesture. Breathing. Articulation.
2. Element—Quality.		
3. Topic—Explosive Orotund.....	}	Definition. Illustration. Advantages. How Acquired. Class Exercise. Principle. Example.
4. Selection. "Bells" (third stanza).		

LESSON X.

EXERCISES IN POSITION.

First position.

1. Change from first to third position by stepping forward with the right foot.
2. Change from third to fourth position by stepping forward with the left foot.
3. Change from fourth to first position by bringing up the right foot.

Repeat.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING AND GESTURE.

1. Inhale through the nostrils quietly, and exhale quickly.

Repeat several times.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ě, is in ell.

let,	pest,	jet,
neck,	end,	send.

1. Let come what may.
2. Men, men, for shame.
3. The people are in debt.
4. The end of all things is at hand.
5. I would never lay down my arms.

Oral.

The Oral is that quality of voice in which the sound is sent forth from the organs in a thin, feeble tone, with the resonance in the forward part of the mouth.

It is heard in the utterance of persons in feeble health, and frequently by those who are afflicted with affectation.

But little difficulty will be experienced in producing this quality of voice sufficiently perfect for practical purposes.

A greater difficulty will be to avoid its unconscious use.

No defect is more common, particularly with ladies, than the too frequent use of the oral tone.

It is rarely required except in impersonation. To cultivate the oral quality, practice the following sounds, words, and sentences in a thin, feeble tone with the resonance near the front teeth. Like the Pure Tone and Orotund, it may be given in all the Forms, but there are few selections that will require the oral throughout, and none, so far as known, that will demand the Oral Explosive.

EXERCISES IN ORAL, EFFUSIVE FORM.

1. ē, as in me.
2. ā, “ ale.
3. u, “ use.
4. ō, “ no.

arm,	weak,	sick,	feeble,
down,	grass,	shade,	tree,
restore,	aloud,	shroud,	fatal.

1. Let me lie down.
2. Comrades, I am dying now.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Oral Orotund and Pure Tone, Effusive Form.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Oral.
2. Effusive Orotund.
3. Effusive Pure Tone.

ORAL, EFFUSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The *Oral* in the *Effusive Form* is used in the expression of *weakness*, *feebleness*, and *languor*, and chiefly in the utterances of children. In the following selection the Oral Effusive will be required only in the utterances of the dying child, all the other parts of the selection should be given with Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

EXAMPLE: WEAKNESS AND SUFFERING.

Oral Quality, Effusive Form.

The Death of Little Jim.

1. The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.
2. And O! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to
speak,
Lest she might waken one loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that God would spare her boy, and take herself
instead.
3. She gets her answer from the child; soft fall the words from
him.
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim.
I have no pain, dear mother, now; but O! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you
cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her as he took each little, tiny sip.
4. "Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night
to him
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!

She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so
dear

Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to hear:

The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,

The father and the mother meet, yet neither speaks a word.

5. He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed.
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of
Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

QUESTIONS.

1. What quality of voice is presented in this lesson?
2. Define the Oral.
3. Where is it chiefly heard?
4. Where is it frequently improperly used?
5. Are there many selections that will require the Oral throughout?
6. When should the Oral Effusive be used?
7. Does the selection require the Oral Effusive throughout?
8. Why does the utterance of the child require Oral Effusive?
9. What do the other stanzas of the selection require?
10. Why?

DIAGRAM OF TENTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. Exercises..... | } | Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation. |
| 2. Element—Quality. | | |
| 3. Topic—Effusive Oral..... | } | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercises.
Principle.
Example. |
| 4. Selection. "Death of Little Jim." | | |

LESSON XI.

In this and the remaining lessons the particular exercises in Position and Breathing will be omitted, but it is not intended that they should be neglected in the class drill. Exercises, similar to those presented in the previous lessons, should form part of every class exercise. It is not the purpose of the work to present every exercise that should be given to pupils; much will be left for the teacher to supply.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ō, as in odd.

not,	nod,	rock,
rob,	on,	sod.

1. Let the carrion rot.
2. Odd! 'tis very odd indeed.
3. And the rock shall rear its head.
4. Unconsciously he executes the will of God.
5. Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust.

EXERCISES IN ORAL EXPULSIVE.

Repeat the sounds, words, and exercises in Expulsive Form, Oral Quality.

1. e, as in me.
2. ā, " ale.
3. ā, " arm.
4. o, " oak.

shade,	ground,	farm,	time,
made,	low,	charge,	think,
wound,	down,	long,	sink.

1. Let me lie down.

2. Take a message and a token, to some distant friends of mine.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Oral Orotund and Pure Tone in the Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

Repeat the above elements, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Oral.
2. Expulsive Pure Tone.
3. Effusive Orotund.
4. Expulsive Oral.
5. Effusive Pure Tone.
6. Expulsive Orotund.

ORAL, EXPULSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The Oral in the Expulsive Form is appropriately employed in the expression of *intense suffering, extreme weakness and exhaustion, and foppery and affectation.*

EXAMPLE: EXHAUSTION.

Oral, Expulsive Form.

Wounded.

WILLIAM E. MILLER.

LET me lie down

Just here, in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:

Let me lie down.

O, it was grand!

Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The tempest,—its fury and thunder were there:

On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
 With the foe under foot, and our flag overhead:
 O, it was grand!

 Weary and faint,
 Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,
 With this shot-shatter'd head and saber-pierced breast?
 Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,
 Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
 Wounded and faint.

 O, that last charge!
 Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
 Through without faltering,—clear through with a yell!
 Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
 Like heroes we dash'd, at the mandate of doom!
 O, that last charge!

 It was duty!
 Some things are worthless, and some others so good
 That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
 For Freedom and Country each man owes his part;
 And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart:
 It is duty!

 Dying at last!
 My mother, dear mother! with meek tearful eye,
 Farewell! and God bless you, for ever and aye!
 O that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
 To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest!
 Dying at last!

Great Heaven! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave;
 A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
 Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,
 Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
 Pray! Pray!

Our Father! our Father! why don't you proceed?
 Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!
 Ebbing away!
 Ebbing away! The light of the day is turning to gray.

Our Father in Heaven,—boys, tell me the rest,
 While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.

There's something about the forgiveness of sin;
 Put that in! put that in!—and then
 I'll follow your words and say an *amen*.
 Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
 And, Wilson, my comrade,—O! wasn't it grand
 When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged
 cloud,
 And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?
 I am dying; bend down, till I touch you once more;
 Don't forget me, old fellow: God prosper this war!
 Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand,—
 And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!
 Where's Wilson,—my comrade,—here, stoop down your
 head;
 Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

 QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic of this lesson?
2. Define the Oral, Expulsive Form.
3. When should it be used?
4. Why does the selection require Oral Expulsive?
5. Does it require Oral Expulsive throughout?
6. Why is the Oral Explosive omitted?

DIAGRAM OF ELEVENTH LESSON.

1. Exercises.....	}	Position. Gesture. Breathing. Phonics.
2. Element—Quality.		
3. Topic—Expulsive Oral.....	}	Definition. Illustration. Advantages. How Acquired. Class Exercise. Principle. Example.
4. Selection. "Wounded."		

LESSON XII.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ũ, as in up.

sup,	cup,	run,
bud,	hut,	skull.

1. Up, comrades, up!
2. They sup full well.
3. The cup is full of poison.
4. Your apprehension must be dull.
5. That skull had a tongue in it once.

Aspirate.

The Aspirate is that quality of voice in which the breath is sent forth from the organ in a whisper-tone with the resonance in the middle of the mouth.

Without command of the Aspirate Quality it is impossible to give appropriate expression to the emotions of fear, awe, horror, dread, amazement, and similar passions.

The Aspirate, when combined with Orotund, intensifies the utterance of deep solemnity, sublimity, adoration, and profound reverence.

It is in this combined form that the Aspirate will be of the greatest practical advantage to the general student.

Like all other elements of utterance, it must be practiced judiciously or the effect will be injurious rather than beneficial.

Like Pure Tone, Orotund, and Oral, it has its Effusive, Expulsive, and Explosive Forms.

To acquire control of this quality, practice in a whispered tone the elements, words, and sentences in which the element *h* predominates.

EXERCISE IN ASPIRATE, EFFUSIVE FORM.

1. ē, as heard in me, eye.
2. ā, “ “ fate, gray.
3. ō, “ “ old, note.
4. ōō, “ “ moon, food.

hope,	home,	have,	house,
high,	host,	heaven,	hand,
hum,	heart,	thrust,	thousand.

1. Leave me ! O leave me !
2. Thou art all on earth to me.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Aspirate and Pure Tone, Effusive Form.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Aspirate.
2. Effusive Pure Tone.

ASPIRATE, EFFUSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The Aspirate in the Effusive Form is the quality appropriate for the expression of *quietness*, *secret thought*, *suppressed fear*, and *profound repose*.

EXAMPLE: QUIETNESS.

Aspirate, Effusive Form.

Parting Words.

MRS. HEMANS.

"One struggle more, and I am free."—BYRON.

Leave me! O, leave me! Unto all below
 Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell:
 Thou mak'st those mortal regions, whence I go,
 Too mighty in their loveliness. Farewell,
 That I may part in peace!

Leave me! thy footstep with its lightest sound,
 The very shadow of thy waving hair,
 Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
 Too strong, for aught that lives and dies to bear;
 O bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
 Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
 Thou bidd'st the peace, the reverential hush,
 The still submission, from my thoughts depart:
 Dear one! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eyes,
 The beauty of our free and vernal days;
 Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
 O, take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
 Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
 The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
 Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
 They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,
 Too much—and death is here!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
 From the old beech roots flashing into day?
 Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow?
 Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
 From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
 Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!—
 Not now! 'twill not be now!—my aching sight
 Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
 Bearing all strength away!

Leave me!—thou com'st between my heart and Heaven;
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die!—
 Why must our souls thus love, and then be riven.
 Return! thy parting wakes mine agony!
 O yet a while delay!

QUESTIONS.

1. What Quality is presented in this lesson?
2. Define the Aspirate Quality.
3. To which class does it belong?
4. What styles of thought and feeling can be expressed only with the Aspirate Quality?
5. What is the effect of the Aspirate when blended with the Orontund?
6. In what Forms may it be given?
7. When is the Aspirate, Effusive Form, appropriately employed?
8. Why does the selection require Aspirate Effusive.

DIAGRAM OF TWELFTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. Exercises..... | } | Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation. |
| 2. Element—Quality. | | |
| 3. Topic—Effusive Aspirate..... | } | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercises.
Principle.
Example. |
| 4. Selection. "Parting Words." | | |

LESSON XIII.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ă, as in add.

bad,	battle,	sad,
back,	scaffold,	satisfy.

1. That will be justice.
2. What will satisfy you?
3. Add to your faith, virtue.
4. The scaffold has no terrors for me.
5. Back to thy punishment, false fugitive!

ASPIRATE EXPULSIVE.

The quality is the same as in the last lesson, but the form is changed to Expulsive.

EXERCISE IN ASPIRATE EXPULSIVE.

1. ě, as in me.
2. ô, " hope.
3. ě, " let.
4. ů, " up.

home,	steps,	enemy,	scouts,
slumber,	swept,	noiseless,	advance,
resist,	guard,	death,	instant.

1. Tread softly, bow the head!
2. Soldier, advance quietly, but quickly.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Pure Tone and Aspirate, Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

Repeat the foregoing sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Pure Tone.
2. Expulsive Aspirate.
3. Effusive Aspirate.
4. Expulsive Pure Tone.

ASPIRATE, EXPULSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The Aspirate in the Expulsive Form is the quality appropriate for the expression of *suppressed command, sudden fear, alarm, and terror*. Combined with the Orotund, it gives intensity to awe, horror, and dread.

EXAMPLE: SUPPRESSED COMMAND.

Aspirate, Expulsive Form.

Military Command.

ANON.

Soldiers, you are now within a few steps of the enemy's outposts! Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watchfires, and utterly unprepared for our approach. A swift and noiseless advance around that projecting rock, and we are upon them—we capture them without the possibility of resistance. One disorderly noise or motion may leave us at the mercy of their advanced guard. Let every man keep the strictest silence under the pain of instant death.

 QUESTIONS.

1. Define the Aspirate Expulsive.
2. When is it used?
3. Give an example from nature.
4. Why does the selection require Aspirate Expulsive?
5. With what qualities may the Aspirate be combined?
6. What is the effect of the combination?

DIAGRAM OF LESSON XIII.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|---------------|
| 1. Exercises..... | } | Position. |
| | | Gesture. |
| 2. Review—Lesson XII. | | Breathing. |
| 3. Element—Quality. | | Phonics. |
| 4. Topic—Expulsive Aspirate..... | } | Definition. |
| | | Illustration. |
| | | Advantages. |
| | | How Acquired. |
| | | Principle. |
| 5. Selection. "Military Command." | | Example. |

 LESSON XIV.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

â, as in ask.

fast,	task,	grant,
grass,	past,	branch.

1. The task is done.
2. Ask, and you shall receive.
3. Pass the shadow but a hair.
4. Grant me but an hour of life.
5. The grass grows green above her grave.

ASPIRATE EXPLOSIVE.

To cultivate the Aspirate in the Explosive Form, practice the following sounds, words, and sentences in the Explosive Form and Aspirate Quality.

1. u, as in up.
2. i, " it.
3. a, " add.
4. o, " on.

hark,	hence,	out,	stop,
avaunt,	bride,	haunt,	horrible,
halt,	head,	dead,	gust.

1. This is a sorry sight.
2. Who lies in the second chamber?

EXERCISES

Contrasting Pure Tone and Aspirate in the Effusive, Expulsive, and Explosive Forms.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Pure Tone.
2. Effusive Aspirate.
3. Expulsive Pure Tone.
4. Expulsive Aspirate.
5. Explosive Pure Tone.
6. Explosive Aspirate.

ASPIRATE, EXPLOSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The Aspirate in the Explosive Form is the quality of voice appropriate for the expression of *intense fear, horror, awe, and dread*. Mingled with the Orotund, it intensifies the expressions excited by sudden terror and alarm.

There are few selections that will require the Aspirate Explosive throughout. It will be most frequently required in the utterance of two or three words, or a short sentence, as in the words "*hush,*" "*hark,*" "*avaunt,*" etc.

In the following scene the parts in italics should be given with the Explosive Aspirate, the other parts with Expulsive Aspirate and Pure Tone or Orotund combined.

EXAMPLE: HORROR AND DREAD.

Aspirate Explosive.

Macbeth. Scene ii. Act ii.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. *Hark! Peace!*
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. *Hark!* I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. *Didst thou not hear a noise?*

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. *Hark!*

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen?"
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "*Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried "*Sleep no more!!*" to all the house;
"*Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Caedor*
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. *Infirm of purpose!*
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

*Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.*

*Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.*

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M. My hands are of your color ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking
At the south entry : retire we to our chamber ;
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. Hark ! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.*

*Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !
[Exeunt.*

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson ?
2. What is the topic ?
3. What is the principle ?
4. In the utterance of what styles of thought and feeling will the Explosive Aspirate be chiefly employed ?
5. Why does the scene require Explosive Aspirate and Aspirate and Pure Tone or Orotund combined ?
6. To which class does the Aspirate belong ?
7. What is the difference between the Aspirate and Pure Tone ?

DIAGRAM OF FOURTEENTH LESSON.

1. Exercises.....	}	Position.
		Gesture.
2. Element—Quality.		Breathing.
		Articulation.
3. Topic—Aspirate Explosive.....	}	Definition.
		Illustration.
		Advantage.
		How Acquired.
		Class Exercise.
4. Selection. "Scene from Macbeth."		Principle.
		Example.

LESSON XV.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

u, as in full.

pull,	put,	puss,
bullet,	bullion,	fuller.

1. Pull, pull for your lives.
2. The fuller fulls his cloth.
3. The bullet passed near his face.
4. Full many a gem of purest ray serene.
5. Put none but Americans on guard to-night.

Pectoral Quality.

The Pectoral is that quality of voice in which the breath is sent forth in a harsh, husky sound, with the resonance in the upper part of the throat.

This quality of voice is frequently illustrated by persons whose organs have been injured by strong drink.

To acquire control of the Pectoral Quality, practice the following elements, words, and sentences in the Effusive Form, with the organs rigid and contracted so as to obstruct the passage of the air, and thus produce a harsh, hard tone.

EXERCISES IN PECTORAL, EFFUSIVE FORM.

1. ā, as heard in ale, pale.
2. ē, “ “ me, see.
3. i, “ “ ice, rice.
4. ō, “ “ old, bold.
5. ū, “ “ use, muse.

hate,	despise,	flight,	fawning,
honor,	grudge,	flaws,	sight,
blood,	peers,	glare,	hence.

1. The year has gone.
2. 'Tis a time for memory and for tears.
3. I had a dream which was not all a dream.
4. Now o'er the one half world nature seems dead.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Effusive Pure Tone and Aspirate, Orotund, and Pectoral.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Pure Tone.
2. Effusive Aspirate.
3. Effusive Orotund.
4. Effusive Pectoral.

PECTORAL, EFFUSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The Pectoral in the Effusive Form is the quality appropriate for the expression of *deepest solemnity and awe, suppressed horror, dread, despair, and similar passions*, in their mildest form.

EXAMPLE: DEEP SOLEMNITY, SUBLIMITY, AND AWE.*Pectoral, Effusive Form.***Darkness.**

BYRON.

I had a dream which was not all a dream:
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
 Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
 Swung blind and black'ning in the moonless air.
 Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day;
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light.
 And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
 The palaces of crown'd kings, the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burned for beacons; cities were consumed,
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face.
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.
 A fearful hope was all the world contained.
 Forests were set on fire; but hour by hour
 They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
 Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.
 The brows of men, by the despairing light,
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
 The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
 Their chins upon their clench'd hands, and smiled;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then, again,
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth, and howl'd. The wild birds
 shriek'd,

And terrified did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again; a meal was bought
With blood; and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom; no love was left;
All earth was but one thought, and that was death—
Immediate and inglorious; and men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh:
The meagre by the meagre were devoured.
Even dogs assailed their masters; all save one—
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress, he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And, shivering, scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspect—saw, and shriek'd, and died.
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend. The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump—
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,

And nothing stirred within their silent depths.
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a surge.
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
 The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perished. Darkness hath no need
 Of aid from them. She was the universe.

 QUESTIONS.

1. What quality is presented in this lesson ?
2. Define it.
3. To which class of qualities does it belong ?
4. What is the topic of this lesson ?
5. What the principle ?
6. Mention some example in nature illustrating this principle.
7. Why does the selection require Pectoral Quality ?
8. Why does it require Effusive Form ?

DIAGRAM OF FIFTEENTH LESSON.

1. Exercises.....	}	Position. Gesture. Breathing. Articulation.
2. Element—Quality.		
3. Topic—Pectoral Effusive.....	}	Definition. Illustration. Advantages. How Acquired. Class Exercise. Principle. Example.
4. Selection. "Darkness."		

LESSON XVI.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

I, as in ice.

lie,	fight,	bide,
try,	kite,	visc.

1. A mile or two at most.
2. Let him bide his time.
3. His form is held as in a vise.
4. And give thee in thy teeth the lie.
5. My name, my fame, must be unsullied.

PECTORAL EXPULSIVE.

To cultivate the Pectoral in the Expulsive Form, practice the elements, words, and sentences in the gruff, harsh tone as in the preceding lesson, but in the Expulsive Form.

EXERCISES IN PECTORAL, EXPULSIVE FORM.

1. ě, as in let.
2. Y, " ill.
3. u, " up.
4. o, " on.

money,	bargains,	interest,	nation,
miserable,	impression,	terrible,	fiends,
dismal,	tempest,	hideous,	faithful.

1. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him.
2. How like a fawning publican he looks!
3. Hence from my sight! I hate and I despise thee!

EXERCISES

Contrasting Pure Tone, Aspirate, Orotund, and Pectoral in Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

Repeat the elements, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Pure Tone.
2. Expulsive Aspirate.
3. Effusive Orotund.
4. Expulsive Pectoral.
5. Expulsive Pure Tone.
6. Effusive Aspirate.
7. Expulsive Orotund.
8. Effusive Pectoral.

PECTORAL EXPULSIVE—WHEN USED.

The Pectoral in the Expulsive Form is the quality appropriate for the expression of the more violent forms of *hate, malice, scorn, revenge*, etc.

It will be observed that while the same passions are expressed by different qualities, and sometimes by the same quality in different forms, yet they are always in different degrees. It is the quality of voice that indicates the emotion or passion, the form that shows its intensity. Effusive Pectoral and Expulsive Pectoral may both express dread and horror, but not in the same degrees.

EXAMPLE: TERROR AND HORROR.

Pectoral, Expulsive Form.

Clarence's Dream.

SHAKESPEARE.

1. O, I have passed a miserable night!
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
 So full of dismal terror was the time!
 Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
 And in my company, my brother Gloster:
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches, thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us.

2. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

3. Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

4. My dream was lengthened after life;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

5. And so he vanished: Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabbed me in the field of Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream!

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic of this lesson?
2. What the principle?
3. Where in nature is this principle illustrated?
4. Why are the same passions expressed by different qualities?
5. Why does the selection require Expulsive Form?
6. Why Pectoral Quality?

In this and the remaining lessons on Quality the diagrams will be omitted. Pupils should be required to make them.

LESSON XVII.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

oi, or oy, as in oil.

boil,	foil,	toil,
boy,	noise,	rejoice.

1. My voice is still for war.
2. What noise is that I hear?
3. Rejoice, ye men of Angiers.
4. Let not the sacred soil be polluted.
5. The boisterous waves lashed the shore.

PECTORAL EXPLOSIVE

Practice the elements, words, and sentences in the Explosive Form with a harsh, hard, gruff tone.

EXERCISES IN PECTORAL, EXPLOSIVE FORM.

1. ě, as in met.
2. ě, " ill.
3. ů, " up.
4. ō, " odd.

hate,	rang,	board,	banner,
tread,	tocsin,	armor,	portal,
carved,	vassal,	master,	postal.

1. Be then his love accursed!
2. I scorn your proffered treaty!
3. Blaze with your serried columns!

EXERCISES

Contrasting Pure Tone, Aspirate, Orotund, and Pectoral in Expulsive and Explosive Forms.

Repeat the above elements, words, and sentences with

1. Expulsive Pure Tone.
2. Explosive Aspirate.
3. Expulsive Orotund.
4. Explosive Pectoral.

PECTORAL, EXPLOSIVE FORM.

The Pectoral in the Explosive Form is the quality for the expression of *anger, rage, threatening, defiance, scorn, and contempt.*

EXAMPLE: ANGER, THREATENING, DEFIANCE, SCORN.*Pectoral Explosive and Expulsive.***Catiline's Defiance.**

CROLY.

1. Conscript Fathers!
 I do not rise to waste the night in words;
 Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
 But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—
 For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
 To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
 Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
 His charge is false;—I dare him to his proof.
 You have my answer. Let my actions speak!
2. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
 And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
 The gates of honor on me—turning out
 The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
 To fling your offices to every slave!
 Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb.
 And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below!
 Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones;
 Fling down your scepters; take the rod and ax
 And make the murder as you make the law!
3. Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
 From daily contact with the things I loathe?
 "Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
4. Banished! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
 But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face!
 Your consul's merciful—for this all thanks;
 He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

5. "Traitor!" I go; but I return. This—trial?
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
 For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
 Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!
6. I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
 I go; but, when I come, 'twill be the burst
 Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
 In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
 You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
 Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! I will return!

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic of this lesson?
2. Define the Pectoral Explosive.
3. What is the principle in this lesson?
4. Why does the selection require Explosive Pectoral?
5. Does it require Explosive Pectoral throughout?
6. Might the selection be given in some other form and quality and still be impressively given?
7. What other combination would you suggest?

LESSON XVIII.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ū, as in mute.

tube,	duke,	beauty,	amuse,
subdue,	fury,	usage,	use,
value,	statue,	renew,	few.

1. The curfew tolls.
2. He knew that it was wrong.
3. The general reviewed his army.
4. Few shall part where many meet.
5. The demand determines the value.

Guttural Quality.

The Guttural is that quality of voice in which the sound is sent forth from the organs in a rough, harsh, discordant tone, with the resonance in the lower part of the throat. It resembles in quality the growling utterance of the lower animals. It differs from the Pectoral only in degree. They are, indeed, one and the same quality, the Pectoral being but a milder form of the Guttural. To cultivate this quality of voice practice the elements, words, and sentences with a muffled, harsh, smothered tone.

EXERCISES IN GUTTURAL, EFFUSIVE FORM.

1. l, as heard in lull, fill.
2. r, “ “ round, rise.
3. g, “ “ give, hag.
4. k, “ “ kick, lick.
5. v, “ “ vile, vice.

revenge, hinder, mocked, losses,
 hates, gratitude, enemies, bargains,
 despise, lives, harshness, million.

1. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him.
2. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Effusive, Oral and Guttural, Orotund and Pectoral.

Repeat the above elements, sounds, and sentences with

1. Effusive Oral.
2. Effusive Guttural.
3. Effusive Orotund.
4. Effusive Pectoral.

GUTTURAL EFFUSIVE—WHEN USED.

The Guttural, in the Effusive Form, is the quality appropriate for the expression of *dread, horror, settled hate, malice, loathing, contempt, and suppressed anger.*

EXAMPLES: 1. HORROR AND DREAD.

Guttural, Effusive Form.

Macbeth.

SHAKESPEARE.

Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace
 toward his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.

2. HATRED AND MALICE.

Merchant of Venice.

SHAKESPEARE.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him, for he is a Christian;
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him!

QUESTIONS.

1. What Quality is presented in this lesson?
2. Define it.
3. What is the difference between the Quality in this lesson and the Quality presented in Lesson XV?
4. What is the topic in this lesson?
5. What the principle?
6. Mention some example in nature illustrating the principle.
7. Why does the selection require the Guttural Quality?
8. Does it require the Effusive Form on every word?

LESSON XIX.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ou, as in out.

sound,	hour,	thou,	plow,
pound,	bound,	mount,	fount.

1. Out, out, brief candle!
2. Sound, sound the alarm!
3. A thousand at thy side shall fall.
4. Put out the light, and then put out the light.
5. A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

GUTTURAL EXPULSIVE.

To cultivate the Guttural in the Expulsive Form, practice the following elements, words, and sentences, with all the harshness and roughness of tone possible, being careful, however, not to injure the vocal organs by continuing the practice too long, or repeating too frequently.

EXERCISES IN GUTTURAL, EXPULSIVE FORM.

1. ĩ, as in vile.
2. ê, " stern.
3. ā, " hate.
4. u, " use.
5. õ, " old.

revenge,	horror,	eyes,	defy,
rang,	bowl,	steel,	clang,
blade,	black,	plume,	head.

1. Blaze with your serried columns.
2. If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Expulsive, Oral and Guttural, Orotund and Pectoral.

Repeat several times the above elements, words, and sentences with

1. Expulsive Oral.
2. Expulsive Guttural.
3. Expulsive Orotund.
4. Expulsive Pectoral.

GUTTURAL EXPULSIVE—WHEN USED.

The Guttural in the Expulsive Form is appropriate for the expression of *deep-seated revenge, settled rage, intense loathing, defiance*, and similar malignant passions.

EXAMPLE : ANGER, RAGE, DEFIANCE, AND HATE.

Guttural Expulsive.

The Baron's Last Banquet.

A. G. GREENE.

1. O'er a low couch the setting sun
 Had thrown its latest ray,
 Where, in his last strong agony,
 A dying warrior lay—
 The stern old Baron Rudiger,
 Whose frame had ne'er been bent
 By wasting pain, till time and toil
 Its iron strength had spent.

2. "They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er—
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more:
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born—
That I—ha! ha!—must die!

3. "And what is Death? I've dared him oft
Before the Paynim's spear—
Think ye he's entered at my gate,
Has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power—
Defy, and fear him not!

4. "Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,
And fire the culverin!
Bid each retainer arm with speed,
Call every vassal in!
Up with my banner on the wall!
The banquet board prepare!
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there!"

5. A hundred hands were busy then;
The banquet forth was spread,
And rang the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery,
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear,
O'er the proud Gothic hall.

6. Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And thronged around the board;

While at its head, within his dark,
 Carved oaken chair of state,
 Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,
 With girded falchion sate.

7. "Fill every beaker up, my men!
 Pour forth the cheering wine!
 There's life and strength in every drop,
 Thanksgiving to the vine!
 Are ye all there, my vassals true?
 Mine eyes are waxing dim:
 Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
 Each goblet to the brim!
8. "Ye're there, but yet I see you not!
 Draw forth each trusty sword,
 And let me hear your faithful steel
 Clash once around my board!
 I hear it faintly—louder yet!
 What clogs my heavy breath?
 Up, all! and shout for Rudiger,
 'Defiance unto Death!'"
9. Bowl rang to bowl, steel clang to steel,
 And rose a deafening cry,
 That made the torches flare around,
 And shook the flags on high:
 "Ho! cravens! do ye fear him?
 Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
 Ho! cowards, have ye left me
 To meet him here alone?"
10. "But I defy him! let him come!"
 Down rang the massive cup,
 While from its sheath the ready blade
 Came flashing half-way up;
 And with the black and heavy plumes
 Scarce trembling on his head,
 There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
 Old Rudiger sat—dead!

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. What the topic?
3. What the principle?
4. What Form and Quality does the first stanza of the selection in this lesson require?
5. Why does the impersonation require the Expulsive Guttural?

LESSON XX.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

b, as in boy.

bad,	boon,	bind,	brown,
tube,	curb,	bend,	rub.

1. Brave boys of Bengal.
2. The bards of the Bible.
3. Be brave, be bold, be good.
4. Bend not before the beauteous vision.
5. Bind beauteous boughs upon his brow.

GUTTURAL EXPLOSIVE.

Practice the elements and words with a gruff, growling, harsh tone, in the Explosive Form.

EXERCISES IN GUTTURAL, EXPLOSIVE FORM.

1. ɔ̃, as in end.
2. ɪ, " ice.
3. ä, " ask.
4. u, " use.
5. ɔ̃, " old.

blaze,	served,	bend,	knee,
shackles,	mailed,	tempest,	muttered,
dread,	blow,	scorn,	treaty,
defy,	revenge,	slave,	wave.

1. The pale face I defy.
2. I scorn your proffered treaty.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Oral and Guttural, Orotund and Pectoral, in Effusive and Explosive Forms.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Oral.
2. Effusive Guttural.
3. Explosive Oral.
4. Explosive Guttural.
5. Effusive Orotund.
6. Effusive Pectoral.
7. Explosive Orotund.
8. Explosive Pectoral.

GUTTURAL EXPLOSIVE—WHEN USED.

The Guttural in the Explosive Form is the quality appropriate for the expression of *intense anger, hate, detestation, and defiance.*

**EXAMPLE: INTENSE ANGER, HATE, DETESTATION,
AND DEFIANCE.**

Guttural, Explosive Form.

The Seminole's Defiance.

G. W. PATTEN.

1. Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee:
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is
free!

I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered
low;

And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its
blow.

I've scared you in the city, I've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "blood" my bat-
tle-cry!

2. Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all—
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
You've trailed me through the forest; you've tracked me
o'er the stream;

And struggling through the everglade your bristling bayo-
nets gleam.

But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you—"Come
not here!"

3. Think ye to find my homestead?—I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do you seek?—I am a childless sire.
But, should you crave life's nourishment, enough I have, and
good;
I live on hate—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till
I die!

I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave!

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic in this lesson?
2. What is the element?
3. What is the principle?
4. Why does the selection require Explosive Form?
5. Why does it require Guttural Quality?
6. Could the selection be given impressively with Explosive, Pure
Tone?

LESSON XXI.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

d, as in did.

duty,	day,	defy,
add,	sad,	bard.

1. Dare to do right.
2. Deep calleth unto deep.
3. Down the long dark line.
4. Do you dare defy my authority?
5. Down on thy knees, thy doom is sealed.

Falsetto Quality.

The Falsetto is a high, thin quality, the resonance seemingly just above the center of the roof of the mouth. It is chiefly used in burlesque, though it is sometimes employed in calling and echoes.

✦ EXERCISES IN FALSETTO, EFFUSIVE FORM.

1. o, is in no.
2. a, " arm.
3. oo, " ooze.

blow,	co,	dying,	ahoy,
charcoal,	come,	arm,	home.

1. Ay, ay, sir.
2. Dying, dying, dying.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Falsetto and Orotund, Effusive Form.

Repeat the sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Falsetto.
2. Effusive Orotund.

FALSETTO, EFFUSIVE FORM—WHEN USED.

The Falsetto in the Effusive Form is chiefly employed *in calling and illustrating the echo.*

EXAMPLE: ECHOES.

Falsetto, Effusive Form.

[In the following selection, only the words, "dy'ng, dying, dying," in each stanza, should be given with the Falsetto.]

Bugle Song.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echos flying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going;
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
 Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on field, on hill, on river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson ?
2. What is the topic ?
3. Define Falsetto Quality.
4. Where in nature do we have an illustration of the Falsetto ?
5. Where in art ?
6. Why do the words, "dying, dying, dying," require Effusive Falsetto ?
7. What form and quality do the words, "Blow, bugle, blow," require ?
8. Why ?

LESSON XXII.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

g, as in go.

gone,	gad,	gasp,
glad,	hag,	tug.

1. Go, give thy gains away.
2. Gold gave thee all thy grace.
3. Gather graces from the groves.
4. Grasp the goal and gain the prize.
5. Grant ye, O grant ye, this boon to me.

FALSETTO EXPULSIVE.

To cultivate the Falsetto Expulsive, practice the sounds and words in the Expulsive Form on a high, thin tone.

1. i, as in ice.

2. o, " old.

3. ā, " ale.

no,	high,	blow,	fling,
now,	ring,	sound,	loud.

1. Say our home.
2. There, Mr. Caudle.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Expulsive Falsetto and Orotund.

Repeat the words, sounds, and sentences with

1. Expulsive Falsetto.
2. Expulsive Orotund.

FALSETTO EXPULSIVE—WHEN USED.

The Falsetto in the Expulsive Form is appropriately employed in *calling, scolding, burlesque, command,* and *utterance of severity.*

EXAMPLE: CALLING, ECHO, AND BURLESQUE.

Falsetto Expulsive.

The Charcoal Man.

J. T. TROWERIDGE.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perch'd high upon his wagon seat:
 His somber face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries,—

“Charco' ! charco' !”

While echo faint and far replies,—

“Hark, O ! hark, O !”

“Charco' !” — “Hark, O !” — Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
 His coat is darker far than that:
 'Tis odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm;
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—
 “Charco’! charco’!”

And many a roguish lad replies,—
 “Ark, ho! ark, ho!”

“Charco’!” — “Ark, ho!” — Such various sounds
 Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
 He labors much for little pay;
 Yet feels no less of happiness
 Than many a richer man, I guess,
 When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home, and cries,—
 “Charco’! charco’!”

And Martha from the door replies,—
 “Mark, ho! Mark, ho!”

“Charco’!” — “Mark, ho!” — Such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
 And, while his hand, wash’d clean and white,
 Holds Martha’s tender hand once more,
 His glowing face bends fondly o’er
 The crib wherein his darling lies;
 And in a coaxing tone he cries,
 “Charco’! charco’!”

And baby with a laugh replies,—
 “Ah, go! ah, go!”

“Charco’!” — “Ah, go!” — While at the sounds
 The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
 Though dusky as an African,
 'Tis not for you, that chance to be
 A little better clad than he,

His honest manhood to despise,
 Although from morn till eve he cries,—
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 While mocking echo still replies,—
 “Hark, O! hark, O!”
 “Charco’!” — “Hark, O!” — Long may the sounds
 Proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds!

 QUESTIONS

1. What parts of the selection require the Falsetto Expulsive?
2. What do the other parts require?

 LESSON XXIII.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

g, as in gem.

jam,	join,	cage,
jump,	June,	jeer.

1. Justly judge the cause.
2. Gems of richest ray serene.
3. Justice should join with Mercy.
4. Join, all ye people, in his praise.
5. Juno, the sister and wife of Jupiter.

The exercises which have been given under the Effusive and Expulsive will be quite sufficient for cultivating the Falsetto.

EXERCISES

Contrasting Falsetto and Pure Tone Explosive.

Repeat the words, sounds, and sentences with

1. Explosive Pure Tone.
2. Explosive Falsetto.

FALSETTO EXPLOSIVE—WHEN USED.

In the Explosive Form the Falsetto will be employed chiefly in *scolding* and *burlesque*.

EXAMPLE.

Falsetto Explosive.

The Green Mountain Justice.

- 1 "The snow is deep," the Justice said;
 "There's mighty mischief overhead."
 "High talk, indeed!" his wife exclaimed;
 "What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
 The Justice, laughing, said, "O no!
 I only meant the loads of snow
 Upon the roof. The barn is weak;
 I greatly fear the roof will break.
 So hand me up the spade, my dear,
 I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
 "No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
 And if you slip, and fall, and die,
 How will my living be secured?—
 Stephen, your life is not insured.
 But tie a rope your waist around,
 And it will hold you safe and sound."
 "I will," said he. "Now for the roof—
 All snugly tied, and danger-proof!
 Excelsior! Excel— But no!
 The rope is not secured below!"
 Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
 Across the top, and I will go
 And tie that end around my waist."
 "Well, every woman to her taste;
 You always would be tightly laced.

Rachel, when you became my bride,
 I thought the knot securely tied;
 But lest the bond should break in twain,
 I'll have it fastened once again."

2. Below the elbows tied around,
 She takes her station on the ground,
 While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
 He shovels clear the lower edge.
 But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
 Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
 And as he tumbles with the slide,
 Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
 Just half-way down the Justice hung;
 Just half-way up the woman swung.
 "Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
 "Why, do you see it?" answered he.
3. The couple, dangling in the breeze,
 Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
 At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
 Shout back and forth what best to do.
 Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
 All have their ups and downs in life."
 Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 'tis
 To joke at such a time as this!
 A man whose wife is being hung
 Should know enough to hold his tongue."
 "Now, Rachel, as I look below,
 I see a tempting heap of snow.
 Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
 And cut the rope to save my life."
 She shouted, "Don't! 'twould be my death—
 I see some pointed stones beneath.
 A better way would be to call
 With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
 "Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
 Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-c-be*
 Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
 Enough to make a drover hoarse.

4. Now Phebe, over at the farm,
 Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
 But hearing, as she thought, her name,
 Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
 Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:
 "If now a kitchen chair were brought,
 And I could reach the lady's foot,
 I'd draw her downward by the boot,
 Then cut the rope, and let him go;
 He cannot miss the pile of snow."
 He sees her moving toward his wife,
 Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
 And, ere he is aware, perceives
 His head ascending to the eaves;
 And, guessing what the two are at,
 Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
 You'll make me fall too far, by half!"
 But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
 "Please tell a body by what right
 You've brought your wife to such a plight!"
 And then, with well-directed blows,
 She cuts the rope and down he goes.
5. The wife untied, they walk around,
 When lo! no Stephen can be found.
 They call in vain, run to and fro;
 They look around, above, below;
 No trace or token can they see,
 And deeper grows the mystery.
 Then Rachel's heart within her sank;
 But, glancing at the snowy bank,
 She caught a little gleam of hope,—
 A gentle movement of the rope.
 They scrape away a little snow;
 What's this? A hat! Ah! he's below.
 Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
 And forth he stalks in tragic style,
 Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
 And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
 The missing found, the fallen rise.

QUESTIONS.

1. What parts of the selection in this lesson require the Explosive Falsetto?
2. What do the other parts require?

 LESSON XXIV.

1. Exercises in Position.
2. Exercises in Gesture.
3. Exercises in Breathing.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

v, as in veer.

vale,	vase,	vent,
have,	live,	brave.

1. Value virtue highly.
2. Valiant deeds deserve praise.
3. Vain, vain, are all thy efforts.
4. Verily, verily, I say unto you.
5. Vile villains vent their vengeance.

Nasal Quality.

The Nasal is a dull, heavy quality of voice, having the resonance in the nasal passage. It is not, as is generally supposed, a speaking through the nose, for the tone may be produced as well with nostrils closed as with them open, but simply placing the resonance in the nasal passage. As this quality is rarely used, except in ludicrous impersonation, it will be presented only in one form, the Explosive.

Practice the following sounds and words, first with the nasal passage closed and then in a nasal tone with it open.

EXERCISES IN NASAL EXPULSIVE.

1. ē, as in me.
2. ā, “ ale.
3. ī, “ wind.
4. ū, “ use.

birds,	trees,	smarter,	thumb,
man,	down,	weasel,	asleep,
pain,	head,	speak,	flying.

NASAL EXPULSIVE—WHEN USED.

The Nasal Quality will rarely be required except in the personation of peculiar characters, in which the object is to burlesque and render more ludicrous. In the following selection the utterances of Darius should be given with the Nasal Expulsive.

EXAMPLE: BURLESQUE.

Nasal, Expulsive Form.

Darius Green and his Flying-Machine.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

1. If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why *he* couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try,
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was Dary Green;
 The son of a farmer,—age fourteen,
 His body was long and lank and lean,—
 Just right for flying, as will be seen;
 He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
 And a freckled nose that grew between,
 A little awry; for I must mention
 That he had riveted his attention
 Upon his wonderful invention,
 Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
 And working his face as he work'd the wings,
 And with every turn of ginilet or screw
 Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
 Till his nose seem'd bent to catch the scent,
 Around some corner, of new-baked pies.
 And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
 Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
 That made him look very droll in the face,
 And also very wise.

2. And wise he must have been, to do more
 Than ever a genius did before,
 Excepting Dædalus of yore
 And his son Icarus, who wore
 Upon their backs those wings of wax
 He had read of in the old almanacs.
 Darius was clearly of the opinion,
 That the air is also man's dominion,
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
 We soon or late shall navigate
 The azure as now we sail the sea.
 The thing looks simple enough to me;
 And, if you doubt it,
 Hear how Darius reason'd about it:
3. "The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
 Must we give in," says he with a grin,
 "That the bluebird an' phæbe are smarter'n we be?
 Jest fold our hands, an' see the swaller
 An' black-bird an' cat-bird beat us holler?

Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
 No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
 Jest show me that! ur prove 't the bat
 Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
 He argued further: "Nur I can't see
 What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
 Fur to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—
 Aint my business important's his'n is?
 That Icarus made a pretty muss,—
 Him an' his daddy Dædalus;
 They might 'a' know'd that wings made o' wax
 Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks:
 I'll make mine o' luther, ur suthin' ur other."

4. And he said to himself, as he tinker'd and plann'd,
 "But I aint goin' to show my hand
 To nummies that never can understand
 The fust idee that's big an' grand."
 So he kept his secret from all the rest,
 Safely buttoned within his vest;
 And in the loft above the shed
 Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
 And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
 And all such things as geniuses use;—
 Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
 A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
 Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
 A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
 A piece of harness; and straps and string;
 And a big strong box, in which he locks
 These and a hundred other things.
 His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
 Around the corner to see him work,
 Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
 Drawing the wax'd-end through with a jerk,
 And boring the holes with a comical quirk
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.

- But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
 And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
 He plugg'd the knot-holes and calk'd the cracks;
 And a dipper of water, which one would think
 He had brought up into the loft to drink
 When he chanced to be dry,
 Stood always nigh, for Darius was sly!
 And, whenever at work he happen'd to spy
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let the dipper of water fly:
 "Take that! an', ef ever ye git a peep,
 Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
 And he sings as he locks his big strong box:
5. "The weasel's head is small an' trim,
 An' he is little an' long an' slim,
 An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
 An' ef you'll be advised by me,
 Keep wide-awake when ye're ketchin' him!"
6. So day after day
 He stitch'd and tinker'd and hammer'd away,
 Till at last 'twas done,—
 The greatest invention under the sun!
 "An' now," says Darius, "hooray for some fun!"
7. 'Twas the Fourth of July, and the weather was dry,
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half-mist, half-air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.
 Thought cunning Darius, "Now I sha'n't go
 Along 'ith the fellers to see the show:
 I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
 An' then when the folks 'ave all gone off,
 I'll hev full swing fur to try the thing,
 An' practice a little on the wing."

8. "Aint goin' to see the celebration?"
 Says Brother Nate. "No; botheration!
 I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
 My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"
 Said Jotham, "Sho! guess ye better go."
 But Darius said, "No!
 Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
 'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain in my head."
9. For all the while to himself he said,—
 "I tell ye what!
 I'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how it seems, then soon's I've got
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
 "I'll astonish the nation, an' all creation,
 By flyin' over the celebration!
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
 I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
 I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
 I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;
 An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
 'What world's this 'ere that I've come near?'
 Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the Moon;
 An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"
10. He crept from his bed;
 And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
 "I'm gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
 And away he sped,
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.
11. His brothers had walk'd but a little way,
 When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
 "What is the feller up to, hey?"
 "Don'o',—the's suthin' ur other to pay,
 Ur he wouldn't 'a' stay'd to hum to-day."
 Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
 He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
 Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."

Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn
 Le's hurry back, an' hide 'n the barn,
 An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
 "Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
 Along by the fences, behind the stack,
 And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
 In under the dusty barn they crawl,
 Dress'd in their Sunday garments all;
 And a very astonishing sight was that,
 When each in his cobwebb'd coat and hat
 Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
 And there they hid; and Reuben slid
 The fastenings back, and the door undid.
 "Keep dark!" said he,
 "While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

12. As knights of old put on their mail,—
 From head to foot an iron suit,
 Iron jacket and iron boot,
 Iron breeches, and on the head
 No hat, but an iron pot instead,
 And under the chin the bail
 (I believe they call'd the thing a helm),—
 Then sallied forth to overwhelm
 The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm;
 So this modern knight prepared for flight,
 Put on his wings and strapp'd them tight,—
 Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,—
 Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—
 Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
 And a helm had he, but that he wore,
 Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.
13. "Hush!" Reuben said, "he's up in the shed!
 He's open'd the winder,—I see his head!
 He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
 Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
 An' nobody near;—
 Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!

He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
 Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
 He's a clim'in' out now—Of all the things!
 What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
 An' that t'other thing? I yum, it's a tail!
 "An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
 Steppin' careful, he travels the length
 Of his spring-board, an' teeters to try its strength,
 Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat:
 Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
 Fur to see 'f the 's any one passin' by,
 But the 's on'y ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
 They turn up at him wonderin' eye,
 To see—The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
 Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
 Flop—flop—an' plump to the ground with a thump!
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all'n a lump!"

14. As a demon is hurl'd by an angel's spear,
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken braces and broken springs,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting-stars and various things,—
 Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff.
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
 'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying:
 "Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"
 Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turn'd and look'd that way,
 As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
 "Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
 He said; "but the' aint sich a thunderin' sight
 O' fun in't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the moral here:
 And this is the moral,—Stick to your sphere;
 Or, if you insist, as you have the right,
 On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
 The moral is,—Take care how you light.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Nasal Quality.
2. Why is it presented only in one form?
3. What Form and Quality do the other parts require?
4. Why does the impersonation require Nasal Quality?

LESSON XXV.

In this and the following lessons "Exercises in Position, Breathing, and Gesture" will be omitted, but they should be practiced, if not daily, at least three times a week.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

th, as in this.

thence,	their,	than,
breathe,	beneath,	wreathe.

1. Wreathe flowers for the valiant dead.
2. Breathes there a man with soul so dead?
3. This is the place, the center of the grove.
4. Thou breathest, silent the submissive waves.
5. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade.

FORCE OF VOICE.

Force is the degree of intensity with which sound is sent forth from the vocal organs.

Volume and loudness, though not identical with force, are dependent upon it. A full volume is produced by energetic or impassioned force with Pure Tone, or Orotund Quality in all forms; great loudness by impassioned force, Pure Tone, or Orotund, High Pitch, and in all forms.

No amount of force can give great volume or loudness to Aspirate Quality in any of its forms.

Volume relates to the amount of space filled with the sound; loudness to the distance at which a sound can be heard. The low, deep tones of the organ fill a vast space, though they would not be heard at a long distance. The high, shrill notes of the fife can be heard at a long distance, yet they do not have great volume of sound.

Force may be divided into Subdued, Moderate, Energetic, and Impassioned.

These may again be subdivided at pleasure.

For convenience three subdivisions will be given under each general division, though they may be increased indefinitely.

ADVANTAGES OF FORCE.

Perfect command of every degree of force is indispensable to excellence in expression.

In the expression of pathos, the force must be reduced to Subdued; in the utterance of bold and lofty thought, it rises to Impassioned; in the delivery of didactic thought, it is pleasingly modulated to Moderate; speaking in a small room, the degree of force should be

so modulated as not to be painful to the hearers; addressing a vast assembly in the open air, the voice should be perfectly audible to the most distant hearer; speaking under the influence of strong excitement, the intensity of feeling should not hinder utterance, nor degenerate into ranting and vociferation.

Such are some of the advantages of perfect command of Force of Voice.

Exercises for cultivating Force of Voice will be presented with the lessons on the different divisions.

Subdued Force.

Subdued is that degree of Force which ranges from the slightest sound which can be uttered in Pure Tone to the milder tones of ordinary conversation. To cultivate Subdued Force repeat each of the following elements, words, and sentences three times, beginning with the most subdued sound that can be uttered in Pure Tone, Effusive Form, increasing the force with each repetition, but retaining as nearly as possible the same pitch. After practicing for a few minutes on one pitch, change to a key two or three notes lower or higher.

DIAGRAM OF SUBDUED FORCE.



EXERCISES

or cultivating Subdued Force.

1. ā, as heard in age.
2. ō, “ “ old.
3. ē, “ “ me.
4. ī, “ “ ice.

orb, arm, low,
soft, hopes, sleep.

1. With lowly reverence bow.
2. Tread softly; bow the head.
3. O change! O wondrous change !

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, and Subdued Force.

Repeat each of the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Form, Aspirate Quality, Subdued Force.
(First Degree.)
2. Effusive Form, Oral Quality, Subdued Force.
(Second Degree.)
3. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force.
(Third Degree.)

SUBDUED FORCE—WHEN USED.

Subdued Force is appropriately employed chiefly in the expression of *pathetic, solemn, serious, and tranquil thought*.

It is generally used in connection with Pure Tone, Effusive Form, but may be given with Oral, Aspirate, and Falsetto Qualities. It is doubtful whether Orotund, Pectoral, and Guttural can be given with Subdued Force, as a greater degree of force than Subdued will be required to produce those qualities.

EXAMPLES: SOLEMN AND PATHETIC.

Subdued Force, Pure Tone, Effusive Form.

The Death-Bed.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing, soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

2. So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.
3. Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
4. For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

The Burial of Arnold.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there!
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?
2. Ye reckon it in days since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
O had it been but told you then
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled him?
3. Whose was the sinewy arm which flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung
Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!

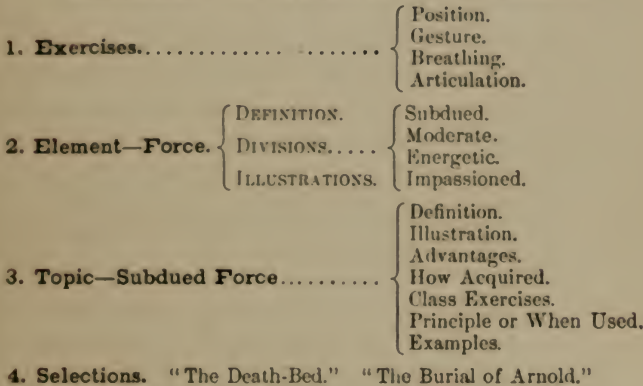
4. On now, his requiem is done,
 The last deep prayer is said;
 On to his burial, comrades, on,
 With the noblest of the dead.
 Slow, for it presses heavily;
 It is a man ye bear!
 Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
 On the noble sleeper there.
5. Tread lightly, comrades, ye have laid
 His dark locks on his brow;
 Like life, save deeper light and shade,
 We'll not disturb them now.
 Tread lightly, for 'tis beautiful,
 That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
 Hiding the eye death left so dull,
 Its slumber we will keep.
6. Rest now, his journeying is done,
 Your feet are on his sod;
 Death's chain is on your champion,
 He waiteth here his God.
 Ay, turn and weep, 'tis manliness
 To be heart-broken here,
 For the grave of earth's best nobleness
 Is watered by the tear.

 QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. Define Force.
3. What is the difference between Force and loudness?
4. Between Force and volume?
5. What combination of elements will produce a full volume?
6. Will the same combination give great loudness?
7. What combination will produce loudness?
8. Can great loudness be produced by Impassioned Force and Aspirate Quality?
9. What does volume relate to? What loudness?
10. Give illustrations of each.

1. What are the general divisions of Force?
12. How many subdivisions are given?
13. Why is perfect command of all divisions of Force important?
14. How may Force of Voice be acquired? In what other way?
15. In practicing exercises in Force, what is important with reference to Pitch?
16. Define Subdued Force.
17. In the expression of what styles of thought and feeling will Subdued Force be chiefly employed?
18. With what qualities of voice?
19. Why cannot Orotund, Pectoral, and Guttural be given with Subdued Force?
20. With what Form can Subdued Force be given?
21. Why do the selections require Subdued Force?
22. Why Pure Tone? Why Effusive Form?

DIAGRAM OF TWENTY-FIFTH LESSON.



LESSON XXVI.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

z, as in zone.

zeal,	rouse,	has,
Zion,	zephyr,	was.

1. Rouse, ye Romans, rouse !
2. The zephyr breathes calmly.
3. Zion, the joy of all the earth.
4. He hath reached the zenith of his glory.
5. The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.

Moderate Force.

Moderate is the degree of Force ranging from the mild to the more earnest conversational tones. To cultivate the Moderate Force practice the following sounds, words, and elements, repeating each six times, beginning with the most Subdued Force and gradually increasing, but retaining the pitch with which each is begun. It is not necessary to begin each separate exercise with the same pitch, but simply to retain the pitch throughout with which you begin. It would be well to vary the key with each sound or word or sentence, so as to widen the compass of voice as much as possible. The primary object of the exercise is to increase the force on any key without changing the pitch. Every voice should have power to increase force at pleasure on two octaves at least.

DIAGRAM
OF
SUBDUED AND MODERATE FORCE.



EXERCISES

For cultivating Subdued and Moderate Force.

1. ā, as heard in ale.
2. ē, " " me.
3. ī, " " ice.
4. ō, " " old.

on,	stand,	lamb,
awake,	arise,	rouse.

1. Rome must be free.
2. Where sleep the brave?
3. I come not here to talk.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, and Moderate Force.

Repeat the sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force.
(First Degree.)
2. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force.
(Second Degree.)
3. Effusive Form, Orotund, Moderate Force. (Third Degree.)
4. Expulsive Form, Orotund, Moderate Force. (Third Degree.)

MODERATE FORCE—WHEN USED.

Moderate is the appropriate degree of Force combined with Pure Tone, Expulsive Form, for the expression of *narrative, descriptive, didactic, unimpassioned thought*; combined with the Orotund, Effusive Form, for the expression of the *milder forms of sublimity, reverence, devotion, and adoration*; with the Orotund, Expulsive Form, for *introductory and unimpassioned parts of speeches, sermons, and orations*.

EXAMPLE: DIDACTIC THOUGHT.

*Moderate Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.***Modulation.**

LLOYD.

1. 'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
That voice all modes of passion can express
Which marks the proper word with proper stress;
But none emphatic can that speaker call
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.
Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.
2. All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its favorite noun,
While pause and break and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.
3. Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drawls, insipid and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone;
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys
Than he who, swollen with impetuous rage,
Bullies the balky phantom of the stage.
4. He who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;

A single look more marks the internal woe
 Than all the windings of the lengthened O!
 Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
 And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes:
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
 And all the passions of the soul are there.

EXAMPLE: INTRODUCTORY AND UNIMPASSIONED.

Moderate Force, Pure Tone, or Orotund, Expulsive Form.

Appeal in Behalf of Ireland.

A. S. PRENTISS.

1. Fellow-citizens: It is no ordinary cause that has brought together this vast assemblage on the present occasion. We have met, not to prepare ourselves for political contests; we have met, not to celebrate the achievements of those gallant men who have planted our victorious standards in the heart of an enemy's country; we have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West; but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread.

2. There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

3. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers that fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase. The common mother has forgotten her offspring, and she no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp. Unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

4. O it is terrible, that in this beautiful world which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, men should die of starvation! When a man dies of disease he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they cannot keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face and conceal the horrors of his visage as he delivers his stern mandate. In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel.

5. But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day by day, with his grim and relentless enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up, like a brave enemy, storming, by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines round the doomed garrison. He cuts off all supplies. He never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter.

6. Alas, for poor human nature! how can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day the blood recedes, the flesh deserts, the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself against the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then the victim begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence. He hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longing of a cannibal; and, it may be, dies blaspheming.

7. This is one of those cases in which we may without impiety assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but that one of the very objects of this calamity is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us upon whom unlimited abundance is showered? In the name, then, of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland. He who is able, and will not aid such a cause, is not a man, and has no right to wear the form. He should be sent back to Nature's mint, and re-issued as a counterfeit on humanity of Nature's baser metal.

EXAMPLE: REVERENCE AND DEVOTION.*Moderate Force, Orotund Quality, Effusive Form.***God the True Source of Consolation.**

THOMAS MOORE.

1. O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
2. The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.
3. But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
4. When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too,
5. O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above!
6. Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the topic of this lesson?
2. Define Moderate Force.
3. Illustrate it.
4. Illustrate the difference between Subdued and Moderate Force.

5. Should the exercises in Force be practiced always on the same pitch?
6. Explain and illustrate how the pitch should be varied.
7. When is Moderate Force combined with Pure Tone, Expulsive Form, appropriately employed?
8. When with Effusive Form, Orotund?
9. When with Expulsive Form, Orotund?

DIAGRAM OF TWENTY-SIXTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Exercises..... | { | Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation. |
| 2. Review Last Lesson. | | |
| 3. Element—Force. | | |
| 4. Topic—Moderate Force..... | { | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercises.
Principles or when used.
Examples. |
| 5. Selections. "Modulation." "Appeal in Behalf of Ireland." "God the True Source of Consolation." | | |

LESSON XXVII.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

zh, as in azure.

pleasure, seizure, erasure,
treasure, composure.

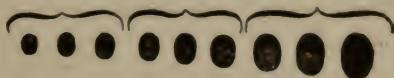
1. The measure of man is mind.
2. Your pleasure shall be the law.
3. The treasures of the universe are his.
4. Not like those steps on heaven's azure.
5. The seizure was made according to law.

Energetic Force.

Energetic is that degree of Force heard in bold, earnest, excited conversation.

Practice the following exercises, repeating each sound, word, and sentence nine times, increasing the force with each repetition, but retaining the same pitch with which each is begun.

DIAGRAM
OF
SUBDUED, MODERATE, AND ENERGETIC
FORCE.



EXERCISES

For Cultivating Subdued, Moderate, and Energetic Force.

1. à, as heard in ask.
2. ä, “ “ add.
3. ð, “ “ on.
4. ũ, “ “ up.

ask,	sad,	lend,
over,	never,	dissever.

1. The war must go on.
2. Rouse, ye Romans, rouse!
3. Forward the Light Brigade.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Subdued, Moderate, and Energetic Force.

Repeat each of the above sentences with

1. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force.
2. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force.
3. Effusive Form, Aspirate, Subdued Force.
4. Effusive Form, Orotund, Moderate Force.
5. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force.

6. Expulsive Form, Aspirate, Moderate Force.
7. Expulsive Form, Orotund, Moderate Force.
8. Effusive Form, Orotund, Energetic Force.
9. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Energetic Force.
10. Expulsive Form, Aspirate, Energetic Force.
11. Expulsive Form, Orotund, Energetic Force.
12. Explosive Form, Pure Tone, Energetic Force.

ENERGETIC FORCE—WHEN USED.

The Energetic is the appropriate degree of Force, combined with Orotund, Effusive Form, for the expression of *profound sublimity, grandeur, reverence, adoration, and devotion*; with Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive Forms, for the expression of *joy, gladness, and mirth*; with Orotund, Expulsive Form, for the delivery of *strong, forcible, argumentative, senatorial, political, and judicial speeches, orations, and sermons*.

In the following selection the passages expressing sublimity, grandeur, and awe require a blending of the Orotund and Aspirate.

EXAMPLE: DEEP SOLEMNITY, SUBLIMITY, AND AWE.

Energetic Force, Orotund and Aspirate, Effusive Form.

The Closing Year.

PRENTICE.

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,

Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
 And Winter, with his aged locks, and breathe,
 In mournful cadences, that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
 Gone from the earth forever.

2. 'Tis a time
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
 Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions that have passed away,
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
 The coffin-lid of Hope and Love
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,
 Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

3. The year
 Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
 It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful—
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
 And reckless shouts resounded.

4. It passed o'er
 The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
 Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;

Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

5.

Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at night-fall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

6.

Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations, and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from the glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in their glorious spheres, and pass away,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

EXAMPLE: JOY AND GLADNESS.*Energetic Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive Forms.***Spring.**

BRYANT.

1. Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?
2. The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale;
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.
3. And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles on his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

EXAMPLE: ARGUMENTATIVE AND ORATORICAL.*Energetic Force, Orotund Quality, Expulsive Form.***Responsibilities of our Republic.**

JOSEPH STORY.

1. The old world has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair procession chanted the praises of liberty and the gods, where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppression has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

2. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths and Vandals and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute-money. When we reflect on what has been and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence!

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Energetic Force.
2. When combined with Orotund, Effusive Form, what styles of thought and feeling may be appropriately expressed?
3. What, when combined with Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive?
4. What, when with Orotund, Expulsive Form?
5. With what other Qualities and Forms may it be combined?

DIAGRAM OF TWENTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Exercises.....</p> | <p>{ Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation.</p> |
| <p>2. Review Last Lesson.</p> | |
| <p>3. Element—Force.</p> | |
| <p>4. Topic—Energetic Force.</p> | <p>{ Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercise.
When Used.
Example.</p> |
| <p>5. Selections. "Closing year." "Spring." "Responsibilities of our Republic."</p> | |

LESSON XXVIII.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

l, as in lo.

loud,	long,	leave,
land,	lend,	fall.

1. Lo, the poor Indian!
2. Little lads looking about.
3. Learned lads like long lessons.
4. Leaves have their time to fall.
5. Leave me, leave me to die alone.

Impassioned Force.

Impassioned is the degree of Force heard in the expression of violent and impetuous emotion.

To cultivate Impassioned Force repeat each of the elements, words, and sentences twelve times, beginning with the mildest sound that can be given in Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force, and gradually increasing with each repetition, retaining the same pitch as nearly as possible.

DIAGRAM

or

SUBDUED, MODERATE, ENERGETIC, AND IMPASSIONED FORCE.



EXERCISES

For cultivating Impassioned Force.

1. ō, as in old.
2. ī, “ ice.
3. ū, “ use.
4. ē, “ me.

arm, down, stand,
slaves, forward, liberty.

1. Come over, come over the river to me.
2. Hang out our banners on the outer walls.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Subdued, and Impassioned Force.

Repeat each of the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force.
2. Expulsive Form, Orotund, Impassioned Force.
3. Effusive Form, Aspirate, Subdued Force.
4. Explosive Form, Pure Tone, Impassioned Force.
5. Effusive Form, Oral Quality, Subdued Force.
6. Expulsive Form, Falsetto, Impassioned Force.

IMPASSIONED FORCE—WHEN USED.

Impassioned, when combined with Pure Tone or Orotund, Effusive or Expulsive Form, is the degree of force appropriate for *calling* and *commanding*; with the Orotund, Expulsive and Explosive Forms, it is employed in the utterance of *rousing* and *exciting appeals*; with the Aspirate, Pectoral, and Guttural, Expulsive and Explosive Forms, in the expression of *fear*, *anger*, *threatening*, *scorn*, *defiance*, *revenge*, etc.

EXAMPLE: CALLING AND SHOUTING.

Impassioned Force, Pure Tone or Orotund, Expulsive Form.

Tell's Address to the Alps.

J. S. KNOWLES.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,

And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again. O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
 Ye are things that tower, that shine, whose smile
 Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again! I call to you
 With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
 To show they still are free. I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you.

**EXAMPLE: FEAR, EARNEST APPEAL, ANGER, THREAT-
 ENING, SCORN, AND DEFIANCE.**

*Impassioned Force, Pure Tone, Orotund, Aspirate and Pectoral Qualities,
 Expulsive and Explosive Forms.*

The Polish Boy.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

1. Whence came those shrieks, so wild and shrill,
 That like an arrow cleave the air,
 Causing the blood to creep and thrill
 With such sharp cadence of despair?
 Once more they come! as if a heart
 Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
 And every string had voice apart
 To utter its peculiar woe!

2. Whence came they? From yon temple, where
 An altar raised for private prayer,
 Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
 Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.
 The dim funereal tapers threw
 A holy luster o'er his brow,
 And burnish with their rays of light
 The mass of curls that gather bright
 Above the haughty brow and eye
 Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

3. What hand is that whose icy press
 Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
 But meets no answering caress—
 No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?
 It is the hand of her whose cry
 Rang wildly late upon the air,
 When the dead warrior met her eye,
 Outstretched upon the altar there.
4. Now with white lips and broken moan
 She sinks beside the altar stone;
 But hark! the heavy tramp of feet
 Is heard along the gloomy street.
 Nearer and nearer yet they come,
 With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
 They leave the pavement. Flowers that spread
 Their beauties by the path they tread,
 Are crushed and broken. Crimson hands
 Rend brutally their blooming bands.
 Now whispered curses, low and deep,
 Around the holy temple creep.
 The gate is burst. A ruffian band
 Rush in and savagely demand,
 With brutal voice and oath profane,
 The startled boy for exile's chain.
5. The mother sprang with gesture wild,
 And to her bosom snatched the child;
 Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,
 Shouted with fearful energy—
 "Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
 Too near the body of my dead!
 Nor touch the living boy—I stand
 Between him and your lawless band!
 No traitor he. But listen! I
 Have cursed your master's tyranny.
 I cheered my lord to join the band
 Of those who swore to free our land,
 Or fighting die; and when he pressed
 Me for the last time to his breast,

I knew that soon his form would be
 Low as it is, or Poland free.
 He went and grappled with the foe,
 Laid many a haughty Russian low ;
 But he is dead—the good—the brave—
 And I, his wife, am worse—a slave!
 Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
 With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
 And drag me to Siberia's wild
 To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

6. "Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
 Tearing the pale boy from her side;
 And in his ruffian grasp he bore
 His victim to the temple door.
7. "One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one.
 Can land or gold redeem my son?
 If so, I bend my Polish knee,
 And, Russia, ask a boon of thee.
 Take palaces, take lands, take all,
 But leave him free from Russian thrall.
 Take these," and her white arms and hands
 She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
 And tore from braids of long black hair
 The gems that gleamed like star-light there;
 Unclasped the brilliant coronal
 And carcanet of Orient pearl;
 Her cross of blazing rubies last
 Down to the Russian's feet she cast.
8. He stooped to seize the glittering store;
 Upspringing from the marble floor,
 The mother with a cry of joy
 Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
 But no—the Russian's iron grasp
 Again undid the mother's clasp.
 Forward she fell, with one long cry
 Of more than mother's agony.

9. But the brave child is roused at length,
 And breaking from the Russian's hold,
 He stands, a giant in the strength
 Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
10. Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
 So blue and fiercely bright,
 Seems lighted from the eternal sky,
 So brilliant is its light.
 His curling lips and crimson cheeks
 Foretell the thought before he speaks.
 With a full voice of proud command
 He turns upon the wondering band.
11. "Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can;
 This hour has made the boy a man.
 The world shall witness that one soul
 Fears not to prove itself a Pole.
12. "I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
 Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire:
 I wept upon his marble brow—
 Yes, wept—I was a child; but now
 My noble mother on her knee,
 Has done the work of years for me.
 Although in this small tenement
 My soul is cramped—unbowed, unbent,
 I've still within me ample power
 To free myself this very hour.
 This dagger in my heart! and then,
 Where is your boasted power, base men?"
 He drew aside his brodered vest,
 And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
 The jeweled haft of a poniard bright,
 Glittered a moment on the sight.
 "Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
 Think ye my noble father's glove
 Could drink the life-blood of a slave?
 The pearls that on the handle flame
 Would blush to rubies in their shame;

The blade would quiver in thy breast,
 Ashamed of such ignoble rest!
 No; thus I rend thy tyrant's chain,
 And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

13. A moment, and the funeral light
 Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
 Another, and his young heart's blood
 Leaped to the floor a crimson flood.
 Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
 And on the air his clear voice rang—
 "Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
 The choice was death or slavery;
 Up, mother, up! look on my face,
 I only wait for thy embrace.
 One last, last word—a blessing, one,
 To prove thou knowest what I have done;
 No look! no word! Canst thou not feel
 My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
 Speak, mother, speak—lift up thy head.
 What, silent still? Then thou art dead!
 Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
 Rejoice with thee, and thus to die."
 Slowly he falls. The clustering hair
 Rolls back and leaves that forehead bare.
 One long, deep breath, and his pale head
 Lay on his mother's bosom, dead.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Impassioned Force.
2. When used with Pure Tone or Orotund, Expulsive or Effusive Form?
3. When, with Orotund, Expulsive and Explosive Forms?
4. When, with Aspirate, Pectoral, or Guttural, Expulsive and Explosive Forms?

DIAGRAM OF TWENTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|--|---|------------------|
| 1. Exercises..... | } | Position. |
| | | Gesture. |
| 2. Review Last Lesson. | | Breathing. |
| | | Articulation. |
| 3. Element—Force. | | |
| 4. Topic—Impassioned Force..... | } | Definition. |
| | | Illustration. |
| | | Advantages. |
| | | How Acquired. |
| | | Class Exercises. |
| | | When Used. |
| | | Example. |
| 5. Selections. "Tell's Address to the Alps." "The Polish Boy." | | |

 LESSON XXIX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

r, as in row.

roar,	roam,	roast,
flour,	river,	near.

1. Real riches rise from within.
2. Robert rebuked Richard, who ran roaring.
3. Round the rude ring the ragged rascal ran.
4. Rich, ripe, round fruit hung round the room.
5. Rough and rugged rocks rear their heads high in air.

STRESS.

Stress is the application of the force of the voice to the different parts of the word or sound.

The divisions of Stress are Median, Radical, Final, Compound, Thorough, and Intermittent.

Median Stress.

Median Stress is the application of the force of the voice to the middle of the word or sound.

It is a gradual increase of force and elevation of pitch through the concrete movement to the middle of the word, and then as gradual a diminution and lowering to the close. Median Stress can be given only in connection with the Effusive Form.

DIAGRAM
OF
MEDIAN STRESS.



ADVANTAGES OF MEDIAN STRESS.

The Median Stress is one of the greatest beauties in expression. It prevents the drawling and lifeless style so prevalent in the reading of the Bible and the Church service, and gives a most impressive beauty, power, and grandeur to the utterance of pathos, sublimity, reverence, devotion, and adoration.

Destitute of its ennobling effect, the reading of many passages in prose and poetry sinks into a monotonous and tedious utterance.

Like every element, it must be judiciously used. Carried to excess it becomes a fault. The habit of mouth-ing, so prevalent on the stage, has for one of its principal elements an excessive Median Stress.

To cultivate this Stress practice the following elements, words, and sentences, beginning each with very subdued force, which gradually increase in force and raise in pitch to the middle, and then as gradually diminish and lower.

EXERCISES IN MEDIAN STRESS.

1. ā, as heard in ale, fate.
2. ä, “ “ arm, far.
3. â, “ “ ask, grass.
4. ȃ, “ “ all, talk.
5. ȍ, “ “ old, note.
6. ȏ, “ “ moon, food.

tolls,	old,	arm,	father,
palm,	roll,	prayer,	slow.

1. O, a wonderful stream is the river Time.
2. Thou hast all seasons for thy own, O Death.
3. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my father.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, and Median Stress.

Repeat each of the above sentences with

1. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force, Median Stress.
2. Effusive Form, Aspirate, Moderate Force, Median Stress.
3. Effusive Form, Orotund, Moderate Force, Median Stress.

MEDIAN STRESS—WHEN USED.

Median is the appropriate stress for the utterance of *pathos, solemnity, sublimity, reverence, grandeur, and devotion*. It is heard in different degrees, varying with the depth and power of the emotion. Serious, solemn, and tranquil thought require only the milder forms of the Median; while reverence, grandeur, sublimity, and devotion require the fullest form.

EXAMPLE: PATHOS AND SUBLIMITY.

Median Stress, Moderate Force, Orotund Quality, Effusive Form.

Break! Break! Break!

TENNYSON.

1. Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

2. O well for the fisherman's boy
 That he shouts with his sister at play,
 O well for the sailor lad
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

3. And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand!
 And the sound of a voice that is still.

4. Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. Define Stress.
3. How many kinds of Stress are there? Name them.
4. Define Median Stress.
5. Illustrate it.
6. With what form can it be given?
7. What are its advantages?
8. What is the difference between Effusive Form, and Effusive Form Median Stress?

DIAGRAM OF LESSON TWENTY-NINTH.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|-----------------|
| 1. Exercises..... | } | Position. |
| | | Gesture. |
| | | Breathing. |
| | | Articulation. |
| 2. Review—Force of Voice. | | |
| 3. Element—Stress..... | } | DEFINITION. |
| | | DIVISIONS..... |
| | | ILLUSTRATIONS. |
| | } | Median. |
| | | Radical. |
| | | Final. |
| | | Compound. |
| | | Thorough. |
| | | Intermittent. |
| 3. Topic—Median Stress..... | } | Definition. |
| | | Illustration. |
| | | Advantages. |
| | | How Acquired. |
| | | Class Exercise. |
| | | When used. |
| | | Example. |
| 4. Selection. "Break! Break! Break!" | | |

LESSON XXX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

m, as in moon.

morn,	move,	man,
arm,	farm,	harm.

1. More than mortal man may be.
2. Many men are misled by fame.
3. Mile-stones mark the march of time.
4. Much learning hath made thee mad.
5. Mournfully they march to the martial music.

Radical Stress.

Radical Stress is the application of the force of the voice to the first part of a vocal sound (vocal as distinguished from subvocal or Aspirate), or the first vocal

part of the accented syllable of a word. It is heard only in connection with the Expulsive or Explosive Form of voice.

The clear and forcible Radical Stress can take place only after an interruption of the voice. It would seem as if there is some momentary occlusion in the larynx, by which the breath is barred and accumulated for the purpose of a full and sudden discharge. This occlusion is most under command, and the explosion is most powerful, on syllables beginning with a tonic element, or with an abrupt one preceding a tonic, for in this last case an obstruction in the organs of articulation is combined with the function of the larynx.

ADVANTAGES OF RADICAL STRESS.

Radical Stress is one of the most important properties of utterance. Without it reading and speaking of a didactic, narrative, descriptive, argumentative, and impassioned poetic style become dull and lifeless.

The argumentative speaker who has not this property at command fails to produce conviction in the minds of his hearers.

Dr. Rush says of the Radical Stress: "It is this which draws the cutting edge of words across the ear, and startles even stupor into attention; this which lessens the fatigue of listening, and outvoices the stir and rustle of an assembly."

Murdoch and Russell say: "The utter absence of Radical Stress bespeaks timidity and indecision, confusion of thought, and feebleness of purpose. The speaker who fails in regard to the effect of this property of utterance solicits our pity rather than commands our respect. The right degree of this function indicates the manly, self-possessed speaker."

The following cuts indicate to the eye Expulsive Form with and without the Radical Stress. The Radical expends the full force of the voice on the first part.

DIAGRAM

EXPULSIVE FORM WITHOUT RADICAL STRESS.	or EXPULSIVE FORM WITH RADICAL STRESS.
--	---



To cultivate the Radical Stress, practice the following elements, words, and sentences in the Expulsive and Explosive Forms, first with Pure Tone, then with Orotund, in the Moderate, Energetic, and Impassioned degrees of Force. In this exercise be careful to expend the full force of the voice upon the first part of the word or sound.

EXERCISES IN RADICAL STRESS.

1. ä, as heard in add, fat.
2. ě, “ “ end, met.
3. ʏ, “ “ ill, fin.
4. ǒ, “ “ odd, not.
5. ů, “ “ us, tub.

add,	end,	orb,	all,
ease,	isle,	inch,	use,
oil,	up,	on,	aid.

1. Paul Revere was a rider bold.
2. Out of the North the wild news came.
3. Talk to the point, and stop when you reach it.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, and Radical Stress.

Repeat the sentences in last exercise with

1. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress.
2. Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic Force, Radical Stress.
3. Explosive Form, Orotund, Impassioned Force, Radical Stress.

RADICAL STRESS—WHEN USED.

The Radical Stress is heard in various degrees. In its milder form it is the Stress appropriate for the delivery of *narrative, descriptive, and didactic thought* in the style of *essays, lectures, and sermons*; in a more energetic form it is appropriate for the utterance of *argumentative speeches and orations*; and in its most impassioned form for the expression of *intense feeling and emotion, as anger, scorn, defiance, etc.*

EXAMPLE: ANIMATED NARRATION AND DESCRIPTION.

Radical Stress, Energetic Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

The Ride of Jennie McNeal.

WILL CARLETON.

1. Paul Revere was a rider bold,—
Well has his valorous deeds been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one,—
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.
2. On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,

In a cottage cozy, and all their own,
 She and her mother lived alone.
 Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
 From all the many who pass'd their door;
 For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
 And Jennie was large for fifteen years:
 With vim her eyes were glistening,
 Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing,
 And, while her friends who knew her well
 The sweetness of her heart could tell,
 A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
 Look'd solemnly quick to heed her call;
 And they who were evil-minded knew
 Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
 So all kind words and acts did deal
 To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.

3. One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
 And rain-clouds linger'd overhead,
 And sent their surly drops for proof
 To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
 Close after a knock at the outer door
 There enter'd a dozen dragoons or more.
 Their red coats, stain'd by the muddy road,
 That they were British soldiers show'd:
 The captain his hostess bent to greet,
 Saying, "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
 We will pay you well, and, it may be,
 This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
 Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
 To catch a rebel colonel a-bed.
 He is visiting home, as doth appear;
 We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
 And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
 Close-watch'd the while by Jennie McNeal.
4. For the gray hair'd colonel they hover'd near
 Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
 And oft, in her younger days, had he
 Right proudly perch'd her upon his knee,

And told her stories many a one
 Concerning the French war lately done.
 And oft together the two friends were,
 And many the arts he had taught to her;
 She had hunted by his fatherly side,
 He had shown her how to fence and ride;
 And once had said, "The time may be,
 Your skill and courage may stand by me."
 So sorrow for him she could but feel,
 Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

5. With never a thought or a moment more,
 Bare-headed she slipp'd from the cottage door,
 Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
 Unhitch'd and mounted the captain's steed,
 And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
 She urged the fiery horse of gray.
 Around her slender and cloakless form
 Patter'd and moan'd the ceaseless storm;
 Secure and tight a gloveless hand
 Grasp'd the reins with stern command;
 And full and black her long hair stream'd,
 Whenever the ragged lightning gleam'd.
 And on she rush'd for the colonel's weal,
 Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.
6. Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
 Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
 And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
 "Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
 She heeded it not, and not in vain
 She lash'd the horse with the bridle rein;
 So into the night the gray horse strode;
 His shoes hew'd fire from the rocky road;
 And the high-born courage that never dies
 Flash'd from his rider's coal-black eyes;
 The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
 The rain-drops grasp'd at her glowing face.
 "On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
 Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
 "Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
 Then, no one answering to the calls,
 Sped after her a volley of balls.
 They pass'd her in her rapid flight,
 They scream'd to her left, they scream'd to her right:
 But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
 She sent no token of answer back,
 Except a silvery laughter peal,
 Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

7. So on she rush'd at her own good will,
 Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill:
 The gray horse did his duty well,
 Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
 Himself escaping the nets of harm,
 But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
 Still undismay'd by the numbing pain,
 She clung to the horse's bridle rein,
 And gently bidding him to stand,
 Petted him with her able hand;
 Then sprung again to the saddle bow,
 And shouted, "One more trial now!"
 As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
 He gather'd his strength once more for all,
 And, galloping down a hill-side steep,
 Gain'd on the troopers at every leap;
 No more the high-bred steed did reel,
 But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.
8. They were a furlong behind or more,
 When the girl burst through the colonel's door,—
 Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
 And she all drabbled and drench'd with rain,
 But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
 And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,—
 And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
 They come! they come! away! away!"
 Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal
 Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

9. The startled colonel sprung, and press'd
 The wife and children to his breast,
 And turn'd away from his fireside bright,
 And glided into the stormy night;
 Then soon and safely made his way
 To where the patriot army lay.
 But first he bent in the dim fire-light,
 And kiss'd the forehead broad and white,
 And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
 To keep him out of a prison cell.
 The girl roused up at the martial din,
 Just as the troopers came rushing in,
 And laugh'd e'en in the midst of a moan,
 Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown:
 'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
 So deal with me now as you think best."
 But the grand young captain bow'd, and said,
 "Never you hold a moment's dread:
 Of womankind I must crown you queen;
 So brave a girl I have never seen:
 Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
 And when peace comes I will come for you."
 But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
 As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
 Who told me the same, long time ago;
 You two would never agree, I know:
 I promised my love to be true as steel,"
 Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.

 QUESTIONS.

1. Define Radical Stress.
2. With what Forms of voice can it be given?
3. Describe the position and action of the vocal organs in the production of Radical Stress.
4. Mention some of the advantages of Radical Stress.
5. What does Dr. Rush say of it? What Murdock and Russell?
6. When should Radical Stress be used?
7. What is the difference between Expulsive Form and Radical Stress?

8. What between Explosive Form and Radical Stress?

(The seventh and eighth questions are not directly answered in the book.)

9. Why does the selection require Radical Stress?
10. Why Energetic Force?
11. Why Pure Tone?
12. Why Explosive Form?
13. What words in the selection require Explosive Form? Why?
14. What require Aspirate Quality? Why?

DIAGRAM OF THIRTIETH LESSON.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1. Exercises..... | { | Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation. |
| 2. Review Median Stress. | | |
| 3. Element—Stress. | | |
| 4. Topic—Radical Stress..... | { | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercise.
When Used.
Example. |
| 5. Selection. "The Ride of Jennie McNeal." | | |



LESSON XXXI.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

n, as in no.

noon,	now,	name,
man,	ran,	won.

1. No nation need despair.
2. No man knows the future.
3. Name not the gods, thou boy of tears.
4. Now none so poor to do him reverence.
5. Napoleon's noble nature knew no niggardly notions.

Final Stress.

The Final Stress is the application of the force of the voice to the last part of the word or sound.

The force, at first but slight, is gradually increased, until it closes in an abrupt and violent sound. In its effect on the ear it is not unlike the report of a pistol when it hangs fire.

DIAGRAM
OF
FINAL STRESS.

**ADVANTAGES OF FINAL STRESS.**

It is the Final Stress that gives intensity to determined purpose, earnest resolve, stern rebuke, and manly protest. Without this element they become feeble and contemptible.

To acquire control of this style of Stress practice the elements and words as directed. Repeat each of the elements, beginning with a slight sound, which gradually increase, and close with an abrupt and forcible utterance.

EXERCISES IN FINAL STRESS.

1. ē, as heard in me, see.
2. ā, “ “ ale, pale.
3. â, “ “ air, fair.
4. ī, “ “ ice, fine.
5. ū, “ “ use, tube.

slave,	wretch,	coward,
villain,	revenge,	defiance.

1. Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!
2. Independence now and independence forever.
3. Live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration.
4. Let the consequences be what they may, I am determined to proceed.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, Final and Radical Stress.

Repeat the first and second of the above sentences with

1. Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic Force, Final Stress.
2. Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic Force, Radical Stress.

Repeat the third of the above sentences with

1. Expulsive Form, Orotund and Aspirate Qualities, Energetic Force, Final Stress.
2. Expulsive Form, Aspirate Quality, Impassioned Force, Final Stress.

Repeat the fourth sentence with

1. Expulsive Form, Pectoral Quality, Impassioned Force, Final Stress.
2. Explosive Form, Guttural Quality, Impassioned Force, Final Stress.

FINAL STRESS—WHEN USED.

The Final Stress is employed in the expression of *determined purpose, earnest resolve, stern rebuke, contempt, astonishment, horror, revenge, hate* and similar passions. It is always combined with the Expulsive or Explosive Form of Voice, and, in the expression of violent passion, with the Aspirate, Pectoral, or Guttural Quality.

**EXAMPLE: HATE, DETERMINED PURPOSE, SCORN,
AND DISGUST.**

Final Stress, Energetic and Impassioned Voice, Orchestral, Aspirate, and Pectoral Qualities, Expulsive Form.

Hate of the Bowl.

1. Go, feel what I have felt ;
 Go, bear what I have borne ;
 Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
 And the cold world's proud scorn :
 Then suffer on from year to year,
 Thy sole relief the scalding tear.
2. Go, kneel as I have knelt ;
 Implore, beseech, and pray ;
 Strive the besotted heart to melt,
 The downward course to stay ;
 Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
 Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.
3. Go, weep as I have wept
 O'er a loved father's fall,
 See every promised blessing swept,
 Youth's sweetness turned to gall ;
 Life's fading flowers strewed all the way
 That brought me up to woman's day.
4. Go, see what I have seen ;
 Behold the strong man bow,
 With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
 And cold and livid brow.
 Go catch his withering glance, and see
 There mirrored, his soul's misery.
5. Go to thy mother's side,
 And her crushed bosom cheer ;
 Thine own deep anguish hide ;
 Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear ;
 Mark her wan cheek and pallid brow,
 The gray that streaks her dark hair now,

Her failing frame and trembling limb;
 And trace the ruin back to him
 Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
 Promised eternal love and truth;
 But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
 That promise to the cursed cup;
 And led her down, through love and light,
 And all that made her prospects bright;
 And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
 That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife;
 And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
 That withering blight, a drunkard's child!

6. Go, hear and feel and see and know
 All that my soul hath felt and known;
 Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
 See if its beauty can atone;
 Think if its flavor you will try,
 When all proclaim, 'Tis drink and die!
7. Tell me I hate the bowl—
 Hate is a feeble word;
 I loathe, abhor; my very soul
 With strong disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
 Of the dark beverage of hell.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Final Stress.
2. Mention some of its advantages.
3. What styles of thought and feeling are expressed with the Final Stress?
4. Why does the selection require Final Stress?
5. Why Pectoral Quality?

DIAGRAM OF THIRTY-FIRST LESSON.

1. Exercises.....	}	Position.
		Gesture.
2. Review Radical Stress.		Breathing.
3. Element—Stress.		Articulation.
4. Topic—Final Stress.....	}	Definition.
		Illustration.
		Advantages.
		How Acquired.
		Class Exercises.
5. Selection. "Hate of the Bowl."		When Used.
		Examples.



LESSON XXXII.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ng, as in sing.

wing,	ring,	bring,
thing,	learning,	rising.

1. Long may it wave.
2. Dying, we will assert it.
3. Living, we will maintain it.
4. Bring flowers, sweet flowers.
5. Standing on the confines of another world.

Compound Stress.

Compound Stress is the application of the force to the first and last parts of the word, passing over the intermediate parts lightly.

ADVANTAGES OF COMPOUND STRESS.

The Compound Stress gives intensity to the utterance of surprise, contempt, mockery, railery, and sarcasm. "The use of this style of Stress belongs appropriately

to feelings of peculiar force or acuteness; but on this very account it becomes an indispensable means of natural expression and true effect in many passages of reading and speaking. The difference between vivid and dull or flat utterance will often turn on the exactness with which this expressive function of voice is exerted."

To cultivate this form of Stress practice the following words and sentences, giving the force of the voice to the first and last parts of each word.

EXERCISES IN COMPOUND STRESS.

gone,	heaven,	married,
canopy,	traitor,	convicted.

1. Gone to be married.
2. Banished from Rome.
3. Tried and convicted traitor!

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, and Compound Stress.

Repeat each of the above sentences with

1. Expulsive Form, Pectoral Quality, Energetic Force, Compound Stress.
2. Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Moderate Force, Final Stress.

COMPOUND STRESS—WHEN USED.

The Compound is appropriately employed in the expression of *surprise*, *contempt*, and *mockery*, and sometimes of *sarcasm* and *railery*.

There are few if any selections that will require Compound Stress throughout. The following scene from Hamlet is presented as containing several fine examples. The passages requiring the Compound Stress are printed in italics.

EXAMPLE.

Compound and Radical Stress, Energetic Force, Orotund, Pure Tone, and Pectoral, Expulsive Form.

Scene from Hamlet. Act iii. Scene iv.

SHAKESPEARE.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him :
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you—
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so ;

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
And—would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge ;
You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? Thou wilt not murder me !
Help, help, ho !

Pol. What, ho ! help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ?

Dead, for a ducat, dead

Pol. O ! O ! O ! I am slain.

Queen. O, me ! what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :
Is it the king ?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better.

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace—sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damnéd custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the blush and grace of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths. O! such a deed,

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words—

Ah, me! that act!

Queen. Ah, me! what act?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow—

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:—

This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment—and what judgment,
Would step from this to this?

O, shame! where is thy blush?

Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Enter GHOST.

A king of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget:—this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse!
O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon me ;
 Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
 My stern effects : then what I have to do
 Will want true color ; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look how it steals away !
 My father, in his habit as he lived !

Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain ;
 This bodiless creation ecstasy
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. *Ecstasy !*

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music : it is not madness
 That I have uttered : bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
 Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come,

Queen. O, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O ! throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night !

And when you are desirous to be blessed,
 I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
 I do repent.

I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good-night !--
 I must be cruel, only to be kind :
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. What the topic?
3. Define Compound Stress.
4. What the principle?
5. Why do the passages marked require Compound Stress?
6. What quality of voice should Hamlet use? Why?
7. What the queen? Why?
8. What Polonius? Why?
9. What the ghost? Why?
10. Draw a diagram of this lesson.

 LESSON XXXIII.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

w, as in wit.

was,	wise,	wild,
weed,	weld,	wear.

1. Weep not for me.
2. Wild was the night.
3. Wise men will rule well.
4. When wisdom shall return.
5. Well have they done their part.

Thorough Stress.

Thorough Stress is the application of the force of the voice equally to all parts of the word or sound. It can be given with both Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

ADVANTAGES OF THOROUGH STRESS.

Thorough Stress is one of the most powerful weapons of oratory. Its effect, when judiciously used with Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Impassioned Force, is magical. It rouses the feelings, kindles the emotions,

and stirs the very soul of an audience. With Effusive Form, Pectoral Quality, it intensifies the expression of awe and dread.

To cultivate this element of expression practice the elements, words, and sentences with all the force you can command in the Orotund Expulsive.

EXERCISES IN THOROUGH STRESS.

1. *ō*, as heard in *no*, *go*.
2. *ā*, “ “ *ale*, *pale*.
3. *ä*, “ “ *arm*, *farm*.
4. *ī*, “ “ *ice*, *fine*.

arm, *home*, *come*,
awake, *arise*, *shout*.

1. Forward, the Light Brigade.
2. Princes, potentates, warriors.
3. Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, and Thorough Stress.

Repeat the above sentences with

1. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Energetic Force, Thorough Stress.
2. Expulsive Form, Orotund, Impassioned Force, Thorough Stress.

THOROUGH STRESS—WHEN USED.

Thorough Stress is appropriately employed in the expression of *rapture*, *joy*, *exultation*, *lofty command*, *indignant emotion*, *oratorical apostrophe*, and *virtuous indignation*; and *sublimity* and *grandeur* when mingled with *awe* and *dread*.

This selection does not require Thorough Stress throughout, nor does any one selection require exactly the same combinations of elements throughout, else the

utterance would be monotonous; but as the sentiment changes so the combination must be varied. It is this constant change of combinations that requires the exercise of taste and judgment. Much of this selection will require Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate or Energetic Force, and Radical Stress. Only the last two stanzas require the combination given below.

EXAMPLE.

*Thorough Stress, Energetic and Impassioned Force, Orotund Quality,
Expulsive Form.*

The Launching of the Ship.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1. "Build me straight, O worthy master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"
2. The merchant's word,
Delighted, the master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every art:
And, with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly and strong and stanch
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
3. All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength:
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched;
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great Sun rises to behold the sight.
4. The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest;
 And far and wide,
 With ceaseless flow,
 His beard of snow
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast:
 He waits impatient for his bride.

5. There she stands,
 With her foot upon the sands,
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,
 In honor of her marriage-day,
 Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
 Round her like a veil descending,
 Ready to be
 The bride of the gray old sea.
6. Then the master,
 With a gesture of command,
 Waved his hand;
 And at the word
 Loud and sudden there was heard,
 All around them and below,
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
 Knocking away the shores and spurs:
 And see! she stirs!
 She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
 The thrill of life along her keel,
 And, spurning with her feet the ground,
 With one exulting, joyous bound,
 She leaps into the ocean's arms!
7. And, lo! from the assembled crowd
 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
 That to the ocean seemed to say,
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
 Take her to thy protecting arms,
 With all her youth and all her charms!"
8. How beautiful she is! how fair
 She lies within those arms that press
 Her form with many a soft caress
 Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!

Through wind and wave right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

9. Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hope of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
10. Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Thorough Stress.
2. With what Forms can it be given?
3. What are the advantages of Thorough Stress?
4. With what Combinations may it be given?
5. When is it appropriately employed?
6. Why does the selection require Thorough Stress?
7. How much of it should be given with Thorough Stress?

8. With what combination should the last three lines of the sixth stanza be given?
9. With what the first three?
10. Why?
11. Which stanzas specially require Thorough Stress?
12. What other elements do they require?

LESSON XXXIV.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

y, as in yet.

you,	year,	yard,
yawn,	yellow,	youth.

1. Year after year our blessings continue.
2. Yonder comes the powerful king of day.
3. Yield, madman, yield; thy horse is down.
4. Yield to mercy while 'tis offered to you.
5. "Yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Intermittent Stress.

The Intermittent Stress is a tremulous emission of the voice from the organs. It can be given both with the Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

INTERMITTENT STRESS—ADVANTAGE OF.

The Intermittent Stress gives a vivid and touching expression to utterance, for the absence of which nothing can atone. "Without its appeal to sympathy, and its peculiar power over the heart, many of the most beautiful and touching passages of Shakespeare and Milton become dry and cold."

To acquire control of this style of Stress practice the elements, words, and sentences with a short, quick, broken utterance.

EXERCISES IN INTERMITTENT STRESS.

1. ē, as heard in me, see.
2. ā, " " ale, pale.
3. ā, " " add, sad.
4. a, " " talk, all.
5. ō, " " old, bold.

O,	die,	door,
old,	man,	store.

1. O I have lost you all.
2. And, mother, don't you cry.
3. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, and Intermittent Stress.

Repeat first and second of the above sentences with

1. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force, Intermittent Stress.

Repeat the third of the above sentences with

2. Expulsive Form, Pectoral Quality, Energetic Force, Intermittent Stress.

INTERMITTENT STRESS—WHEN USED.

The Intermittent Stress is appropriately used in the expression of all *emotions attended with a weakened condition of the bodily organs*, such as *feebleness from age, exhaustion, fatigue, sickness, and grief*. It is also appropriate in the expression of *extreme tenderness and ecstatic joy*.

EXAMPLE: OLD AGE AND FEEBLENESS.

Intermittent Stress, Energetic Force, Pectoral Quality, Expulsive Form.

[It is hardly necessary to say that only the words of the old man require the above combination.]

On the Shores of Tennessee.

ETHEL L. BEERS.

1. "Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
 In the sunshine bright and strong,
 For this world is fading, Pompey,
 Massa wont be with you long;
 And I fain would hear the south wind
 Bring once more the sound to me,
 Of the wavelets softly breaking
 On the shores of Tennessee.
2. "Mournful though the ripples murmur
 As they still the story tell,
 How no vessels float the banner
 That I've loved so long and well.
 I shall listen to their music,
 Dreaming that again I see
 Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop
 Sailing up the Tennessee.
3. "And, Pompey, while old massa's waiting
 For Death's last dispatch to come,
 If that exiled starry banner
 Should come proudly sailing home,
 You shall greet it, slave no longer—
 Voice and hand shall both be free
 That shout and point to Union colors
 On the waves of Tennessee."
4. "Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
 But ole darkey's happy here,
 Where he's tended corn and cotton
 For dese many a long-gone year.
 Over yonder missis' sleeping—
 No one tends her grave like me.
 Mebbe she would miss the flowers
 She used to love in Tennessee.

5. "Tears like she was watching mass—
 If Pompey should beside him stay,
 Maybe she'd remember better
 How for him she used to pray:
 Telling him that way up yonder
 White as snow his soul would be,
 If he served the Lord of heaven
 While he lived in Tennessee."
6. Silently the tears were rolling
 Down the poor old dusky face
 As he stepped behind his master,
 In his long accustomed place.
 Then a silence fell around them
 As they gazed on rock and tree
 Pictured in the placid waters
 Of the rolling Tennessee.
7. Master, dreaming of the battle
 Where he fought by Marion's side,
 When he bid the haughty Tarlton
 Stoop his lordly crest of pride.
 Man, remembering how yon sleeper
 Once he held upon his knee,
 Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
 Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.
8. Still the south wind fondly lingers
 'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
 Still the bondman close beside him
 Stands behind the old arm-chair.
 With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
 Shading eyes, he bends to see
 Where the woodland boldly jutting
 Turns aside the Tennessee.
9. Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
 Glide from tree to mountain-crest,
 Softly creeping, ay and ever
 To the river's yielding breast.

Ha! above the foliage yonder
 Something flutters wild and free!
 "Massa! massa! hallelujah!
 The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

10. "Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
 Help me stand on foot once more,
 That I may salute the colors
 As they pass my cabin door.
 Here's the paper signed that frees you,
 Give a freeman's shout with me—
 'God and Union!' be our watch-word
 Evermore in Tennessee."
11. Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
 And the limbs refused to stand;
 One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
 Glided to the better land.
 When the flag went down the river
 Man and master both were free,
 While the ring-dove's note was mingled
 With the rippling Tennessee.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Intermittent Stress.
2. With what Form can it be given?
3. What are its advantages?
4. Illustrate it.
5. When is it properly used?
6. Which stanzas in the selection in this lesson require Intermittent Stress?
7. Why do they require this Stress?
8. What combination does the fourth stanza require?
9. What the seventh? Why?

LESSON XXXV.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

p, as in pin.

pipe,	page,	pope,
poem,	pop,	press.

1. Prove all things.
2. Perish my name!
3. Pickwick Papers, part first.
4. Pictures of palaces please the eye.
5. Poverty and pride are poor companions.

PITCH.

Pitch is the place on the musical scale on which sound is uttered. Every sound, whether produced by the vocal organs of man, bird, or beast, or by natural or mechanical means, has some Pitch. We speak of the low tones of the organ, the high notes of the fife, the low growl of the wild animal, the high notes of the birds, as familiarly as of the deep base or the high tenor tones.

Pitch in elocution differs materially from Pitch in music. In the former it is relative, in the latter absolute; that is, if two persons read the same selection, they need not have the same Pitch upon the musical scale, and yet both be correct; but if they sing the same tune, they must illustrate the same notes. In music the Pitch is fixed by the scale, and the notes must be given with the utmost accuracy; in elocution each individual's voice is his own guide. To require pupils in elocution to read on the same Pitch would be as incorrect as to require the pupils of a music class to sing in different keys.

Teachers of elocution make no greater mistake than that of requiring all pupils to take the same key. Voices differ so much that what is Low Pitch for one may be simply middle for another. Nothing in the practice of elocution is more offensive to a cultivated taste than the ridiculous efforts of pupils to imitate some favorite teacher's tones. It cannot be too firmly impressed upon the minds of pupils that in Pitch each voice is its own guide. If, however, the voice, from some external cause, has been changed from its natural key, it should as soon as possible be restored.

Again, Pitch in elocution differs from Pitch in music in the manner of passing from one division or note to another. In elocution the changes are generally by the concrete movement or glides, in music by the discrete or steps. That which is an excellence in elocution is an error in music; that which is an accomplishment in singing is a fault in reading or recitation. To pass with measured accuracy from one word to another in elocutionary efforts is drawling and intolerable; to glide into the notes in singing is dragging and disagreeable. Hence persons who sing a great deal are not likely to read or speak well, because they have become accustomed to the discrete movement; and those who practice elocution are rarely successful singers. Music and elocution, though not incompatible, are rarely combined in a high degree of excellence in the same person. Indeed, it is a significant fact that in all ages of the world those who have excelled as readers, actors, or orators have been singularly deficient in musical talents and attainments, and those who have been distinguished singers have not been applauded for their oratorical efforts. Exercises in elocution may strengthen the singing voice, and practice in vocal

music may give sweetness and purity to the speaking tones, but further than this they are not mutual helpers. No one should be deterred from the study of elocution because he cannot illustrate the notes of the scale or distinguish Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred. To read well it is not necessary that you should sing even the simplest tune.

ADVANTAGES OF PITCH.

Both in music and elocution perfect control of Pitch is essential. Without it there can be no natural, pleasing, or impressive utterance. More public speakers fail from an incorrect use of Pitch than from any other cause. Often the voice rises to a high, unnatural tone, nearly an octave above the natural key or that which the sentiment demands, and upon this unpleasant tone the utterance is continued until the voice is injured and the hearers wearied. But again, control of Pitch is important because different tones express and awaken different thoughts and emotions. The Author of our being has so attuned our natures that a low, deep tone suggests reverence or devotion, High Pitch joyous feelings, the middle key unimpassioned thought, and the lowest tones awe and dread. To properly express these emotions the Pitch must be varied at pleasure.

DIVISIONS OF PITCH.

Instead of the eight exact notes in music, elocution presents five general divisions of Pitch: **VERY HIGH**, **HIGH**, **MIDDLE**, **LOW**, and **VERY LOW**. These divisions are not limited to any particular notes of the scale, but vary in compass with different voices, some being limited to a single octave, while others range over three or four. Each voice is its own guide, and from the Middle Pitch all the other divisions are determined.

Middle Pitch.

Middle Pitch may be defined as the three, four, or five notes over which the voice naturally and easily ranges in ordinary conversation. To cultivate Middle Pitch practice the following sounds, words, and sentences upon the conversation or natural key.

EXERCISES IN MIDDLE PITCH.

1. ā, as heard in ale, pale.
2. ǎ, “ “ add, fat.
3. â, “ “ air, pair.
4. ä, “ “ far, palm.
5. â, “ “ ask, dance.

1. Speak the speech as I pronounced it to you.
2. Talk to the point, and stop when you reach it.
3. A voice soft and sweet as a tune one loves.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, Stress, and Middle Pitch.

Repeat each of the above sentences with Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, and Middle Pitch.

MIDDLE PITCH—WHEN USED.

The Middle Pitch is the appropriate key for the delivery of *narrative, didactic, and descriptive thought in the form of scientific and literary lectures, introductions to speeches, orations, and sermons.*

EXAMPLE: DIDACTIC THOUGHT.

Middle Pitch, Radical Stress, Moderate Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

Cheerfulness.

1. There is no one quality that so much attaches man to his fellow-man as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtue more esteem, but the respect is apt to be distant

and the esteem cold. It is far otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart, not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffusiveness about this quality that recommends its possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellow radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of intellect can never reach.

2. The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others he carries an atmosphere of joy and hope and encouragement wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.

3. It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart “runs in coldness and darkness below,” but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other good quality, that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation fully as well as the true coin.

4. A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. “Every heart knows its own bitterness,” but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distill it into his neighbor’s cup, and thus poison his felicity.

5. There is no sight more commendable and more agreeable than a man whom we know fortune has dealt with badly smothering his own peculiar griefs in his own bosom, and doing his duty in society with an unruffled brow and a cheerful mien. It is duty which society has a right to demand—a portion of that great chain which binds humanity together, the links of which every one should preserve bright and unsullied.

6. It may be asked, what shall that man do whose burdens of grief are heavy, and made still heavier by the tears he has

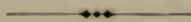
shed over them in private; shall he leave society? Certainly, until he has learned to bear his own burden. Shall he not seek the sympathy of his friends? He had better not. Sympathy would only weaken the masculine strength of mind which enables us to endure. Besides, sympathy unsought for is much more readily given, and sinks deeper in its healing effects into the heart. No, no, cheerfulness is a duty which every man owes. Let him faithfully discharge the debt.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Pitch.
2. What is said with reference to the Pitch of sounds?
3. What is the difference between Pitch in elocution and Pitch in music?
4. Explain the discrete and concrete movements of the voice.
5. What is our guide in Pitch in music?
6. What in elocution?
7. Should pupils in reading in concert have the same key? Why?
8. Are persons who read or speak well generally good singers? Why?
9. Are elocution and music mutual helpers?
10. If you cannot sing should you be discouraged from studying elocution?
11. What is said of the importance of control of Pitch?
12. Mention some of the emotions expressed and awakened by the different divisions of Pitch.
13. What are the divisions of Pitch in elocution?
14. Are they fixed or flexible?
15. What is the guide in Pitch in elocution? In music?
16. How are the different divisions ascertained?
17. Define Middle Pitch.
18. Is it the same in all voices?
19. When is Middle Pitch used?
20. Why does the selection require Middle Pitch?

DIAGRAM OF THIRTY-FIFTH LESSON.

1. Exercises.....		{ Position. Gesture. Breathing. Articulation.
2. Element—Pitch.....	{ DEFINITION DIVISIONS..... ILLUSTRATION	{ Very High. High. Middle. Low. Very Low.
3. Topic—Middle Pitch.....		{ Definition. Illustration. Advantages. How Acquired. Class Exercise. When Used. Example.
4. Selection. "Cheerfulness."		



LESSON XXXVI.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

t, as in tip.

top,	tap,	test,
tent,	tight,	tartar.

1. Time and tide wait for no man.
2. Tar, tin, tallow, and turpentine.
3. Touch not, taste not, handle not.
4. Turn their uprooted trunks toward the skies.
5. Tremble and totter, ye adamantine mountains.

Low Pitch.

Low Pitch will be the two, three, or four notes below the middle. To widen the compass and to cultivate the low tones, practice the following sounds, words, and sentences on a low key, in both Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

EXERCISES IN LOW PITCH.

1. o, as in no.
2. a, " ale.
3. a, " father.
4. e, " me.
5. u, " use.

arm, old, orb,
moon, palm, ocean.

1. There is no God but thee.
2. It is a religion by which to live.
3. The tears of a nation fall over the dead.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, Stress, and Low Pitch.

Repeat the first of the above sentences with

1. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, and Low Pitch.

The second and third sentences with

2. Effusive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch.

LOW PITCH—WHEN USED.

Low Pitch is the key appropriate for the delivery of *serious, solemn, pathetic, grave, devotional, sublime and grand thoughts of a quiet and unimpassioned character.*

EXAMPLE: SOLEMN, PATHETIC, AND GRAND.

Low Pitch, Median and Thorough Stress, Moderate Force, Orotund Quality, Expulsive and Effusive Forms.

In Memoriam—A. Lincoln.

MRS. EMILY J. BUBBEE.

1. There's a burden of grief on the breezes of spring,
And a song of regret from the bird on its wing;
There's a pall on the sunshine and over the flowers,
And a shadow of graves on these spirits of ours;

For a star hath gone out from the night of our sky,
On whose brightness we gazed as the war-cloud rolled by;
So tranquil and steady and clear were its beams,
That they fell like a vision of peace on our dreams.

1. A heart that we knew had been true to our weal,
And a hand that was steadily guiding the wheel;
A name never tarnished by falsehood or wrong,
That had dwelt in our hearts like a soul-stirring song;
Ah, that pure, noble spirit has gone to its rest,
And the true hand lies nerveless and cold on his breast:
But the name and the memory, these never will die,
But grow brighter and dearer as the ages go by.
2. Yet the tears of a nation fall over the dead,
Such tears as a nation before never shed;
For our cherished one fell by a dastardly hand,
A martyr to truth and the cause of the land;
And a sorrow has surged, like the waves to the shore,
When the breath of the tempest is sweeping them o'er;
And the heads of the lofty and lowly have bowed
As the shaft of the lightning sped out from the cloud.
4. Not gathered, like Washington, home to his rest,
When the sun of his life was far down in the west,
But stricken from earth in the midst of his years,
With the Canaan in view, of his prayers and his tears.
And the people, whose hearts in the wilderness failed,
Sometimes, when the stars of their promise had paled,
Now stand by his side on the mount of his fame,
And yield him their hearts in a grateful acclaim.
5. Yet there on the mountain our leader must die,
With the fair land of promise spread out to his eye;
His work is accomplished, and what he has done
Will stand as a monument under the sun;
And his name, reaching down through the ages of time,
Will still through the years of eternity shine,
Like a star sailing on through the depths of the blue,
On whose brightness we gaze every evening anew.
6. His white tent is pitched on the beautiful plain,
Where the tumult of battle comes never again,

Where the smoke of the war-cloud ne'er darkens the air,
 Nor falls on the spirit a shadow of care.
 The songs of the ransomed enrapture his ear,
 And he heeds not the dirges that roll for him here;
 In the calm of his spirit, so strange and sublime,
 He is lifted far over the discords of time.

7. Then bear him home gently, great son of the West!
 'Mid her fair blooming prairies lay Lincoln to rest,
 From the nation who loved him she takes to her trust,
 And will tenderly garner the consecrate dust.
 A Mecca his grave to the people shall be,
 And a shrine evermore for the hearts of the free.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. What is the topic?
3. What the principle?
4. Define Low Pitch.
5. Is it the same in all voices?
6. Explain why.
7. Why does the selection require Low Pitch?
8. Why does the selection require both Median and Thorough Stress?
9. Are they both on the same word?
10. Explain how both Effusive and Expulsive Forms can be given in the selection.

DIAGRAM OF THIRTY-SIXTH LESSON.

<p>1. Exercises.....</p>	}	Position. Gesture. Breathing. Articulation.
<p>2. Element—Pitch.</p>		
<p>3. Topic—Low Pitch.....</p>	}	Definition. Illustration. Advantages. How Acquired. Class Exercises. When Used. Example.
<p>4. Selection. "In Memoriam—A. Lincoln."</p>		

LESSON XXXVII.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

k, as in kick.

kin,	keel,	keep,
kink,	kirk,	king.

1. Kill a king.
2. Crown the victor.
3. Keep thy own counsels.
4. Kindness kills the cause of hate.
5. Come in consumption's ghastly form.

High Pitch.

High Pitch will be three, five, or eight notes above Middle Pitch. Practice the following sounds, words, and sentences on tones several notes higher than the Middle Pitch.

EXERCISES IN HIGH PITCH.

1. ě, as in let.
2. ǎ, " add.
3. á, " ask.
4. ǒ, " odd.
5. ů, " up.

come,	joy,	spring,
winds,	grass,	waves.

1. And the landscape sped away behind.
2. I come, I come, ye have called me long.
3. And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, Stress, High and Middle Pitch.

Repeat each of the last sentences with

1. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch.
2. Explosive Form, Pure Tone, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch.
3. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch.

HIGH PITCH—WHEN USED.

High Pitch is the key appropriate for the delivery of *animated, joyous, gay, earnest, and impassioned* thought.

EXAMPLE: ANIMATED JOYOUS THOUGHT.

High Pitch, Radical Stress, Energetic Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive Forms.

I'm With You Once Again.

G. P. MORRIS.

1. I'm with you once again, my friends;
 No more my footsteps roam;
 Where it began my journey ends,
 Amid the scenes of home.
 No other clime has skies so blue,
 Or streams so broad and clear;
 And where are hearts so warm and true
 As those that meet me here?
2. Since last, with spirits wild and free,
 I pressed my native strand,
 I've wandered many miles at sea,
 And many miles on land:
 I've seen fair regions of the earth
 With rude commotion torn,
 Which taught me how to prize the worth
 Of that where I was born.

3. In other countries, when I heard
 The language of my own,
 How fondly each familiar word
 Awoke an answering tone!
 But when our woodland songs were sung
 Upon a foreign mart,
 The vows that faltered on the tongue
 With rapture filled my heart.
4. My native land, I turn to you
 With blessing and with prayer,
 Where man is brave and woman true,
 And free as mountain air.
 Long may our flag in triumph wave
 Against the world combined,
 And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
 Within our borders find.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define High Pitch.
2. When is it appropriately employed?
3. With what combinations will it generally be found?
4. Can you have High Pitch with Effusive Form?
5. Can you find an illustration in nature?
6. Can you in art?
7. What is the combination of the railroad whistle?
8. What the neigh of a horse?

DIAGRAM OF THIRTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1. Exercises.... | } | Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation. |
| 2. Element—Pitch. | | |
| 3. Topic—High Pitch..... | } | Definition.
Illustration.
Advantages.
How Acquired.
Class Exercises.
Principle, or When Used.
Examples. |
| 4. Selection. "I'm With You Once Again." | | |

LESSON XXXVIII.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

ch, as in church.

choose,	cheer,	chat,
chief,	cherish,	cherub.

1. Charge, Chester! charge!
2. Change cannot change thee.
3. Children choose trifling toys.
4. Chaucer's poetry charmed the chief.
5. Chaplets of chainless charity are for thee.

Very Low Pitch.

Very Low Pitch will be two or three tones below the lowest notes of the Low Pitch; the range in the lower notes being much less than in the High or Middle. To cultivate the Very Low Pitch practice the following sounds, words, and sentences in the lowest key possible.

EXERCISES IN VERY LOW PITCH.

1. ō, as in no.
2. ā, “ acc.
3. ä, “ father.
4. é, “ me.
5. ū, “ use.

death,	break,	silence,
dread,	hollow,	tones.

1. And thou art terrible.
2. Come in consumption's ghastly form.
3. No smiting hand is seen; no sound is heard.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, Stress, and Pitch.

Repeat each of the last sentences with

1. Effusive Form, Pectoral Quality, Energetic Force, Thorough Stress, Very Low Pitch.
2. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch.
3. Effusive Form, Orotund Quality, Moderate Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch.
4. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, Middle Pitch.

VERY LOW PITCH—WHEN USED.

Very Low Pitch is the key appropriate for the expression of *deep solemnity, sublimity, grandeur, amazement, horror, despair, melancholy, awe, and gloom.*

EXAMPLE: DEEP SOLEMNITY, AWE, AND GLOOM.

Thorough Stress, Energetic Force, Orotund and Pectoral Qualities, Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

[Only the fifth stanza in the following selection requires the combination given above.]

Marco Bozzaris.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood ;
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Plataea's day ;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far, as they.
3. An hour passed on: the Turk awoke:
 That bright dream was his last.
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 " To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek! "
 He woke, to die 'midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud,
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 " Strike!—till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike!—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike!—for the green graves of your sires;
 God, and your native land! "
4. They fought like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their loud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,
 Calmly as to a night's repose,—
 Like flowers at set of sun.
5. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet song and dance and wine;
And thou art terrible:—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony, are thine.
But to the hero when his sword
 Hath won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word.
And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. What is the topic?
3. What is the principle?
4. Define Very Low Pitch.
5. With what Qualities can it be given?
6. With what Forms.
7. When is the Very Low Pitch properly used?
8. Why does the fifth stanza in the above selection require Very Low Pitch?
9. What combination does the first stanza require?
10. What combination does the fourth line of the third stanza require?
11. What combination do the three lines next to the last line of the third stanza require?
12. What does the last line of the third stanza require?

No further diagrams on Pitch will be given, but teachers should require pupils to prepare them.

LESSON XXXIX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

f, as in fame.

fast,	firm,	fate,
fatal,	fearful,	favor.

1. Fast bind, fast find.
2. Fortune favors the brave.
3. Firm is his faith, he falters not.
4. Fast by the throne fickle Fame resides.
5. Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.

Very High Pitch.

Very High Pitch is five, six, or eight notes above the High. Practice the sounds, words, and sentences in as high a pitch as you can command. In this exercise be careful not to continue the practice too long, lest the voice may be strained and thus temporarily injured.

EXERCISES IN VERY HIGH PITCH.

1. i, as heard in ice.
2. ē, " " me.
3. ō, " " old.
4. ā, " " age.
5. ŭ, " " up.

lo,	joy,	mists,
go,	shout,	freedom.

1. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
2. Quick! man the life-boat!
3. Go ring the bells and fire the guns.

EXERCISES

Combining Form, Quality, Force, Stress, and Very High Pitch.

Repeat the above sounds, words, and sentences with

1. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Impassioned Force, Thorough Stress, and Very High Pitch.
2. Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Impassioned Force, Thorough Stress, Very High Pitch.

VERY HIGH PITCH—WHEN USED.

Very High Pitch is the key appropriate for the expression of *ecstatic joy, rapturous delight, impassioned shouting, calling, and commanding.*

EXERCISES

Illustrating various combinations of Pitch, Stress, Force, Quality, and Form.

Repeat the sentence, "The world is full of poetry," with

1. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, Middle Pitch.
2. Effusive Form, Aspirate Quality, Subdued Force, Thorough Stress, Low Pitch.
3. Explosive Form, Orotund Quality, Impassioned Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch.
4. Effusive Form, Pectoral Quality, Energetic Force, Thorough Stress, Low Pitch.
5. Expulsive Form, Aspirate Quality, Energetic Force, Final Stress, Low Pitch.
6. Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch.
7. Explosive Form, Falsetto Quality, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, Very High Pitch.
8. Expulsive Form, Guttural Quality, Impassioned Force, Final Stress, Low Pitch.

9. Effusive Form, Oral Quality, Subdued Force, Intermittent Stress, Low Pitch.

10. Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Impassioned Force, Thorough Stress, High Pitch.

Repeat the same sentence so it will express

1. Pathos.
2. Scolding.
3. Secret Thought.
4. Awe and Dread.
5. Didactic Thought.
6. Suppressed Command.
7. Calling or Commanding.
8. Sudden and Violent Alarm.
9. Great Weakness and Suffering.

EXAMPLE: IMPASSIONED COMMAND AND ECSTATIC JOY.

Very High Pitch, Thorough and Radical Stress, Impassioned Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive Forms.

"The Life-Boat."

ANON.

Quick! man the life-boat! See yon bark,
 That drives before the blast!
 There's a rock ahead, the night is dark,
 And the storm comes thick and fast.
 Can human power, in such an hour,
 Avert the doom that's o'er her?
 Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
 To the fatal reef before her.
 The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! hark! the gun
 Booms through the vapory air;
 And see! the signal flags are on,
 And speak the ship's despair.

That forkèd flash, that pealing crash,
 Seemed from the wave to sweep her;
 She's on the rock, with a terrible shock—
 And the wail comes louder and deeper.
 The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
 Gaze on their watery grave:
 Already some, a gallant few,
 Are battling with the wave;
 And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
 As thoughts of home come o'er him;
 For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
 He sees on the heights before him.
 The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
 And, as they pulled the oar,
 From shore and ship a cheer arose
 That startled ship and shore.
 Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
 Has human lives within her;
 And dearer than gold is the wealth untold
 Thou'lt save if thou canst win her.
 On life-boat! Speed the life-boat!

Hurrah! The life-boat dashes on,
 Though darkly the reef may frown;
 The rock is there—the ship has gone
 Full twenty fathoms down.
 But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
 With billows single-handed:
 They are all in the boat!—hurrah! They're afloat!
 And now they are safely landed
 By the life-boat.
 Cheer the life-boat!
 Hurrah! Hurrah for the life-boat!

 QUESTIONS.

1. Define Very High Pitch. When is it used?
2. Why does the selection require Very High Pitch?
3. What combination does the first word of first stanza require?
4. What combination first word of last stanza?

LESSON XL.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

th, as in think.

thick,	thin,	through,
breath,	hath,	birth.

1. Thrust the thorn into the flesh.
2. Thick and thicker fell the hail.
3. Thanks to the thoughtful giver.
4. Through the thronged crowd he thrust his way.
5. Three thousand thistles were thrust through his thumb.

MOVEMENT.

Movement is the rate with which words and sentences are uttered. It includes not only the length of time occupied in the utterance of words, but the pauses between the words and sentences. It is really a combination of quantity and pauses.

ADVANTAGES.

Movement is an element of immense power and wonderful effect when properly employed. But it must be skillfully used. Every mood of mind, every variety of emotion, every burst of passion has its appropriate movement. Solemnity must move slowly, joy rapidly, argument moderately, and excitement hurriedly. This is indicated by the slow and measured step of the funeral march, the rapid movement of the merry dance, the firm but moderate step of the determined army.

No defect sooner wearies the hearer or more certainly kills the effect of expression than a drawing, lifeless movement, and continuous rapidity as certainly destroys all deep and impressive utterance. No element should be more carefully practiced than movement. The general divisions of this element are VERY RAPID, RAPID, MODERATE, SLOW, AND VERY SLOW.

Moderate Movement.

Moderate is that rate used in ordinary conversation by persons who have not fallen into incorrect habits.

It must not be understood that Moderate Movement is a fixed rate to which all persons must conform, but one that will vary with different temperaments. That which would be moderate for one may be slow for another. From Moderate Movement all the other divisions are determined. Exercise in movement may be practiced on sounds and words, but they can be better illustrated with sentences. Practice each of the following sentences a number of times with a Moderate Movement in the following combination.

EXERCISES IN MODERATE MOVEMENT.

Middle Pitch, Rulical Stress, Moderate Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

1. We will have rain to-night.
2. The true American patriot is ever a worshiper.
3. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you.
4. I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure.

MODERATE MOVEMENT—WHEN USED.

Moderate Movement is appropriate for the delivery of narrative, didactic, and unimpassioned thought in the form of scientific and literary lectures and introductions to speeches.

EXAMPLE: DESCRIPTIVE AND DIDACTIC.

Moderate Movement, Middle Pitch, Radical Stress, Moderate Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

An Order for a Picture.

ALICE CARY.

1. O, good painter, tell me true,
 Has your hand the cunning to draw
 Shapes of things that you never saw ?
 Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

2. Woods and cornfields, a little brown—
 The picture must not be over-bright,
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.
 Always and always, night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sear,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
 When the wind can hardly find breathing room
 Under their tassels—cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around,—
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound !)
 These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little, and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide—
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush :
 Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding the self-same way,
 Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

3. Listen closer: When you have done
 With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me ;
 O, if I only could make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
 That are beaming on me all the while,
 I need not speak these foolish words:
 Yet one word tells you all I would say—
 She is my mother: you will agree
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

4. Two little urchins at her knee
 You must paint, sir; one like me,
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise:
 At ten years old he went to sea—
 God knoweth if he be living now:
 He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*;
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came back.
 Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way.
 Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee:
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea!

5. Out in the fields one summer night
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
 Of the high hills, stretching so still and far—
 Loitering till after the low little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door;
 And over the haystack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
 The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
 That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
 Had often and often watched to see,
 Propped and held in its place in the skies

By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax field grew—
 Dead at the top—just one branch full
 Of leaves notched round, and lined with wool,
 From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our heads, when we came to play
 In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
 Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
 The other a bird held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat:
 The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

6. At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?
 If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face
 Of the urchin that is likest me:
 I think 'twas solely mine indeed:
 But that's no matter—paint it so;
 The eyes of our mother (take good heed),
 Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird held so fast by the legs,
 But straight through our faces down to our lies,
 And O, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went as though
 A sharp blade stuck through it.

7.

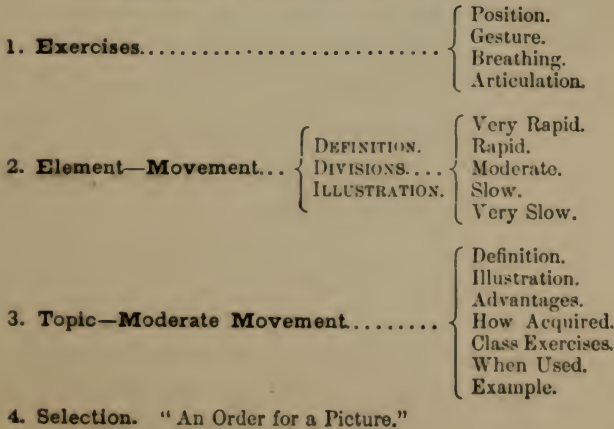
You, sir, know

That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet—
 Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree—
 The mother—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
 But O, that look of reproachful woe!
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture and leave that out.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. What the topic?
3. What the principle?
4. Define movement.
5. Is it a simple or a compound element?
6. What is said of the importance of Movement?
7. What of its improper use?
8. What are the divisions of Movement?
9. Define Moderate Movement.
10. Is it a fixed rate or does it vary with different persons?
11. With what combination will Moderate Movement generally be found?
12. In the expression of what style of thought and feeling should we use Moderate Movement?
13. Why does the selection require Moderate Movement?
14. What elements should be changed in giving the seventh line of the fourth stanza? Why?
15. In the sixth and seventh stanzas what elements should be slightly changed?

DIAGRAM OF FORTIETH LESSON.



LESSON XLI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

s, as in sound.

sing,	sour,	sight,
song,	suns,	systems.

1. Send us the Spirit of the Son.
2. See the stars from heaven falling.
3. Soldiers, sailors, seamen, all were lost.
4. Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush.
5. Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Slow Movement.

Slow Movement may be defined as that rate in which words are uttered but little more than half as rapidly as Moderate Movement. Like the Moderate, it will vary greatly. It gives dignity, gravity, and solemnity to utterance. It can be given with various combinations.

EXERCISES IN SLOW MOVEMENT.

Low Pitch, Thorough Stress, Moderate Force, Orotund Quality, Effusive Form.

1. The groves were God's first temples.
2. He rests his head upon the lap of earth.
3. O'er all the world a solemn silence steals.

Repeat the above sentences several times with

1. Slow Movement, Low Pitch, Median Stress, Moderate Force, Orotund Quality, Effusive Form.
2. Slow Movement, Low Pitch, Thorough Stress, Moderate Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

SLOW MOVEMENT—WHEN USED.

Slow Movement is appropriate for the expression of *solemn, serious, grave, and devotional* thought.

The first stanza of the following selection will require the first combination given below; the second, the second combination. In the remaining stanzas it will vary, some lines requiring one, some the other.

EXAMPLE: SOLEMNITY, SUBLIMITY, AND DEVOTION.

Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Thorough Stress, Low Pitch, Slow Movement, Effusive Form, Orotund Quality, Median Stress.

God's First Temples.

W. C. BRYANT.

1. The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them, ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks, that high, in heaven,
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
 And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of the ancient wood,
 Offer one hymn; thrice happy if it find
 Acceptance in his ear.

2. Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns: thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.
3. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; Nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Or half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.
4. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,

Ere wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at its root *Dear Trees*
 Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad Sun. That delicate forest flower,
 With scented breath, that looks so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
 An emanation of th' indwelling life,
 A visible token of the upholding love,
 That is the soul of this wide universe.

5. My heart is awed within me when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence round me—the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die; but see, again,
 How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful Youth—
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Molder beneath them.

6. O there is not lost
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch enemy, Death; yea, seats himself
 Upon the sepulcher, and blooms and smiles,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From thine own bosom and shall have no end.

7. There have been holy men who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them; and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.

But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and, in thy presence, re-assure
 My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footstep, shrink,
 And tremble, and are still.

8. O God, when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempèsts, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities; who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
 O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Slow Movement.
2. When is it used?
3. Why does the first part of the selection require Expulsive Form?
4. Why Slow Movement?
5. Do all the stanzas after the second require the Orotund Effusive?
6. What quality does the first part of the eighth stanza require?
 Why?

DIAGRAM OF FORTY-FIRST LESSON.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Review Last Lesson. | |
| 2. Exercises | { Position.
Gesture.
Breathing.
Articulation. |
| 3. Element—Movement. | |
| 4. Topic—Slow Movement | { Definition.
Illustration.
How Acquired.
Class Exercise.
When Used.
Example. |
| 5. Selection. "God's First Temples." | |

LESSON XLII.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

sh, as in shame.

shun,	show,	shroud,
shine,	ship,	shrine.

1. Shout, shout aloud for joy !
2. She sang the song of the shirt.
3. Shrines shall guard the sacred dust.
4. Shakespeare, Shelley, and Sheridan.
5. Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea.

Rapid Movement.

Rapid Movement is that rate which utters twice the number of words in a minute that would be spoken by Moderate Movement. It gives sprightliness, brightness, energy, and intensity to expression.

EXERCISES IN RAPID MOVEMENT.

High Pitch, Radical Stress, Energetic Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive Forms.

1. The world is full of poetry.
2. Go ring the bells and fire the guns, and fling the starry banner out.
3. Under his spurning feet the road, like an arrowy Alpine river, flowed.

RAPID MOVEMENT—WHEN USED.

Rapid Movement is appropriate for the delivery of animated, joyous thought, impassioned and indignant emotion. It is the appropriate rate for the utterance of all playful, humorous, and mirthful moods and it sometimes gives its characteristic effect to fear and terror.

EXAMPLE: JOY AND EXULTATION.

Expulsive and Explosive Forms, Pure Tone, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch, Rapid Movement.

Young Lochinvar.

SCOTT.

1. O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
2. He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske River, where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
3. So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

1. "I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."
5. The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
 She looked down to blush, she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
 "Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.
6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace,
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."
7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
 near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
 "She is won! we are gone—over bank, bush, and scaur—
 They'll have swift steeds that follow," quoth young
 Lochinvar.
8. There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan,
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of a gallant like young Lochinvar?

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the element in this lesson?
2. Define it.
3. What is the topic? Define it.
4. What is the principle? State it.
5. With what combination should the last two lines of the third stanza be given?
6. With what combination the fourth stanza?
7. With what the last line of the sixth stanza?

LESSON XLIII.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

h, as in hope.

hold,	hand,	hard,
harp,	harsh,	herds.

1. Hail, holy light.
2. How high the heavens appear!
3. How heavy the hunter's tread!
4. His horsemen hard behind us ride.
5. He heaved a huge stone up the hill.
6. Heroes have hearts for noble deeds.

Very Slow Movement.

Very Slow Movement is that rate in which words are uttered very deliberately and with very long pauses. Not more than one fourth as many words can be spoken with Very Slow as with Moderate Movement. It is the Very Slow Movement that gives solemnity, awe, and dread to utterance. To cultivate this rate practice the sentences with the utmost deliberation and very long pauses.

EXERCISES IN VERY SLOW MOVEMENT.

Very Low Pitch, Thorough Stress, Energetic Force, Pectoral and Orotund Qualities, Effusive Form.

1. 'Tis a time for memory and for tears.
2. Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!
3. Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
4. Thou art and wert and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
5. The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.

VERY SLOW MOVEMENT—WHEN USED.

Very Slow Movement is appropriate for the expression of *profound reverence, deep solemnity, adoration, amazement, awe, and horror.*

EXAMPLE: DEEP SOLEMNITY AND AWE.

Very Slow Movement, Very Low Pitch, Thorough Stress, Moderate and Energetic Force, Orotund and Pectoral Qualities, Effusive and Expulsive Forms.

Cato's Soliloquy.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—

And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works—He must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
 Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die!
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years:
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

 QUESTIONS.

1. Define Very Slow Movement. Illustrate it.
2. Illustrate Moderate Movement, Slow, and Rapid.
3. When do we use Very Slow Movement?
4. With what pitch is it usually given?
5. Can it be given with High or Very High Pitch?
6. With what Qualities will the Very Slow Movement generally be given?

 LESSON XLIV.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

wh, as in what.

when,	whip,	wheel,
wheat,	whips,	whence.

1. Whither, whither shall I fly?
2. Whisper softly in the assembly.
3. What white-winged sail is that?
4. Why will kings forget that they are men?
5. Whither when they came they fell at words.

Very Rapid Movement.

Very Rapid Movement may be defined as the rate that utters words with the utmost rapidity consistent with distinctness of articulation.

Repeat the following sentences with Very Rapid Movement, but perfectly distinct Articulation. If you cannot articulate the words distinctly, reduce the rate until distinctness is acquired, and then gradually increase the movement.

EXERCISES IN VERY RAPID MOVEMENT.

High Pitch, Radical Stress, Energetic Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive Forms.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing;
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid ræc
 On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

VERY RAPID MOVEMENT—WHEN USED.

Very Rapid Movement is appropriate for the delivery of ecstatic joy, lyric description of brilliant and exciting scenes.

EXERCISES

Illustrating all the rates of Movement.

O the long and dreary winter !

Repeat the above sentence with

1. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, Middle Pitch, and Moderate Movement.
2. Effusive Form, Orotund Quality, Moderate Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch, and Slow Movement.

3. Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch, Rapid Movement.

4. Effusive Form, Pectoral Quality, Energetic Force, Thorough Stress, Very Low Pitch, and Very Slow Movement.

5. Explosive Form, Pure Tone, Impassioned Force, Radical Stress, Very High Pitch, and Very Rapid Movement.

EXAMPLES: LYRIC DESCRIPTION OF EXCITING SCENES.

Very Rapid Movement, High Pitch, Radical Stress, Energetic and Impassioned Force, Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive Forms.

From Mazeppa.

BYRON.

Away, away, and on we dash!
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.
 Away, away, my steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the wind,
 All human dwellings left behind:
 We sped like meteors through the sky,
 When with its crackling sound the night
 Is checkered with the northern light:
 From out the forest prance
 A trampling troop—I see them come;
 A thousand horse, and none to ride;
 With flowing tail and flying mane,
 Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarred by spur or rod:
 A thousand horse—the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
 Came thickly thundering on.
 They stop, they start, they snuff the air,
 Gallop a moment here and there,
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
 Then plunging back with sudden bound,

They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.

EXAMPLE: RAPID DESCRIPTION.

*Very Rapid Movement, Middle Pitch, Radical Stress, Energetic Force,
Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.*

The Two Boot-Blacks.

1. A day or two ago, during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one white and one black, were standing on the street corner doing nothing, when the white boot-black agreed to black the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black was, of course, willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow boot black, and the boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots went to work.

2. When the boot-black had blacked one of the black boot-black's boots till it shone in a manner that would make any boot-black proud, this boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots refused to black the other boot of the black boot-black until the black boot-black, who had consented to have the white boot-black black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white boot-black had made blacking other men's boots. This the boot-black whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one boot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the boot-black hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

3. This made the boot-black who had blacked the black boot-black's boot as angry as a boot-black often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blacked boot of the black boot-black. This roused the latent passions of the black boot-black, and he proceeded to boot the white boot-black with the boot which the white boot-black had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white boot-black who had refused to black the unblacked boot of the black boot-black, blacked the black boot-black's visionary organ, and in which the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white boot-black.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Very Rapid movement.
2. When is it used?
3. Where in nature do we find this movement illustrated?
4. What are the general divisions of Movement?
5. Which is most frequently required?
6. In what combination will it be found?

CONCLUSIONS.

If the previous lessons have been thoroughly mastered the pupil must have reached the following conclusions :

1. That **PATHOS, SOLEMNITY, and TRANQUILLITY** unmingled with **Grandeur and Sublimity** must be expressed with

Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch, and Slow Movement, differing with different persons only in degree according to the intensity of the emotion or feeling.

2. That **NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, DIDACTIC, and ANIMATED THOUGHT** can be uttered only with

Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, Middle Pitch, and Moderate Movement, differing only in degree.

3. That **SOLEMNITY, SUBLIMITY, GRANDEUR, REVERENCE, ADORATION, and DEVOTION** must be expressed with

Effusive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic Force, Thorough and Median Stress, Low Pitch, and Slow Movement.

4. That **ARGUMENTATIVE, ORATORICAL, and IMPASSIONED POETIC THOUGHT** with

Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic and Impassioned Force, Radical, Final, or Intermittent

Stress, Middle and High Pitch, Moderate and Rapid Movement.

5. That SHOUTING, CALLING, COMMANDING will require

Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Impassioned Force, Thorough Stress, High and Very High Pitch, Moderate and Rapid Movement.

6. That SICKNESS, FEEBLENESS, WEAKNESS will require

Effusive Form, Oral Quality, Subdued Force, Intermittent Stress, Low Pitch, and Slow Movement.

7. That STILLNESS, SECRECY, SUPPRESSED FEAR with

Effusive Form, Aspirate Quality, Subdued Force, Thorough Stress, Low Pitch, Slow Movement.

8. That the MALIGNANT PASSIONS—ANGER, REVENGE, SCORN, DEFIANCE, HATE, etc., etc.—must be given with

Expulsive and Explosive Forms, Pectoral or Guttural Quality; the other elements varying according to the intensity of the passion.

QUESTIONS.

1. With what combination must Pathos be given?
2. What Didaactic Thought?
3. What Stillness?
4. What Argument?
5. What Impassioned Poetic Thought?
6. What Calling?
7. What Narrative?
8. What a selection both Narrative and Pathetic?
9. With what combination Devotion?
10. Do all persons who express correctly the above styles of thought and feeling illustrate the combinations here taught?
11. Suppose they have never heard of them?
12. Will we be more likely to give them correctly if we know them than if we do not?

LESSON XLV.

GROUPING.

WHILE it is impossible to express thought and feeling appropriately and impressively without the perfect illustration and correct combination of the Essential Elements, yet it does not follow that, because they are so given, excellence of expression will be the necessary result. An utterance may combine the elements correctly, it may illustrate them perfectly and yet be monotonous, wearisome, and even positively unpleasant. Something more than correct combination and illustration is necessary. They are essential, but not sufficient.

The elements are to expression what the processes, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division, are to the solution of problems, or the notes of the scale to a tune. Problems cannot be solved without the processes, tunes cannot be composed without the notes. But the mere fact that the processes are employed does not assure the correctness of the result; the arrangement of a certain number of notes does not constitute a pleasing and impressive tune. It is the correctness of the processes, the skillful arrangement of the notes, that is as important as the processes and the notes themselves. So it is in utterance; there must be a skillful blending of the elements, a pleasing variety, a happy adjustment of light and shade. This, for want of a better name, has been termed

Grouping.

Grouping may be defined as the modulation of the voice in the same combination or in different combina-

tions which renders the utterance both pleasing and impressive. It consists of slight changes generally (though occasionally of marked ones), not of Pitch chiefly, as is the case in music, but of Force, Quality, Stress, Movement, and sometimes Form. It is to Elocution what the composition of the tune is to music, the originating, the creating, the divine part. It is the all-important part of expression, the highest, the most difficult attainment. To know the Essential Elements, in their illustration and application, is child's play (and every child should know them thoroughly) as compared with the mastery of Grouping. After all that has been presented in the previous pages has been thoroughly mastered, then the real study of Elocution begins. It were easy to sing after one has learned to illustrate the notes of the scale and some one else has composed the tune; but to compose the tune, and compose it, too, while you sing, "Ay, there's the rub!" And yet this is just what excellence in reading, in speaking, in recitation, in acting, in conversation implies. He who excels in vocal expression illustrates in every utterance the combined power of the musical composer and the singer. When Edwin Booth reads Hamlet, recites it, acts it (what you will, they are all the same), he illustrates in every personation the genius of Verdi when he composed, and the artistic skill of Patti when she sings. He groups while he recites—to borrow the language of music, he composes as he sings.

Elocution would be a comparatively easy study if, in addition to the explanation, illustration, and application of the elements, there could be arranged and set down, as a tune in music for each and every selection, a pleasing and impressive Grouping. But this cannot be done.

Grouping is so multiform that no particular grouping can be said to be the best, nor could it be reproduced if it were. No one groups the same selection twice in the same way. The same general outline may be retained, but the shading will always be different. Grouping is, as it were, a kaleidoscope in which Form, Quality, Force, Stress, Pitch, and Movement are the bits of glass which never twice present the same combination, and the effects of which are never twice precisely alike. However excellently we may recite a selection, that rendition is lost as soon as uttered. It cannot be recalled. We may improve it, but our best groupings, like "the thoughts that most thrill our existence ere we can frame them into language, are gone." Booth's last night's Hamlet was not like the one of the night before, and no two were the same.

Again, no two persons group alike. They may read the same selection equally well, but their groupings will differ and cannot be exchanged. Grouping is susceptible of cultivation, but not of imitation. For a pupil to copy his teacher's grouping, or a fawner his favorite's, is simply to give a feeble echo, a parrot-like performance, a copy, a chromo of an artist's production. In the study of grouping, more than anywhere else in Elocution, the pupil must rely on his own native talent, his æsthetic taste, his originality. (In grouping, Elocution rises to a divine art and soars above human imitation, and one flash of originality kindles expression into a flame that thrills like an electric shock.)

All instruction on this subject must be more or less vague, it can only be suggestive ; illustrative, not absolute. There are no rules to guide, no principles to decide.

Some illustrations will be given, but even they cannot be followed with unerring certainty.

EXERCISES IN GROUPING.

The following stanza requires

Effusive Form, Orotund Quality, Moderate Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch, and Slow Movement.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Now, if the same degree of each of the elements in the above combination be given, the delivery will be correct, but unpleasantly monotonous. To group it, give the first word "break" with *Effusive Form, Orotund*, the second degree of *Moderate Force*, a moderately prolonged *Median Stress*, about the second note of *Low Pitch*, and *Slow Movement*. Give the second word "break" with *Effusive Form, Orotund Quality*, the third or even a fourth degree of *Moderate Force, Median Stress*, but more prolonged than on the first word; *Low Pitch*, but not so low as on the first word, and *Slow Movement*, but a little faster than the first. Give the third word "break" with *Effusive Form, Orotund Quality, Moderate Force*, but the first and mildest degree of *Moderate Force, Median Stress*; but less prolonged than the first; *Low Pitch*, the lowest of the low division, and the slowest of the *Slow Movement*. The second line should be given with the regular combination, gradually increasing to the words "O sea!" On the "O" the *Median Stress* should be unusually prolonged, the *Movement Very Slow*. The word "sea" should be given in the same way, only in a less degree. "And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," should be given with lower *Pitch* than the last, with more *Force*, and

less Effusive Form. It should gradually increase in force to the word "*thoughts*," and then the pitch should be lowered and the movement slower.

It must not be understood that the above is a grouping that must be given to the stanza, but that may be given to it. It may be given in a dozen different ways, all better. But it must be varied in some way. Take another example, a selection requiring an entirely different combination.

Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, Low Pitch, and Moderate Movement.

It is a religion by which to live, a religion by which to die; a religion which cheers in darkness, relieves in perplexity, supports in adversity, keeps steadfast in prosperity, and guides the inquirer to that blessed land where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The words, "*It is a religion by which to live*," should be given with the above combination slightly climactic; "*a religion by which to die*," with lower pitch, slower movement, and greater force; "*a religion which cheers in darkness*," with higher pitch, more force, and an increased movement; "*relieves in perplexity*," with lower pitch, about the same force as the last, and slower movement. On the words, "*supports in adversity*," slightly raise the pitch, and increase the force; lower the pitch and reduce the force on "*keeps steadfast in prosperity*;" on "*and guides the inquirer to that blessed land*" gradually raise the pitch and increase the force and movement; and on "*where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest*," lower the pitch several notes, reduce the force, and slow the movement. In a hundred different ways this may be grouped.

One more example will suffice.

The following requires

Effusive and Expulsive Forms, Pure Tone, Subdued and Moderate Force, Median and Thorough Stress, Low Pitch, and Slow Movement.

The departed! the departed!
 They visit us in dreams,
 And they glide above our memories
 Like shadows over streams.

Give the first "*The departed*" with Expulsive Form, first degree of Moderate Force, Thorough Stress, Low Pitch, and Slow Movement; the second "*the departed*," with Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch, and Very Slow Movement; "*They visit us in dreams*," with more force than the last, higher pitch, and less Slow Movement, Expulsive Form, Pure Tone; "*And they glide above our memories*," with Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Low Pitch, and Moderate Movement; "*Like shadows over streams*," with less force, slower movement, and lower pitch.

It must not be inferred that every line must be as slowly and systematically analyzed and grouped as the examples given. After a little practice the pupil will group almost without a thought of the elements. But the daily careful study of a few sentences will richly compensate, and only in this way can the highest attainments be made. To trust to the inspiration of the moment for results is to make a score of failures for every success. The highest and best inspiration in Elocution, as in every thing else, is the result of the closest study and practice, not the gift of the gods.

Practice the following selection with special reference to Grouping. It will require the following combination except in the personations.

EXAMPLE.

*Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical and Thorough
Stress, Middle Pitch, Moderate Movement.*

Maud Muller.

J. G. WHITTIER.

1. Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
2. Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
3. The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.
4. The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
5. And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
6. And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
7. He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

8. And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
9. At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed; "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
10. "He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.
11. "I'd dress my mother so grand and gay;
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."
12. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
13. "And her modest answer and graceful air
Showed her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:
14. "No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."
15. But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
16. But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune,
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unranked clover fell.

17. He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
18. And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the way-side well instead;
19. And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!
20. "Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
21. And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
22. In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
23. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
24. And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.
25. Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

26. God pity them both! and pity us all,
 Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
 For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
27. Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes;
 And in the hereafter angels may
 Roll the stone from its grave away!

 QUESTIONS.

1. Will the perfect illustration and correct combination of the Essential Elements alone give excellence to Expression?
2. Why not?
3. Can there be the highest excellence without the proper use of the Elements?
4. To what in arithmetic do the Elements correspond?
5. To what in music?
6. Define Grouping.
7. Is it a change of one or two Elements chiefly?
8. Which Elements are most frequently changed?
9. What does Grouping correspond to in music?
10. What Element is chiefly varied in composing a tune?
11. What is said of the importance of Grouping?
12. What is said of singing?
13. What must be done to attain excellence in Elocution?
14. What combined powers does Booth exhibit in every personation of Hamlet or other play?
15. If Grouping could be composed and set down, would Elocution be easier or more difficult?
16. Why cannot Grouping be set down as a tune is?
17. What is said of the Groupings of two different persons?
18. Why cannot the pupil copy the Grouping of his teacher?
19. What must the student rely upon in the study of Grouping?
20. What principles and rules are there to guide him?
21. Explain and illustrate the first example given.
22. The second.
23. The third.
24. Are the examples given to be strictly followed in reading those passages?
25. How can we best learn Grouping?

LESSON XLVI.

ACCIDENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

The Accidents of Vocal Expression are those elements which are not absolutely essential in every utterance.

They are, Quantity, Inflection, Circumflex, Cadence, Emphasis, Pauses, Climax, and are simply special, unusual, peculiar combinations of two or more of the Essential Elements. An utterance may be given, or at least it may be conceived of, in which there will be no special Emphasis, Pauses, Cadence, Inflection, or Quantity, but we cannot even conceive of an utterance, much less illustrate it, in which there will not be Form, Quality, Force, Stress, Pitch, Movement, in some combination.

The Accidents are to utterance what vibrates or trills are to music, important, but not essential.

QUANTITY.

Quantity is the length of time occupied in the utterance of syllables and words. It is a special combination of Form and Stress. Expulsive or Explosive Form, Radical Stress, will give Short Quantity; Effusive Form, Median or Thorough Stress, will invariably produce Long Quantity.

The power and beauty of vocal expression are dependent, to a great extent, on the proper use of Quantity. The music of the verse is sacrificed unless the nicest regard be paid to prolongation; without the observance of Long Quantity the grand and majestic passages of poetry and prose become flat and dry.

Long Quantity.

Long Quantity is a prolongation of syllables and words greater than that in ordinary conversation. This prolongation will vary with the sentiment and emotion and the skill and power of the speaker.

To illustrate Long Quantity practice the following sounds, words, and sentences, prolonging each as much as possible, but being careful not to drawl the utterance.

EXERCISES.

1. ē, as in me.
2. ā, “ ale.
3. ä, “ father.
4. ō, “ no.
5. oo, “ ooze.

moon,	calm,	balm,
tolls,	rolls,	noble.

1. O the long and dreary winter !
2. Hear the tolling of the bells !
3. O change ! O wondrous change !

LONG QUANTITY—WHEN USED.

Long Quantity should be given in the expression of *pathos, solemnity, sublimity, grandeur, reverence, adoration, shouting, calling, commanding, and other similar emotions and passions.*

EXAMPLE: GRANDEUR AND SUBLIMITY.

Long Quantity, Effusive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic Force, Median Stress, Low Pitch, Slow Movement.

Apostrophe to the Ocean.

LORD BYRON.

1. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain,

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

2. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee: thou go'st forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is an Accident of Vocal Expression?
2. What is the difference between an Accident and an Essential Element of Vocal Expression?
3. Define Quantity.
4. Of what Essential Elements is it composed?
5. What is said of the importance of Quantity?
6. Define Long Quantity.
7. Is it fixed or variable?
8. When is it used?
9. Why does the selection require Long Quantity?

LESSON XLVII.

Short Quantity.

Short Quantity is short, quick utterance of syllables and words.

It is much shorter than the tones of ordinary conversation. It is a combination of Expulsive or Explosive Form, Radical or Final Stress.

To cultivate Short Quantity, practice the following, with a sudden abrupt utterance.

EXERCISES IN SHORT QUANTITY.

1. ě, as heard in let.
2. I, " " ill.
3. ō, " " sod.
4. ů, " " up.
5. ǎ, " " add.

bat,	pick,	cup,
neck,	hack,	sod.

1. On, Stanley, on!
2. Quick! man the life-boat!
3. Back to thy punishment, false fugitive!

SHORT QUANTITY—WHEN USED.

Short Quantity is employed in the expression of joy, gladness, excited command, anger, scorn, contempt, revenge, hate, and other malignant passions.

EXAMPLE: NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, ANGER, DEFIANCE, SCORN.

Short Quantity, Expulsive and Explosive Forms, Pure Tone, Aspirate and Pectoral Qualities, Moderate, Energetic, and Impassioned Force, Radical, Final, and Thorough Stress, High, Middle, and Low Pitch, Moderate and Rapid Movement.

[It may be well here to state that the above is not a single combination, but rather three or four different combinations, each of which will be required in the selection.]

Marmion and Douglas.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest;
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;

Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

2. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
" My manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone
From turret to foundation-stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

3. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
 And, " This to me!" he said;
 " An t'were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her State,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And, if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

4. On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Pierce he broke forth, " And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall ?
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go ?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up draw-bridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."

5. Lord Marmion turned—well was his need!—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;
 The ponderous gate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.
6. The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim;
 And, when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Short Quantity.
2. What Essential Elements make up Short Quantity?
3. When is it used?
4. Why does the selection require Short Quantity?
5. What combination do the first two lines require?
6. What the remainder of that stanza?
7. What combination will be required in the third stanza? Why?
8. What in the fourth stanza? Why?

LESSON XLVIII.

INFLECTIONS.

Inflections are changes in Pitch either upward or downward through the concrete movement.

They are special combinations of Pitch and Movement, and vary in degree according to the sentiment.

No element of utterance is more important in giving significance to speech than Inflections.

The Inflection alone often renders expression addressed to the understanding intelligible.

In the reading and recitation of verse it is the proper management of the Inflections that prevents monotony, on the one hand, and chanting on the other.

“So important is a just mixture of Inflections that the moment they are neglected our pronunciation becomes meaningless and monotonous. If the sense of a sentence require the voice to adopt the rising Inflection on any particular word, either in the middle or at the end of the phrase, variety and harmony demand the falling Inflection on one of the preceeding words; and, on the other hand, if emphasis, harmony, or a completion of sense require the falling Inflection on any word, the word immediately preceding almost always demands the rising Inflection, so that these Inflections of voice are in an order nearly alternate.”

Rising Inflection.

A Rising Inflection is a rapid change in the pitch of the voice from a lower to a higher tone through the concrete movement.

The Inflection will vary in degree according to the sentiment.

RISING INFLECTION—WHEN USED.

A Rising Inflection of a second, that is, running through the interval of the second on the musical scale, will indicate a *suspension of the sense or incompleteness in the utterance.*

The rising Inflection of the Third and Fifth *are used, to ask a definite question, or one that may be answered by yes or no; to express suspense, astonishment, wonder, amazement, etc.; to express lively, joyous thought; to petition, beg, fawn, and flatter.*

The Rising Inflection of the octave *expresses intense surprise, wonder, and astonishment.* These are by no means all the cases in which the different Inflections will be required.

EXERCISES IN RISING INFLECTIONS.

INCOMPLETENESS OF THOUGHT.

Second.

1. There is no one quality—
2. There are men who get one idea—
3. In the ancient republics of Greece and Rome—

SURPRISE AND ASTONISHMENT.

Third and Fifth.

1. Must I budge?
2. I an itching palm?
3. Must I observe you?
4. What, looked he frowningly?
5. Is this the part of wise men?
6. Can you think me capable of so vile a deed?

AMAZEMENT.

Octave.

1. Saw whom?
2. Seems, madam?
3. The king, my father?

EXAMPLE : DESCRIPTIVE, JOYOUS.

*Rising Inflection of Third, Fifth, and Octave, Expulsive Form, Pure Tone,
Moderate Force, Radical Stress, Middle Pitch, Moderate Movement.*

An Idyl of the Period.

G. A. BAKER.

I.

1. "Walk right in! How are you, Fred?
Find a chair,—have a light?"
"Well, old boy, recovered yet
From the Mathers' jam last night?"
"Didn't dance—the German's old."
"Didn't you? I had to lead—
Awful bore!—but where were you?"
"Sat it out with Molly Meade;
Jolly little girl she is—
Said she didn't care to dance,
'D rather have a quiet chat—
Then she gave me such a glance.
So when you had cleared the room,
And had captured all the chairs,
Having nowhere else, we two
Took possession of the stairs.
I was on the lower step,
Molly on the next above;
Gave me her bouquet to hold—
Asked me to draw off her glove.
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,
Talked about my wasted life;
Said my sole salvation must
Be a true and gentle wife.
Takes a girl, that kind of talk.

2. "Then, you know, I used my eyes—
 She believed me every word;
 Almost said she loved me—Jove!
 Such a voice I never heard—
 Gave me some symbolic flower,
 Had a meaning, O! so sweet.
 Don't know where it is, I'm sure;
 Must have dropped it in the street.
 How I spooned! and she—ha! ha!
 Well, I know it wasn't right,
 But she did believe me so,
 That I—kissed her—pass a light."

II.

3. "Molly Meade, well I declare!
 Who'd have thought of seeing you,
 After what occurred last night,
 Out here on the avenue?
 O! you awful, awful girl!
 There—don't blush—I saw it all."
 "Saw all what?" "Ahem—last night—
 At the Mathers', in the hall."
 "O! you horrid—where were you?
 Wasn't he an awful goose?
 Most men must be caught, but he
 Ran his neck right in the noose.
 I was almost dead to dance,
 I'd have done it if I could;
 But old Gray said I must stop,
 And I'd promised ma I would;
 So I looked up sweet and said
 That I'd rather talk with *him*.
 Hope he did not see my face;
 Luckily the lights were dim.
 Then how he did squeeze my hand—
 And he looked up in my face
 With his lovely, great big eyes—
 Really it's a dreadful case."

4. "He was all in earnest, too;
 But I thought I'd have to laugh
 When he kissed a flower I gave,
 Looking—O! like such a calf!
 I suppose he has it now
 In a wine-glass on his shelves—
 It's a mystery to me
 Why men will deceive themselves.
 Saw him kiss me! O! you wretch—
 Well he begged so hard for one,
 And I thought there'd no one know,
 So I—let him—just for fun.
 I know it wasn't really right
 To trifle with his feelings, dear,
 But men are such conceited things,
 They need a lesson once a year."

 QUESTIONS.

1. Define Inflections.
2. What is said of their importance?
3. What is the topic of this lesson?
4. Define Rising Inflection.
5. Illustrate it.
6. When do we use a Rising Inflection of a Second?
7. When a Third?
8. When a Fifth?
9. When an Octavo?
10. What lines in the selection will require Rising Slide of Fifth?
11. What of an Octave?
12. Why?

LESSON XLIX.

Falling Inflection.

A Falling Inflection is a rapid change in the pitch of the voice from a higher to a lower one through the concrete movement.

Like the Rising Inflection, it admits of various degrees.

If a person in reply to a question utters the word *no*, expressing a mild dissent, the voice will pass from the middle pitch downward, exhibiting a Falling Inflection of a second or third; when uttered so as to express stronger dissent it will commence on a higher pitch, and end in a downward slide of a fifth; and when uttered in a very strong or passionate dissent, the downward slide will run through a whole octave.

FALLING INFLECTION—WHEN USED.

The Falling Inflection is used

To express completion of thought.

To express, in different degrees, positiveness, firmness, confidence, authority, declaration, determination, command, defiance, indignation, etc.

To answer questions.

To ask indefinite questions, or those beginning with relative pronouns or adverbs, and not admitting of an answer by *yes* or *no*.

To give emphasis to words which otherwise would have the Rising Inflection.

EXAMPLES IN FALLING INFLECTION.

COMPLETION OF THOUGHT.

Second and Third.

1. Charity suffereth long, and is kind.
2. Shakespeare was the greatest tragic writer.
3. It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope.

COMPLETENESS, POSITIVENESS, DETERMINATION.

Third, Fifth, and Octave.

1. We shall not fail.
2. The war must go on.
3. I am commissioned of heaven to perform this work.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Third, Fifth, and Octave.

1. What would content you? Talent? No. Enterprise? No. Courage? No. Virtue? No. The men whom you would select should possess not one, but all of these.

Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? So am I. Are they ministers of Christ? I am more.

Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word honor? All. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yes, to the dead.

INDEFINITE QUESTIONS.

Third, Fifth, and Octave.

1. Why reason ye these things in your hearts?

2. Who is here so base that he would be a bond-man ?

3. Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come ?

EMPHATIC WORDS.

Third, Fifth, and Octave.

1. I defy the honorable gentleman.
2. If we fail it can be no worse with us.
3. I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman.

EXAMPLE: DESCRIPTION AND IMPERSONATION.

Falling Inflection, Third, Fifth, and Octave.

[The following is the combination for the narrative and descriptive and the utterance of Lady Clare, though the tones of Lady Clare should be softer and more musical than the narrative.]

Expulsive Form, Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, Middle Pitch, Moderate Movement.

The following will be appropriate for old Alice, the nurse :

Expulsive Form, Falsetto Quality, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch, Moderate Movement.

For Lord Ronald:

Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch, Moderate Movement.

Lady Clare.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.
2. I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betrothed were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

3. "He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.
4. In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."
5. "O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."
6. "Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child."
7. "The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."
8. "Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true;—
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."
9. "Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."
10. "If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie,
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the liamond necklace by."
11. "Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

12. "Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."
13. "Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."
14. "Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."
15. She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare,
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.
16. The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.
17. Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why comé you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"
18. "If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."
19. "Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."
20. O, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

21. He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
 He turned and kissed her where she stood:
 "If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next in blood,—
22. "If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Falling Inflection.
2. What are the different degrees of Falling Inflection?
3. When are they used?
4. Why should the utterances of the nurse be given with the combination presented?
5. Why the narrative and Lady Clare with the same combination?
6. Why Lord Ronald's part as indicated?

L E S S O N L.

C I R C U M F L E X .

The Circumflex is a rapid movement of the voice either upward and downward or downward and upward. It is a combination of the rising and falling Inflections on a waved tone. It may be given in various combinations. Dr. Rush has presented more than one hundred and fifty different degrees of the Circumflex. An explanation and illustration of the different varieties would be of but little practical advantage to the student.

C I R C U M F L E X — W H E N U S E D .

The Circumflex is appropriately used chiefly in the expression of irony, sarcasm, sneering, railery, drollery, etc.

EXERCISES IN CIRCUMFLEX.

1. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
2. Yet this is Rome, and we are Romans.
3. Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?
4. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
5. Has the gentleman done ? Has he completely done ?
6. The atrocious crime of being a young man, which
the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and
decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to
palliate nor deny.

EXAMPLE : BOLD ARGUMENT AND BITTER DENUNCIATION.

Expulsive Form, Orotund Quality, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, Middle Pitch, Moderate Movement.

[Only a few words in the first and third stanza will require the Circumflex.]

Pitt's Reply to Walpole.

1. SIR:—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny ; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining ; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.

2. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray

hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is *he* to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

3. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

4. In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confronted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though perhaps I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modeled by experience.

5. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings *one* privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment.

6. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Circumflex. When is it used?
2. What lines in the selection requires the Circumflex? Why?

LESSON LI.

CADENCE.

Cadence is a smooth, gradual closing of the line in poetry or the sentence in prose which gives a pleasing and impressive effect to utterance. It is not like the Inflection, a simple change in Pitch through the Concrete Movement of the voice, but a diminution of the Force also, and a change of Pitch sometimes through the Concrete, sometimes through the Discrete Movement. These changes occur on the last three, four, or five syllables of the line or sentence.

A graceful, pleasing Cadence is one of the most impressive elements in the reading or recitation of solemn, serious, pathetic, sublime, and devotional thought and feeling.

It is difficult to acquire and more difficult to explain.

Practice the following sentences with special reference to the Cadence.

EXERCISES IN CADENCE.

1. In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.
2. We'll all meet again in the morning.
3. I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.
4. When the evening comes, with its beautiful
smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight!

5. He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and
unknown.
6. The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from
which we refuse to be divorced.

EXAMPLE: SOLEMN AND PATHETIC.

*Effusive Form, Pure Tone, Subdued and Moderate Force, Median
Stress, Low Pitch, Slow Movement.*

Over the River.

MISS PRIEST.

1. Over the river they beckon to me;
Loved ones, who have passed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see—
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There was one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He passed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

2. Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, our household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the angels and ransomed be—
Over the river, the mystic river,
Our household pet is waiting for me.

3. For none return from those quiet shores
 Who pass with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 We catch a glimpse of their snowy sail;
 And, lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
 They have crossed the stream, and are gone for aye—
 We may not sunder the vail apart,
 That hides from our vision the gates of day.
 We only know that their barks no more
 Will glide with us o'er life's stormy sea;
 But somewhere, I know, on that unseen shore,
 They watch and beckon and wait for me.
4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold
 And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
 I shall catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it nears the strand,
 I shall pass with the boatman cold and pale
 To the better shore of the spirit-land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be—
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of Death shall carry me.

 QUESTIONS.

1. Define Cadence.
2. Wherein does Cadence differ from Inflection?
3. Is there an Inflection with every Cadence?
4. What Inflection generally?
5. What styles of thought and feeling will specially require the Cadence?

LESSON LII.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is special prominence given to words and phrases. This may be done by an increase or decrease of Force, a change of Stress, Form, Quality, Pitch, or Movement, or a change in the combination of two or more of these elements. The kind and degree of Emphasis can be determined only by the speaker and the sentiment. Two persons may emphasize the same sentiment in an entirely different way and yet both be correct.

“Emphasis is to speech what coloring is to painting.” It admits of all possible degrees and must, to indicate a particular degree of distinction, be mild or intense, according to the ground-work or general utterance of the discourse.

Emphasis of Force.

Emphasis of Force is the utterance of certain words or phrases with an increase or decrease of the prevailing force.

This style of Emphasis is usually employed in unimpassioned discourse to direct special attention to certain words and phrases.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS OF FORCE.

1. I come not here to *talk*.
2. Study to show thyself a *man*.
3. *Ignorance* is the mother of error.
4. The repose of the soul is *exercise*, not *rest*.

5. *Learning* is wealth to the poor, and an *ornament* to the rich.

6. I have been accused of *ambition* in presenting this measure.

Emphasis of Stress.

Emphasis of Stress is either the prevailing Stress intensified or an entire change of Stress.

MEDIAN STRESS.

1. *O change! O wondrous change!*

Burst are the prison bars.

2. But all, thou hast all seasons for thine own, *O Death.*

RADICAL STRESS.

1. Whence and what art thou, *execrable shape?*

2. Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts, *dash* him to pieces.

FINAL STRESS.

1. *Back* to thy punishment, false fugitive!

2. Thou *slave!* thou *wretch!* thou *coward!*

COMPOUND STRESS.

1. *Ecstasy!* my pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time.

2. *Banished from Rome!* What's banished but set free from daily contact with the things I loathe?

THOROUGH STRESS.

1. *O Rome! O Rome!* thou hast been a tender nurse to me.

2. *Arm! arm!* ye heavens, against these perjured kings!

Emphasis of Quality.

Emphasis of Quality is a change in certain words and phrases, from the prevailing quality to that of some other.

This change is usually from a Pure Tone or Orontund to Aspirate, Pectoral, or Guttural. It is a very impressive form of Emphasis.

ASPIRATE.

1. And then I cried for *vengeance*.
2. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained upon my country's shores, I would never lay down my arms. *Never! never! never!*

PECTORAL OR GUTTURAL.

1. *Revenge* is stamped upon my spear,
And *blood's* my battle cry.
2. O that the slave had *forty thousand* lives!
My great revenge had stomach for them all.

Emphasis of Pitch.

Emphasis of Pitch is a sudden raising or lowering of Pitch on certain words and phrases, either through the Discrete or Concrete Movement.

VERY HIGH PITCH.

1. Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire."
Then "*Fire! fire! fire!*" on shipboard.

VERY LOW PITCH.

1. And hark, the deep voices replying,
From the graves where your fathers are lying,
"*Swear, O swear!*"

CIRCUMFLEX.

1. *O upright judge!* Mark, Jew! *a learned judge!*

Emphasis of Movement.

Emphasis of Movement is a sudden change on certain words and phrases, from the prevailing movement.

VERY SLOW MOVEMENT.

1. Not among the prisoners—*Missing!*
That was all the message said.

EXAMPLE.

[The following selection contains a great variety of Emphasis and several different combinations.

The Painter of Seville.

SUSAN WILSON.

'Twas morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there;
Showing where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share,
With young aspirants, his long-cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came, and glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch, so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expression warm from heaven.
'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace—
A poet's brightest dream was there!

Murillo entered, and amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed;
"Whose work is this?—speak, tell me!—he
Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all;

Would I had done it!—Ferdinand!
 Isturitz! Mendez!—say, whose hand
 Among ye all?” With half-breathed sigh,
 Each pupil answered, “’Twas not I!”

“How came it then?” impatiently
 Murillo cried; “but we shall see,
 Ere long into this mystery.
 Sebastian!”

At the summons came
 A bright-eyed slave,
 Who trembled at the stern rebuke
 His master gave.
 For, ordered in that room to sleep,
 And faithful guard o’er all to keep,
 Murillo bade him now declare
 What rash intruder had been there,
 And threatened—if he did not tell
 The truth at once—the dungeon-cell.

“Thou answerest not,” Murillo said;
 (The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
 “Speak on!” At last he raised his head
 And murmured, “No one has been here.”
 “’Tis false!” Sebastian bent his knee,
 And clasped his hands imploringly,
 And said, “I swear it, none but me!”

“List!” said his master. “I would know
 Who enters here—there have been found
 Before, rough sketches strewn around,
 By whose bold hand, ’tis yours to show;
 See that to-night strict watch you keep,
 Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
 If on to-morrow morn you fail
 To answer what I ask,
 The lash shall force you—do you hear?
 Hence! to your daily task.”

'Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
 From one small lamp, a dim uncertain ray
 Within Murillo's study—all were gone
 Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay,
 Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.
 'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save,
 That to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
 One bright-eyed boy was there—Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child—that boy had seen
 Not thrice five summers yet,
 But genius marked the lofty brow,
 O'er which his locks of jet
 Profusely curled; his cheek's dark hue
 Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
 Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
 To Africa and Spain allied.

“Alas! what fate is mine!” he said,
 “The lash, if I refuse to tell
 Who sketched those figures—if I do,
 Perhaps e'en more—the dungeon-cell!”
 He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid;
 It came—for soon in slumber laid,
 He slept, until the dawning day
 Shed on his humble couch its ray.

“I'll sleep no more!” he cried; “and now
 Three hours of freedom I may gain,
 Before my master comes; for then
 I shall be but a slave again.
 Three hours of blessed freedom! how
 Shall I employ them?—ah! e'en now
 The figure on that canvas traced
 Must be—yes, it must be effaced.”

He seized a brush—the morning light
 Gave to the head a softened glow;
 Gazing enraptured on the sight,
 He cried, “Shall I efface it? No!
 That breathing lip! that burning eye!
 Efface them?—I would rather die!”

The terror of the humble slave
 Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
 Of the high feelings nature gave—
 Which only gifted spirits know.
 He touched the brow—the lip—it seemed
 His pencil had some magic power;
 The eye with deeper feeling beamed—
 Sebastian then forgot the hour!
 Forgot his master, and the threat
 Of punishment still hanging o'er him;
 For, with each touch, new beauties met
 And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished; rapturously
 He gazed—could aught more beautiful be!—
 Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
 Then started—horror chilled his blood!
 His master and the pupils all
 Were there e'en at his side!
 The terror stricken slave was mute—
 Mercy would be denied,
 E'en could he ask it—so he deemed,
 And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered—for a space
 They gazed upon that perfect face,
 Each with an artist's joy;
 At length Murillo silence broke,
 And with affected sternness spoke—
 "Who is your master, boy?"
 "You, señor," said the trembling slave.
 "Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
 Before that Virgin's head you drew?"
 Again he answered, "Only you."
 "I gave you none," Murillo cried!
 "But I have heard," the boy replied,
 "What you to others said."
 "And more than heard," in kinder tone,
 The painter said; "tis plainly shown
 That you have profited."

"What (to his pupils) is his meed?
 Reward or punishment?"
 "Reward, reward!" they warmly cried.
 (Sebastian's ear was bent
 To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
 But with imploring look received.)
 "What shall it be?" They spoke of gold
 And of a splendid dress;
 But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
 Silent and motionless.

"Speak!" said Murillo, kindly; "choose
 Your own reward—what shall it be?
 Name what you wish, I'll not refuse:
 Then speak at once and fearlessly."
 "O! if I dared!"—Sebastian knelt,
 And feelings he could not control,
 (But feared to utter even then)
 With strong emotion, shook his soul.

"Courage!" his master said, and each
 Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
 To soothe his overpowering dread.
 He scarcely heard, till some one said,
 "Sebastian—ask—you have your choice,
 Ask for your *freedom!*"—At the word,
 The suppliant strove to raise his voice:
 At first but stifled sobs were heard,
 And then his prayer—breathed fervently—
 "O! master, make my father free!"
 "Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
 Warmly the painter cried;
 Raising Sebastian from his feet,
 He pressed him to his side.
 "Thy talents rare, and filial love,
 E'en more have fairly won;
 Still be thou mine by other bonds—
 My pupil and my son."

Murillo knew, e'en when the words
 Of generous feeling passed his lips,
 Sebastian's talents soon must lead
 To fame, that would his own eclipse;
 And constant to his purpose still,
 He joyed to see his pupil gain,
 Beneath his care, such matchless skill
 As made his name the pride of Spain.

 QUESTIONS.

1. Define Emphasis.
2. How may words be made Emphatic ?
3. Do all persons Emphasize in the same way ?
4. How are we to determine when and how to Emphasize ?
5. Define Emphasis of Force. When used ?
6. Define Emphasis of Stress.
7. Give an illustration of the different kinds of Emphasis by Stress.
8. Define Emphasis of Quality. Illustrate it.
9. Define Emphasis of Pitch. Illustrate it.
10. Define Emphasis of Movement. Illustrate it.

 LESSON LIII.

PAUSES.

Pauses are suspensions of the voice between words and sentences. No definite rules can be given to guide the reader or speaker in the use of Pauses. Their length and frequency can be determined only by the sentiment.

Unimpassioned, didactic thought demands but moderate Pauses ; gay, lively, and joyous thought, very short Pauses ; solemnity, sublimity, grandeur, and reverence, long Pauses ; while impassioned thought may demand long or short Pauses.

A Pause should always be made before and after an emphatic word.

It will hardly be necessary to say that the marks of punctuation do not indicate the rhetorical Pauses. They may or may not harmonize.

EXAMPLE: JOYOUS THOUGHT.

Very Short Pauses, Expulsive and Explosive Forms, Pure Tone, Energetic Force, Radical Stress, High Pitch, Rapid Movement.

Mercutio's Description of Queen Mab.

SHAKESPEARE.

O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!

She comes

In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn by a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces of the smallest spider's web;
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;
 Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight.
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice;

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 And healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

EXAMPLE: SOLEMNITY AND SUBLIMITY.

Very Long Pauses, Expulsive Form, Grovelling Quality, Moderate Force, Prolonged Stress, Low Pitch, Slow Movement.

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

SHAKESPEARE.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them? To die: to sleep;
 No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die: to sleep;
 To sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and stings of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurs
 That prompt the goad of the impatient times,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who'd these things bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

QUESTIONS.

1. What are Pauses?
2. What rules can be given for our guidance in their use?
3. What kinds of Pauses will be required in the expression of the different styles of thought?
4. What advantage are the grammatical Pauses in Vocal Expression?

LESSON LIV.

CLIMAX.

Climax is an utterance gradually increasing in Force, rising in Pitch, and increasing the rate of Movement. Sometimes a Climax will be reached by lowering the Pitch or changing the Quality, increasing the Force, and reducing the rate of Movement.

EXERCISES.

1. I tell you, though you, though the whole world, though an angel from heaven, were to declare the truth of it, I would not believe it.

2. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!

3. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever.

4. But every-where, spread all over in characters of

living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heaven, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

5. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone ; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

6. Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye ;
 O sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul.

7. If scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes, strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs, I have within my heart's hot cells shut up to leave you in your lazy dignities.

LESSON LV.

ACTION.

Though it is not the object of this volume to give instruction on Action or Attitude, yet it may be well to present some suggestions on the position and movements of the hands and arm in gesture, and some hints on the expression of countenance in the illustration of the emotions and passions.

Action embraces all that part of delivery which addresses itself to the eye as distinguished from the voice, which appeals alone to the ear. It has always been considered an essential part of expression. Among the ancients Action was regarded as even more important than Vocal Utterance. It was a question in Rome whether Cicero could express more by his voice than

Roscius could by his action. Demosthenes gave Action as the first, second, and third qualifications for an orator. Action is nature's language of expression, it is the spontaneous utterance of the heart, the true revelation of the soul. The voice may be trained to deceive, words framed to disguise or conceal our thoughts, but the glance of the eye, the movement of the hand, the shrug of the shoulder, reveal our real feelings.

Action is a universal language, it is the same among all nations, understood by all peoples. It has survived the confounding of tongues, it admits of no idiom, and is not marred by accent or brogue. The joyous greeting is the same with the Malay as the American. The savage understands the expression of anger as well as the civilized. The infant recognizes the mother's smile as quickly as the sage. Nature teaches us to use this language when influenced by emotion or passion, but art must be summoned when we wish to express a passion we do not feel. The school-boy on the playground can express anger which he feels better than Booth on the stage that which he does not feel; the mother, in her bereavement, illustrates grief better than Mary Anderson in the play; but it requires the genius of a Booth or an Anderson, cultured by art, to portray the passions they do not feel. Action is a most expressive language. It is impossible to translate a look, a gesture, an attitude, into words. The eye defies more than the tongue—the lip scorns more than language—the hand repels as words cannot.

POSITIONS OF THE HAND.

The expressiveness of Gesture depends largely on the hand. Next to the tones of the voice and the expres-

sions of countenance, the hand has the greatest variety and power of expression. Sheridan says: "Every one knows that with the hands we can demand or promise, call, dismiss, threaten, supplicate, ask, deny, show joy, sorrow, detestation, fear, confession, penitence, admiration, respect, and many other things now in common use."

The hand is prone when the palm is turned downward.

It is supine when the palm is turned upward.

It is vertical when the plane of the palm is perpendicular to the horizon, the fingers pointing upward.

The natural state of the fingers, when the arm is hanging freely by the side, or employed in unimpassioned gesture, is that in which the hand is fully open, with the forefinger nearly straight, and slightly separated from the middle finger; the middle finger is more bent, and rests partly on the third finger, which it gently touches; the little finger is still more bent, and slightly separated from the third finger; the thumb is withdrawn about an inch from the palm, and so placed that a line from the top of it will be a little above the line of the forefinger.

Gesture.

The position of the hand, as regards the palm, most suitable to be adopted by the public speaker in unimpassioned gesticulation, is that which presents an inclination from the supine of an angle of forty-five degrees, and accompanied with a slight bend of the wrist downward, in the direction of the little finger.

In emphatic or impassioned Gesture, the hand may be closed as it is brought down.

POSITIONS OF THE ARMS IN REPOSE.

When the arms are not employed in Gesture they should hang naturally by the side.

This position, however, too long sustained, becomes tiresome and monotonous, and requires change. Where the circumstances are favorable the left hand may rest gently on a table or stand, the fingers may be placed between the buttons of the vest, or occasionally the left arm may be thrown behind the body. In various ways, the eye of the audience as well as the monotony of the position may be relieved by a nice adjustment of the body and arms.

POSITIONS AND MOVEMENT OF THE ARMS IN GESTURE.

First. In gesticulation, the arm should be free and unconstrained, the action proceeding from the shoulder rather than the elbow. The elbow should be slightly curved and flexible.

Second. The arm should be so moved that the hand will always describe curved lines instead of those which are straight and angular, except in the expression of the malignant passions when the hand moves in straight lines and the arm illustrates angles. The curve is the line of beauty, and grace in the action of the arm depends materially on the observance of this principle.

Third. The arm should not remain stationary even for a moment while out in gesticulation. It should either be kept moving preparatory to another gesture, or return to the side.

Fourth. Gestures ordinarily should not be made at a greater angle than forty-five degrees back from a horizontal line passing directly forward from the center of the breast.

Fifth. The ease and grace of the motion of the arm and hand will depend on the free use of the joints of the shoulder, elbow, and wrist. Without the free use of the wrist-joint there can be no grace.

Sixth. Preference in gesticulation should be given to the right arm. As a general rule, when the right hand is employed in Gesture, the weight of the body should be on the left foot, the right advanced.

Seventh. Every act of gesture consists of two parts : preparation and termination. The former is the preliminary movement—that is, the elevation of the hand before it is brought down—the latter for which the Gesture is made. In emphatic gesticulation this will be upon the word that demands the Gesture and just at the instant of the utterance of the accented part of the word. The expression of it will just a little precede the vocal utterance.

QUALITIES OF GESTURE.

The Qualities on which excellence of gesture depends are SIMPLICITY, PROPRIETY, BOLDNESS, VARIETY, GRACE.

1. *Simplicity of Gesture is a perfectly free and seemingly unstudied movement.* It appears to be the natural result of the situation and sentiments of the speaker.

Propriety of Gesture is an obvious connection between the sentiment and action ; it is the use of such gestures as are best suited to the sentiments and emotions. Didactic thought will require mild gestures, argumentative utterance, bolder and more forcible, impassioned feeling, violent action.

Boldness of Gesture is the firmness and decision of the action—the striking and unexpected movements and transitions.

Variety of Gesture is a frequent change of action so as to avoid the too frequent recurrence of the same Gesture or even the same set of Gestures.

Grace of Gesture is that easy, poetic movement of hand and arm, free from angles, jars, and

discords. It is the embodiment of nature in art,—that which is exhibited in the movement of every blade of grass, of every field of ripening grain, of every floating cloud and rolling wave.

ACCOMPANIMENTS OF GESTURE.

THE BODY AND COUNTENANCE.

The movement of the hands and arms, however perfect, will not of themselves be sufficient. The head, the body, the lower limbs, and even the expression of countenance, must be in harmony with the Gesture. If they remain unmoved and unexecuted, the action of the hands and arms will be simply that of a well contrived automaton. But with all the physical powers in harmony with the voice there will be nothing wanting for the impressive expression of thought and feeling.

SIGNIFICANT GESTURES.

THE HEAD AND FACE.

The hanging down of the head denotes shame or grief.

The holding of it up, pride or courage.

To nod forward implies assent.

To toss the head back, dissent.

The inclination of the head implies diffidence or languor.

The head is averted in dislike or horror.

It leans forward in attention.

THE EYES.

The eyes are raised in prayer.

They weep in sorrow.

They burn in anger.

They are downcast or averted in shame or grief.

They are cast on vacancy in thought.

They are cast in various directions in doubt and anxiety.

THE ARMS.

The placing of the hand on the head indicates pain or distress.

On the eyes, shame or sorrow.

On the lips, an injunction of silence.

On the breast, an appeal to conscience.

The hand is waved or flourished in joy or contempt.

Both hands are held supine, or they are applied or clasped in prayer.

Both are held prone in blessing.

They are clasped or wrung in affliction.

They are held forward and received in friendship.

THE BODY.

The body, held erect, indicates steadiness and courage.

Thrown back, pride.

Stooping forward, condescension or compassion.

Bending, reverence or respect.

Prostrate, the utmost humility or abasement.

THE LOWER LIMBS.

The firm position of the lower limbs signifies courage or obstinacy.

Bended knees indicate timidity or weakness.

The lower limbs advance in desire or courage.

They retire in aversion or fear.

Start, in terror.

Stamp, in authority or anger.

Kneel, in submission and prayer.

These are a few of the simple Gestures which may be termed significant.

THE COUNTENANCE.

The countenance has the greatest power of expression. With it we supplicate, we threaten, we soothe,

we rouse, we rejoice, we mourn, we triumph, we express submission. Upon the countenance the audience hangs, upon it their eyes are fixed. They examine and study the face, and often, before a word is spoken, they are impressed favorably or unfavorably. "Whitefield's face was, as it were, a canvas upon which he painted every passion that stirs the human heart. It was at one moment terrific, as if all the Furies were enthroned on that dark brow; the next, as by a dissolving view, there would come forth a sweetness that savored of heaven itself."

THE EYE.

The eye is the most expressive of all the features. Its power is so great that it determines in a great degree the expression of the whole countenance. Through it the soul makes its most clear and vivid manifestations. Joy, grief, anger, love, hatred, affection, pity, contempt, all the passions, all the emotions of the human heart, express themselves with the utmost power in the eye. Even the lower animals recognize and acknowledge its power. The dog watches his master's eye and learns from it whether to expect a caress or chastisement. The lion quails beneath the steady glare of the human eye.

The orator should avail himself of this power and keep his eye fixed upon the audience. He should not allow it to wander from his audience, except when by a glance he indicates the direction of a Gesture.

QUESTIONS.

1. Define Action.
2. What is said of its importance?
3. What was Demosthenes's opinion of Action?
4. Is it a natural or acquired language?

5. Which is the more truthful, Voice or Action ?
6. Is it a universal or national language ?
7. Must we be instructed in its use, or do we acquire it naturally ?
8. When do we need instruction on Action ?
9. Does Booth or Mary Anderson possess powers of expression superior to ordinary persons ?
10. Which is the more expressive, Words or Action ?
11. Upon what does the expressiveness of Gesture chiefly depend ?
12. What is said of the expressive powers of the hand ?
13. Explain and illustrate the different positions of the hand.
14. Explain and illustrate the positions of the arms in repose.
15. Explain and illustrate the positions and movements of the arms in Gesture.
16. What are the qualities of Gesture ?
17. Explain and illustrate each.
18. What are the accompaniments of Gesture ?
19. Mention and illustrate some significant Gestures of the head.
20. Of the Eyes, the Arms, the Body, the Lower Limbs.
21. What is said of the Countenance ?
22. What of the Eye ?

LESSON LVI.

THE PASSIONS.

It now remains to say something of those expressions of countenance which indicate the passions and emotions of the speaker. A full description of each would far transcend the bounds of a work of this kind. Only a few can be noticed, and these but briefly.

“It should be remarked in passing that feeling cannot be expressed by words alone, or even by the tones of the voice. It finds its best, and oftentimes its only, expression in the flash of passion on the cheek, in the speaking eye, the contracted brow, the compressed lip, the heaving breast, the trembling frame, in the rigid muscle and the general bearing of the entire body; and when

emotion or passion thus speaks, its language is often confined to no particular part of the body, but the living frame as a whole sympathizes in the action."

TRANQUILLITY.

Tranquillity appears by the composure of the countenance and general repose of the whole body, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open, the forehead smooth, the eyebrows arched, the mouth not quite shut, and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one.

Night.

SHELLEY.

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend—
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

CHEERFULNESS.

When joy is settled into a habit, or flows from a placid temper of mind, desiring to please and be pleased, it is called gayety, good humor, or cheerfulness. Cheer-

fulness adds a smile to tranquillity, and opens the mouth a little more.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 This is no flattery; these are counselors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 That like a toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
 And this our life exempt from public haunts,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

—As You Like It.

MIRTH.

When joy arises from ludicrous or fugitive amusements in which others share with us it is called merriment or mirth.

Mirth or laughter opens the mouth horizontally, raises the cheeks high, lessens the aperture of the eyes, and, when violent, shakes and convulses the whole frame, fills the eyes with tears, and causes holding the sides from the pain the convulsive laughter gives them.

Jag. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool; a miserable world!
 As I do live by food, I met a fool:
 Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
 And railed on Lady Fortune, in good terms,
 In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
 "Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
 "Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

And then he drew a dial from his poke:
 And looking on it with lack-luster eye,
 Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.
 Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags.
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative;
 And I did laugh, *sans* intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

JOY.

A pleasing elation of mind on the actual or assured attainment of good, or deliverance from evil, is called joy.

Joy, when moderate, opens the countenance with smiles, and throws, as it were, a sunshine of delectation over the whole frame. When it is sudden and violent it expresses itself by clapping the hands, raising the eyes toward heaven, and giving such a spring to the body as to make it attempt to mount up as if it could fly. When joy is extreme, and goes into transport, rapture, and ecstasy, it has a wildness of look and gesture that borders on folly, madness, and sorrow.

Joy Expected.

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbor air, and let rich Music's tongue
 Unfold the imagined happiness that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Joy Approaching to Transport.

O! Joy, thou welcome stranger, twice three years
 I have not felt my vital beam, but now
 It warms my veins, and plays about my heart;
 A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
 And I could mount.—*Dr. Young's Revenge.*

PITY.

Pity is benevolence to the afflicted. It is a mixture of love for an object that suffers, and a grief that we are not able to remove those sufferings. It shows itself in a compassionate tenderness of voice, a feeling of pain in the countenance, and a gentle raising and falling of the hands and eyes, as if mourning over the unhappy object. The mouth is open, the eyebrows are drawn down, and the features contracted or drawn together.

Pity for a Departed Friend.

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is; my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning! Quite chop-fallen! Now get thee to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.—*Hamlet.*

HOPE.

Hope is a mixture of desire and joy agitating the mind and anticipating its enjoyment. It erects and brightens the countenance, spreads the arms and hands open as to receive the object of its wishes. The voice is plaintive and inclined to eagerness, the breath drawn inward more forcibly than usual in order to express our desire more strongly, and our earnest expectation of receiving the object of them.

Collins, in his "Ode on the Passions," gives us a beautiful picture of

Hope.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all her song;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

HATRED, AVERSION.

Hatred or Aversion draws back the body as if to avoid the hated object, the hands at the same time thrown outspread as if to keep it off. The face is turned away from that side toward which the hands are thrown out, the eyes looking angrily and obliquely the same way the hands are directed; the eyebrows are contracted, the upper lip disdainfully drawn up, and the teeth set; the pitch of the voice is low, but loud and harsh, the tone chiding, unequal, surly, and vehement.

Hatred and Revenge.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him, for he is a Christian:
 But more, for that in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice:
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest; Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him!—*Merchant of Venice.*

Hatred Cursing the Object Hated.

Poison be their drink,
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste:
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees,
 Their sweetest prospects murdering basilisks,
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings,
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full;
 All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell.—*Henry VI.*

ANGER, RAGE, FURY.

When hatred and displeasure rise high suddenly from an apprehension of injury received, and perturbation of mind in consequence of it, it is called anger; and rising to a very high degree, and extinguishing humanity, it becomes rage and fury.

Anger, when violent, expresses itself with rapidity, noise, harshness, and sometimes with interruption and hesitation, as if unable to utter itself with sufficient force. It wrinkles the brow, enlarges and heaves the nostrils, strains the muscles, clenches the fist, stamps with the foot, and gives a violent agitation to the whole body. The voice assumes the highest tone it can adopt consistently with force and loudness, though sometimes, to express anger with uncommon energy, the voice assumes a low and forcible tone.

Anger and Scorn.

Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
 Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
 Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
 Thee and thy serpent seed! Slave, do thine office!
 Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
 Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
 Strike, and but once.

Scorn and Violent Anger, Reproving.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle;
 I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,

In an ungracious mouth is but profane,
 Why have those banished and forbidden legs
 Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 But more than why—why have they dared to march
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
 Frightening her pale-faced villages with war,
 And ostentation of despised arms?
 Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
 As when, brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault!—*Richard II.*

REVENGE.

Revenge is a propensity and endeavor to injure the offender, which is attended with triumph and exultation when the injury is accomplished. It expresses itself like malice, but more openly, loudly, and triumphantly.

Eager Revenge.

O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
 And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heaven,
 Cut short all intermission: front to front,
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
 Within my sword's length set him: if he 'scape,
 Heaven forgive him too!—*Macbeth.*

Intense Revenge.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason?—I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections,

passions?—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge! If a Christian wrong a Jew what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge! The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.—*Merchant of Venice.*

REPROACH.

Reproach is settled anger or hatred, chastising the object of dislike by casting in his teeth the severest censures upon his imperfections or misconduct. The brow is contracted, the lip turned up with scorn, the head shaken, the voice low, as if abhorring, and the whole body expressive of aversion.

Reproaching with Want of Friendship.

You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 For I am armed so strong in honesty,
 That they pass me by as the idle wind
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me.
 For I can raise no money by vile means:
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
 Dash him to pieces!

Reproach with Want of Courage and Spirit.

Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured, too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and sweat,
 Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear'st a lion's hide. Doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

FEAR AND TERROR.

Fear is a mixture of aversion and sorrow, discomposing and debilitating the mind upon the approach or anticipation of evil. When this is attended with surprise and much discomposure it grows into terror and consternation.

Fear, violent and sudden, opens wide the eyes and mouth, shortens the nose, gives the countenance an air of wildness, covers it with deadly paleness, draws back the elbows parallel with the sides, lifts up the open hands, with the fingers spread, to the height of the breast, at some distance before it, so as to shield it from the dreadful object. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently, the breath is quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling, the sentences are short and the meaning confused and incoherent.

Terror of Evening and Night Described

Light thickens; and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood:
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
 While Night's black agents to their prey do rouse,
 Thou marvelest at my words; but hold thee still;
 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.

—*Macbeth*.*Fear from a Dreadful Object.*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee: P'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance.—*Hamlet*.

Fear of Being Discovered in Murder.

Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
 And 'tis not done! the attempt, and not the deed,
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready
 He could not miss them! Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept I had done't!—*Macbeth*.

SORROW.

Sorrow is a painful depression of spirit upon the deprivation of good or arrival of evil. When it is silent and thoughtful, it is sadness; when long indulged, so as to prey upon and possess the mind, it becomes habitual, and grows into melancholy; when tossed by hopes and fears, it is distraction; when these are swallowed up, it settles into despair.

In moderate sorrow the countenance is dejected, the eyes are cast downward, the arms hang loosely, sometimes a little raised, suddenly to fall again; the hands open, the fingers spread, and the voice plaintive, fre-

quently interrupted by sighs. But when this passion is in excess it distorts the countenance, as if in agonies of pain; it raises the voice to the loudest complainings, and sometimes even to cries and shrieks; it wrings the hands, beats the head and breast, tears the hair, and throws itself on the ground, and, like other passions in excess, seems to border on frenzy.

Sadness.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me; you say it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof 'tis born,
I am to learn.
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Silent Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SNEER.

Sneer is ironical approbation, where, with a voice and countenance of mirth somewhat exaggerated, we cast the severest censures; it is hypocritical mirth and good humor, and differs from the real by the satirical tone of voice, look, and gesture which accompany it.

Satire, Irony.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this,—
 "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurned me such a day; another time
 You called me—dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much moneys."

SURPRISE, WONDER, AMAZEMENT, ASTONISHMENT.

Wonder or amazement opens the eyes and makes them appear very prominent. It sometimes raises them to the skies, but more frequently fixes them on the object. The mouth is open, and the hands are held up nearly in the attitude of fear. The voice is at first low, but so emphatic that every word is pronounced slowly and with energy. When, by the discovery of something excellent in the object of wonder, the emotion may be called admiration, the eyes are raised, the hands lifted up or clasped together, and the voice elevated with expressions of rapture.

Surprise at Unexpected Events.

Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
 False blood to false blood joined? gone to be friends?
 Shall Lewis have Blanche, and Blanche those provinces?
 It is not so: thou hast misspoke, misheard:
 Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be! thou dost but say 'tis so!
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.—*King John.*

VEXATION.

Vexation, besides expressing itself by the looks, gestures, tone, and restlessness of perplexity, adds to these complaint, fretting, and remorse.

Vexation at Neglecting One's Duty.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing?
 For Hecuba!
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her?—*Hamlet.*

SHAME.

Shame turns away the face from the beholders, covers it with blushes, hangs the head, casts down the eyes, draws down and contracts the eyebrows. It either strikes the person dumb, or, if he attempts to say any thing in his own defense, causes his tongue to falter, confounds his utterance, and puts him upon making a thousand gestures and grimaces to keep himself in countenance; all which only heighten his confusion and embarrassment.

Shame at Being Convicted of a Crime.

O my dread lord,
 I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
 To think I can be undiscernible
 When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
 Hath looked upon my passes; then, good prince,
 No longer session hold upon my shame,
 But let my trial be mine own confession:
 Immediate sentence, then, and sequent death,
 Is all the grace I beg.—*Measure for Measure.*

GRAVITY.

Gravity, or seriousness, as when the mind is fixed, or deliberating on some important subject, smooths the countenance, and gives it an air of melancholy; the eyebrows are lowered, eyes cast downward, the mouth almost shut, and sometimes a little contracted. The posture of the body and limbs is composed, and without much motion; the speech slow and solemn, the tone without much variety.

Grave Deliberation on War and Peace.

Fathers, we once again are met in council:
 Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
 And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
 Success still follows him and backs his crimes.
 Pharsalia gave him Rome. Egypt has since
 Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
 Or Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
 Still smoke with blood; 'tis time we should decree
 What course to take: our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still fixed,
 To hold it out and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought,
 By time and ill-success, to a submission?
 Sempronius, speak.—*Addison's Cato.*

COMMANDING.

Commanding requires peremptory air, with a look a little severe or stern. The hand is held out and moved toward the person to whom the order is given, and sometimes it is accompanied by a nod of the head to the person commanded. If the command be absolute, and to a person unwilling to obey,

the right hand is extended and projected forcibly toward the person commanded.

Commanding Combatants to Fight.

We were born not to sue, but to command;
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day;
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate.
 Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
 Justice decide the victor's chivalry.
 Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home alarms.—*Richard II.*

SELECTIONS.

Duty of Literary Men to their Country.

GRIMKE.

1. We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores; it is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean; it is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri; nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family—our country?

2. I come not here to speak the dialect or to give the counsels of the patriot-statesman; but I come, a patriot scholar, to vindicate the rights and to plead for the interests of American literature. And be assured that we cannot, as patriot-scholars, think too highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget—let us rather remember—with a religious awe that the union of these States is indispensable to our national independence and civil liberties, to our prosperity, happiness, and improvement.

3. If, indeed, we desire to have a literature like that which has sculptured with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe—if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the

painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities—if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their dens; if we desire that the lake, the river, the oceans should blush with the blood of brothers; that the wind should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of the battle, that the very mountain-tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers; if we desire that these and such as these—the elements to a certain extent of the literature of the Old World—should be the elements of our literature; then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our Union, and scatter its fragments over all our land.

4. But if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, holiest literature the world has ever seen, such a literature as shall honor God and bless mankind—a literature whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose tears "would not stain an angel's cheek," then let us cling to the union of these States with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. In her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrificed to God; at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people, American literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life, and the Union her garden of paradise.

Oratorical - Evangelical & Radical J.
Napoleon Bonaparte. *Evangelical P.*

PHILLIPS.

1. He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon his throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition and a con-

science pliable to every touch of interest marked the outline of this extraordinary character; the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose or reigned or fell.

2. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and wealth and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest, acknowledged no criterion but success, worshiped no God but ambition, and, with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

3. Subsidiary to this there was no creed that he did not profess—there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic, and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse and wore without shame the diadem of the Cæsars! Through this pantomime of policy fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable and all that was novel changed places with the rapidity of a drama.

4. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent. Decision flashed upon his counsels, and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands simplicity marked their development and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount,

space no opposition that he did not spurn, and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity!

5. The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief or too fanciful for expectation when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation. Kings were his people, nations were his outposts, and he disposed of courts and crowns and camps and churches and cabinets as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

6. It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room, with the mob or the levee, wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown, banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg, dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic, he was still the same military despot.

7. In this wonderful combination his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor, a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue, a subaltern and a sovereign, a traitor and a tyrant, a Christian and an infidel, he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original, the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model and without a shadow.

The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
 Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash!

4. Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king! and once again—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus! once, again, I swear
 The eternal city shall be free!

Death of Alexander Hamilton.

DR. NOTT.

1. A short time since and he who is the occasion of our sorrows was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless, is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

2. From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst, and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

3. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced; the sad and solemn procession has moved; the badge of mourning has

already been decreed; and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues. Just tributes of respect, and to the living useful; but to him, moldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! How unavailing!

4. Approach and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinated throng weep and melt and tremble at his eloquence. Amazing change! a shroud! a coffin! a narrow subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of Hamilton. And is this all that remains of him? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect? My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amid this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten?

6. Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you from his death-bed, and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals, hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Saviour I have chosen. Live disinterestedly—live for immortality. And would you rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in God."

Sheridan's Ride.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

1. Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door

The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

2. And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.
3. But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down:
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.
4. Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play
With Sheridan only ten miles away,
5. Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire:
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

6. The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."
7. Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Let it be said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

TENNYSON.

1. Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
"Charge for the guns," he said,
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered,

Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die.
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabers bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabering the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the saber-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They who had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble Six Hundred!

Gone Before.

B. F. TAYLOR.

1. There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
 Which follows me ever and near;
 With smiling eyes and amber hair,
 With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
 That I feel but cannot hear.
2. The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
 Lie low in a marble sleep:
 I stretch my hand for a clasp of old,
 But the empty air is strangely cold,
 And my vigil alone I keep.
3. There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
 And a cross laid down in the dust;
 There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
 And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
 So sweet in their innocent trust.
4. There's a beautiful region above the skies,
 And I long to reach its shore,
 For I know I shall find my treasure there,
 The laughing eyes and amber hair,
 Of the loved one gone before.

Abou Ben-Adhem.

LEIGH HUNT.

1. Abou Ben-Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel, writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben-Adhem bold;

And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

2. The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo, Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest.

Curfew must not Ring To-Night.

ROSA A. HARTWICK.

1. England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far
 away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
 And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden
 fair,
 He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, float-
 ing hair;
 He with sad, bowed head, and thoughtful; she with lips so
 cold and white,
 Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not
 ring to-night."
2. "Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the
 prison old,
 With its walls so tall and gloomy—walls so dark and
 damp and cold—
 I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
 At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
 Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew
 strangely white,
 As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring
 to-night."

3. "Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced
 her young heart
 Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned
 dart;
 "Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy
 shadowed tower;
 Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
 hour;
 I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just, and right;
 Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings
 to-night!"
4. Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
 thoughtful brow,
 And within her heart's deep center, Bessie made a solemn
 vow;
 She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or
 sigh,
 "At the ringing of the Curfew Basil Underwood must die."
 And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
 large and bright—
 One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not
 ring to-night!"
5. She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the
 old church door,
 Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft
 before;
 Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and
 brow aglow
 Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
 and fro:
 Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray
 of light,
 Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not
 ring to-night."
6. She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the
 great dark bell;
 And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
 to hell:

See, the ponderous tongue is swinging; tis the hour of
 Curfew now—
 And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath,
 and paled her brow.
 Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sud-
 den light,
 As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not
 ring to-night."

7. Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck
 below;
 There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
 swung to and fro;
 And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard
 the bell),
 And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's
 funeral knell:
 Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale
 and white,
 Still'd her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall
 not ring to-night."
8. It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
 stepped once more
 Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years
 before
 Human foot had not been planted; and what she this
 night had done
 Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting
 sun
 Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires, with heads
 of white,
 Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one
 sad night.
9. O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and
 her brow,
 Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden
 beauty now;

At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised
and torn ;
And her sweet young face, so haggard, with a look so sad
and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with
misty light ;
“Go, your lover lives !” cried Cromwell ; “Curfew must
not ring to-night.”

10. Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner forth
to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the dark-
ening English sky,
Bessie came with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-
light sweet ;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his
feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face
upturned and white,
Whispered, “Darling, you have saved me ; Curfew must
not ring to-night.”

John Burns of Gettysburg.

F. BRET HARTE.

1. Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg ? No ? Ah, well !
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns :
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town ;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
The flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

2. I might tell how, but the day before,
 John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
 Looking down the village street,
 Where in the shade of his peaceful vine,
 He heard the low of his gathered kine,
 And felt their breath with incense sweet;
 Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
 The old farm gable, he thought it turned
 The milk that fell in a babbling flood
 Into the milk-pail, red as blood;
 Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
 Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
 But all such fanciful thoughts as these
 Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
 Who minded only his own concerns,
 Troubled no more by fancies fine
 Than one of his calm-eyed, long tailed kine—
 Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
 Slow to argue, but quick to act.
 That was the reason, as some folks say,
 He fought so well on that terrible day.

3. And it was terrible. On the right
 Raged for hours the heavy fight,
 Thundered the battery's double bass—
 Difficult music for men to face;
 While on the left—where now the graves
 Undulate like the living waves
 That all the day unceasing swept
 Up to the pits the rebels kept—
 Round shot plowed the upland glades,
 Sown with bullets, reaped with blades:
 Shattered fences here and there
 Tossed their splinters in the air;
 The very trees were stripped and bare;
 The barns that once held yellow grain
 Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
 The cattle bellowed on the plain,
 The turkeys screamed with might and main.

And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

4. Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed ?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, but his best ;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that country folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty-years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quilting” long ago.
6. Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away.
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,
Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire* :
“How are you, White Hat ?” “Put her through !”
“Your head’s level !” and, “Hurrah for you !”
Called him “Daddy,” and begged he’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those :
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.
7. 'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;

And something the wildest could understand,
 Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
 And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
 Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown,
 Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
 Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw
 In the antique vestments and long white hair,
 The Past of the Nation in battle there.
 And some of the soldiers since declare
 That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
 Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
 That day was their oriflamme of war.
 Thus raged the battle. You know the rest,
 How the rebels beaten, and backward pressed,
 Broke at the final charge and ran.
 At which John Burns, a practical man,
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
 And then went back to his bees and cows.

7. That is the story of old John Burns;
 And this is the moral the listener learns;
 In fighting life's battle the question's whether
 You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

Creeds of the Bells.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

1. How sweet the chime of Sabbath bells!
 Each one its creed in music tells,
 In tones that float upon the air,
 As soft as song, and pure as prayer;
 And I will put in simple rhyme
 The language of the golden chime.
 My happy heart with rapture swells
 Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.
2. "In deeds of love excel—excel,"
 Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;

- “ This is the church not built on sands,
 Emblem of one not built with hands;
 Its forms and sacred rites revere;
 Come worship here—come worship here;
 Its rituals and faith excel—excel,”
 Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.
3. “ O, heed the ancient landmarks well,”
 In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
 “ No progress made by mortal man
 Can change the just, eternal plan.
 With God there can be nothing new;
 Ignore the false, embrace the true;
 While all is well—is well—is well,”
 Pealed out the good old Dutch Church bell.
4. “ O swell, ye purifying waters, swell,”
 In mellow tones rang out a bell;
 “ Though faith alone in Christ can save,
 Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
 To show the world unfaltering faith
 In what the sacred Scripture saith.
 O swell, ye rising waters, swell,”
 Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.
5. “ In after life there is no hell!”
 In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
 “ Look up to heaven this holy day,
 Where angels wait to lead the way;
 There are no fires, no fiends, to blight
 The future life; be just, do right.
 No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!”
 Rang out the Universalist bell.
6. “ Not faith alone, but works as well,
 Must test the soul,” said a soft bell;
 “ Come here, and cast aside your load,
 And work your way along the road,
 With faith in God, and faith in man,
 And hope in Christ, where hope began:
 Do well—do well—do well—do well,”
 Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

7. "Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
 In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
 "Life is a boon to mortals given,
 To fit the soul for bliss in heaven.
 Do not invoke the avenging rod;
 Come here, and learn the way to God.
 Say to the world farewell! farewell!"
 Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.
8. "To all the truth we tell—we tell,"
 Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
 "Come, all ye weary wanderers, see!
 Our Lord has made salvation free.
 Repent! believe; have faith! and then
 Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen.
 Salvation's free, we tell—we tell,"
 Shouted the Methodistic bell.

The Vagabonds.

TROWBRIDGE.

1. We are two travelers, Roger and I.
 Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
 Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!
 Over the table—look out for the lamp!
 The rogue is growing a little old;
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And ate and drank—and starved—together.
2. We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
 (This out-door business is bad for strings),
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
 And Roger and I set up for kings!

3. No, thank ye, sir—I never drink ;
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
 Aren't we, Roger? See him wink!
 Well, something hot, then—we wont quarrel.
 He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head!
 What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
 He understands every word that's said—
 And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.
4. The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly given to grog,
 I wonder I've not lost the respect
 (Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.
5. There isn't another creature living
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
 To such a miserable, thankless master!
 No, sir! see him wag his tail and grin!
 By George! it makes my old eyes water!
 That is, there's something in this gin
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter!
6. We'll have some music if you're willing,
 And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
 Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
 Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
 Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
 (Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier!
7. March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
 When he stands up to hear his sentence.
 Now tell us how many drams it takes
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
 The night's before us, fill the glasses!
 Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
 Some brandy—thank you—there—it passes!

8. Why not reform! That's easily said;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.
9. Is there a way to forget to think?
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love—but I took to drink;
 The same old story; you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features—
 You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
 I was one of your handsome men!
10. If you had seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast!
 If you could have heard the songs we sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
 That ever I, sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog!
11. She's married since—a parson's wife:
 'Twas better for her that we should part—
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 Have I seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
 On a dusty road: a carriage stopped;
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

12. You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
 It makes me wild to think of the change!
 What do you care for a beggar's story?
 Is it amusing? you find it strange?
 I had a mother so proud of me!
 'Twas well she died before— Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below?
13. Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain; then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing, in place of a heart?
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.
14. I'm better now; that glass was warming.
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street—
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
 The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

Runic Rhyme
 ———
 The Bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

1. Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells—
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
 Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
 On the moon!

O, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells

On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

3. Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.

O the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows:
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
 Of the bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

4. Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,

A pæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells !
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Charlie Machree.

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

Come over, come over the river to me,
 If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree !

Here's Mary M'Pherson and Susy O'Linn,
 Who say ye're faint-hearted, and dare not plunge in.

But the dark rolling river, though deep as the sea,
 I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me ;

For stout is your back and strong is your arm,
 And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,
 If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide ;
 His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

O! the dark rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
 But blithe is the glance of his bonnie blue e'e.

His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough ;
 Who says ye're faint hearted, me brave laddie, now !

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
 But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below !

Come over, come over the river to me,
 My true-hearted laddie, my Charlie Machree !

He's sinking, he's sinking—O, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes, and ye're thro'.

He's sinking, O heaven! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here!

He rises, I see him—five strokes, Charlie, mair,—
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea—
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree!

Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree.

He's sinking, he's gone—O God, it is I,
It is I, who have killed him—help, help!—he must die.

Help, help!—ah, he rises—strike out and ye're free,
Ho, bravely done, Charlie; once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock, now give me your hand—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!

Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep.

Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me,
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

Count Candespina's Standard.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

"The King of Aragon now entered Castile, by way of Soria and Osma, with a powerful army; and, having been met by the queen's forces, both parties encamped near Sepulveda, and prepared to give battle.

"This engagement, called, from the field where it took place, *de la Espina*, is one of the most famous of that age. The dastardly Count of Lara fled at the first shock, and joined the queen at Burgos, where she was anxiously awaiting the issue; but the brave Count of Candespina (Gomez Gonzalez) stood his ground to the last, and died on the field of battle. His standard-bearer, a gentleman of the house of Olea, after having his horse killed under him, and both hands cut off by saber strokes, fell beside his master, still clasping the standard in his arms, and repeating his war-cry of 'Olea!'—"
Annals of the Queens of Spain.

1. Scarce were the splintered lances dropped,
 Scarce were the swords drawn out,
 Ere recreant Lara, sick with fear,
 Had wheeled his steed about;
2. His courser reared and plunged and neighed,
 Loathing the fight to yield;
 But the coward spurred him to the bone,
 And drove him from the field.
3. Gonzalez in his stirrups rose:
 "Turn, turn, thou traitor knight!
 Thou bold tongue in a lady's bower,
 Thou dastard in a fight!"
4. But vainly valiant Gomez cried
 Across the waning fray:
 Pale Lara and his craven band
 To Burgos scoured away.
5. "Now, by the God above me, sirs,
 Better we all were dead,
 Than a single knight among ye all
 Should ride where Lara led!
6. "Yet ye who fear to follow me,
 As yon traitor turn and fly;
 For I lead ye not to win a field:
 I lead ye forth to die.
7. "Olea, plant my standard here—
 Here on this little mound;
 Here raise the war-cry of thy house,
 Make this our rallying ground.
8. "Forget not, as thou hop'st for grace,
 The last care I shall have
 Will be to hear thy battle-cry,
 And see that standard wave."
9. Down on the ranks of Aragon
 The bold Gonzalez drove,
 And Olea raised his battle-cry,
 And waved the flag above.

10. Slowly Gonzalez's little band
Gave ground before the foe,
But not an inch of the field was won
Without a deadly blow ;
11. And not an inch of the field was won
That did not draw a tear
From the widowed wives of Aragon,
That fatal news to hear.
12. Backward and backward Gomez fought,
And high o'er the clashing steel,
Plainer and plainer rose the cry,
"Olea for Castile!"
13. Backward fought Gomez, step by step,
Till the cry was close at hand,
Till his dauntless standard shadowed him
And there he made his stand.
14. Mace, sword, and ax rang on his mail,
Yet he moved not where he stood,
Though each gaping joint of armor ran
A stream of purple blood.
15. As pierced with countless wounds he fell,
The standard caught his eye,
And he smiled, like an infant hushed asleep,
To hear the battle-cry.
16. Now one by one the wearied knights
Have fallen, or basely flown ;
And on the mound where his post was fixed
Olea stood alone.
17. "Yield up thy banner, gallant knight!
Thy lord lies on the plain ;
Thy duty has been nobly done ;
I would not see thee slain."
18. "Spare pity, King of Aragon ;
I would not hear thee lie :
My lord is looking down from heaven
To see his standard fly."

19. "Yield, madman, yield! thy horse is down,
 Thou hast nor lance nor shield;
 Fly!—I will grant thee time." "This flag
 Can neither fly nor yield!"
20. They girt the standard round about,
 A wall of flashing steel;
 But still they heard the battle-cry,
 "Olea for Castile!"
21. And there, against all Aragon,
 Full-armed with lance and brand,
 ▶ Olea fought until the sword
 Snapped in his sturdy hand.
22. Among the foe, with that high scorn
 Which laughs at earthly fears,
 He hurled the broken hilt, and drew
 His dagger on the spears.
23. They hewed the hauberk from his breast,
 The helmet from his head;
 They hewed the hands from off his limbs,
 From every vein he bled.
24. Clasping the standard to his heart,
 He raised one dying peal,
 That rang as if a trumpet blew—
 "Olea for Castile!"

Bernardo Del Carpio.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart
 of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned
 sire;
 "I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive
 train;
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—O break my
 father's chain!"

2. "Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man
this day!
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on
his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his
steed,
And urged as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy
speed.
3. And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glitter-
ing band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as leader in the
land!
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth,
is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long
to see."
4. His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's
hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there
dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?
5. That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his
like lead!
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead?
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed
and white;
He met, at last, his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!
6. Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—but who could
paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and
amaze—
They might have chained him, as before that stony form
he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip
the blood.

7. "Father!" at last he murmured low, and wept like childhood then:
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
 He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown—
 He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.
8. Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
 "No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now;
 My king is false—my hope betrayed! My father!—O the worth,
 The glory, and the loveliness are passed away from earth!
9. "I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee yet!
 I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
 Thou wouldst have known my spirit then; for thee my fields were won;
 And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!
10. Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
 Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
 And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
 And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead.
11. "Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me, what is this?
 The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?
 If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

12. "Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down
thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my
sire;
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood
was shed!
Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on
thy head!"
13. He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell; upon the silent
face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from
that sad place;
His hope was crushed; his after fate untold in martial
strain;
His banner led the spears no more amid the hills of Spain.

The Raven.

EDGAR A. POE.

1. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber
door—
Only this, and nothing more."
2. Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to
borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named
Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore

3. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
 “’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
 That it is, and nothing more.”
4. Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
 “Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door:
 Darkness there, and nothing more.
5. Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word “Lenore!”
 This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word “LENORE!”
 Merely this, and nothing more.
6. Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
 “Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
 explore;—

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

7. Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
 flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped
 or stayed he:

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
 door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
 door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

8. Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
 wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
 "art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the
 nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
 shore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

9. Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
 plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber
 door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
 door

With such name as "Nevermore!"

10. But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
 pour.

Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he
fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

11. Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden
bore—

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of 'Never—nevermore!"

12. But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
bust and door,

Then upon the velvet sinking, I took myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

13. Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core.

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
o'er,

But whose velvet, violet lining, with the lamp-light gloat-
ing o'er

She shall press—ah! nevermore!

14. Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!

Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

15. "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

16. "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore;

Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

17. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and Night's Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

8. And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the placid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor,

Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

Evening at the Farm.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

- Over the hill the farm-boy goes;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katy-did begins to sing:
The early dews are falling;
Into the stone-heap darts the mink:
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
- Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;

The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
 And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
 When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling:

“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
 Saying, “So! so, boss! so! so!”

3. To supper at last the farmer goes.

The apples are pared, the paper read,
 The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;

The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
 The household sinks to deep repose,
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,

Singing, calling—

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!”

And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, “So, boss! so!”

Pyramus and Thisbe.

JOHN G. SAXE.

1. This tragical tale, which they say is a true one,
 Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one.
 One Ovid, a writer of some reputation,
 Has told it before in a tedious narration,
 In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,
 But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.
 Young Peter Pyramus—I call him Peter,
 Not for the sake of the rhyme or the meter;
 But merely to make the name completer—
 For Peter lived in the olden times,
 And in one of the worst of pagan climes

That flourish now in classical fame,
 Long before either noble or boor
 Had such a thing as a Christian name.
 Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau
 As any young lady would wish to know ;
 In years, I ween, he was rather green ;
 That is to say, he was just eighteen—
 A trifle too short, a shaving too lean,
 But " a nice young man " as ever was seen,
 And fit to dance with a May-day queen !

2. Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
 As ever ensnared the heart of an earl.
 In the magical trap of an auburn curl—
 A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door.
 (They dwelt, in fact, on the very same floor
 With a wall between them and nothing more—
 Those double dwellings were common of yore.)
 And they loved each other, the legends say,
 In that very beautiful, bountiful way,
 That every young maid and every young blade
 Are want to do before they grow staid,
 And learn to love by the laws of trade ;
 But (alack-a-day, for the girl and boy!)
 A little impediment checked their joy,
 And gave them awhile the deepest annoy ;
 For some good reason, which history cloaks,
 The match didn't happen to please the old folks !

3. So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother
 Began the young couple to worry and bother,
 And tried their innocent passions to smother,
 By keeping the lovers from seeing each other !
 But who ever heard of a marriage deterred,
 Or even deferred,
 By any contrivance so very absurd
 As scolding the boy and caging the bird ?
 Now Peter, who wasn't discouraged at all
 By obstacles such as the timid appal,

Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
 Which wasn't so thick but removing a brick
 Made a passage—though rather provokingly small.
 Through this little chink the lover could greet her,
 And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
 While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter—
 For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
 Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

4. 'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love,
 Made a nice little plot to meet at a spot
 Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove;
 For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,
 Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,
 To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.
 In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
 The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,
 The mulberry-tree impatient to find;
 While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,
 Strolled leisurely out, some minutes behind.
 While waiting alone by the trysting tree,
 A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on,
 Came roaring along quite horrid to see,
 And caused the young maiden in terror to flee
 (A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
 Blood—and "a terrible thing among ladies"),
 And losing her veil as she ran from the wood,
 The monster bedabbled it over with blood.
5. Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil
 All covered o'er and reeking with gore,
 Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,
 And sat himself down to weep and to wail—
 For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter
 Made up his mind in very short meter
 That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her!
 So breathing a prayer, he determined to share
 The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"
 And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau,
 Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know),
 She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring;
 And, seizing the knife that had taken his life,
 In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

MORAL.

Young gentlemen!—pray recollect, if you please,
 Not to make your appointments near mulberry-trees.
 Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head
 To be stabbing yourself till you know she is dead.
 Young ladies!—you shouldn't go strolling about
 When your anxious mamma's don't know you are out;
 And remember that accidents often befall
 From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall!

Mr. Pickwick's Proposal to Mrs. Bardell.

DICKENS.

It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation; but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it is a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of

matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but do you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends"—said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table; "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities, and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him; "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here, she was all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"O, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, wont it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"O, I never thought any thing of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and of course, I should take more trouble to please you than than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"O you dear!" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"O you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair and flung her arms around Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider, Mrs. Bardell, don't—if any body should come—"

"O let them come!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

Capt. Wm. P. Brewster - Middle Pt. - Rhode Island

The Bobolink.

ALDINE.

1. Once, on a golden afternoon,
 With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
 Two fond lovers, in dreaming mood,
 Threaded a rural solitude.
 Wholly happy, they only knew
 That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
 That light and beauty and joy and song
 Charmed the way as they passed along:
 The air was fragrant with woodland scents;
 The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;

And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink?"
 Queried the curious bobolink,
 Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
 As saucily questioning all they said;
 While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
 And all glad nature rejoiced with them.
 Over the odorous fields were strewn
 Wilting windrows of grass new mown,
 And rosy billows of clover bloom
 Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
 Swinging low on a slender limb,
 The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
 And balancing on a blackberry brier,
 The bobolink sung with his heart on fire,—
 Chee, chee chink!
 "If you wish to kiss her, dō!
 Do it, do it! You coward, you!
 Kiss her! kiss her, kiss her! Who will see?
 Only we three! we three! we three!"

2. Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed,
 Wandered the indolent country road.
 The lovers followed it, listening still,
 And loitering slowly, as lovers will,
 Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
 Dusk and cool, in their pleasant way.
 Under its arch a smooth, brown stream,
 Silently glided with glint and gleam,
 Shaded by graceful elms which spread
 Their verdurous canopy overhead—
 The stream so narrow, the bough so wide,
 They met and mingled across the tide.
 Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
 Patient watch as it lay asleep,
 Mirroring clearly the trees and sky,
 And the flitting form of the dragon-fly.
 Save where the swift-winged swallow played
 In and out in the sun and shade,
 And darting and circling in merry chase,
 Dipped and dimpled its clear, dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink,

2. Rallying loudly with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within.
And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument—
“ Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!
I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
I'll be sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall birch tree!”
But ah! they noted—nor deemed it strange—
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change,—
“ Do it! do it!”—with might and main
Warbled the tell-tale—“ Do it again!”

Pictures of Memory.

ALICE CARY.

1. Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

2. I once had a little brother
 With eyes that were dark and deep;
 In the lap of that dim old forest,
 He lieth in peace asleep.
 Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow,
 We roved there, the beautiful summers,
 The summers of long ago;
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And, one of the autumn eves,
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of the yellow leaves.
3. Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace,
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face;
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
4. Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.
-

Sandalphon.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1. Have you read in the Talmud of old,
 In the Legends the Rabbins have told
 Of the limitless realms of the air,
 Have you read it,—the marvelous story
 Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
 Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?
2. How, erect, at the outermost gates
 Of the City Celestial he waits,

With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night ?

3. The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.
4. But, serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below;—
5. From the spirits on Earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.
6. And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.
7. It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore:
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

8. When I look from my window at night,
 And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars,
 Among them majestic is standing
 Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.
9. And the legend, I feel, is a part
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.
-

The Blacksmith's Story.

FRANK OLIVE.

1. Well, no! My wife aint dead, sir, but I've lost her all
 the same;
 She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.
 It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—
 When you hear the circumstances—'twas rather rough on
 me.
2. She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill;
 And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still;
 But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see
 A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.
3. The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy
 glow
 Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their
 snow.
 I think she loved me some,—I'm bound to think that of
 her, sir;
 And as for me,—I can't begin to tell how I loved her!
4. Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless;
 And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness;

- 'Twas hers,—'twas mine; but I've no language to explain
to you,
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together
drew!
5. Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasp-
ing breath,
Dumb with an awful, wordless woe, we waited for its
death;
And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together there,
For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless
prayer.
6. And, when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy what
words could tell?
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together
fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome
guest.
7. Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing;
Early and late you'd find me there a-hammering and sing-
ing;
Love nerved my arm to labor, and moved my tongue to
song,
And, though my singing wasn't sweet, it was tremendous
strong!
8. One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a
shoe,
And, while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two;
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away
At Malvern Hill. "Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert
May?"
9. "That's me," said he. "You, you!" I gasped, choking
with horrid doubt;
"If you're the man, just follow me; we'll try this mystery
out!"

With dizzy steps, I led him in to Mary. God! 'Twas true!

Then the bitterest pangs of misery, unspeakable, I knew.

10. Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild, despairing moan.

'Twas he! the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead,

But all too late; and, with bitter cry, her senses fled.

11. What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return

He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to learn.

'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd have killed him, too,

So dead he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

12. It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.

No sinner, at the judgment-seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could suffer what I did, while waiting sentence in that room.

13. Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense
as steel,

While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal.

God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

14. Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice, when she knelt down
and said,—

“Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive!
not dead!”

I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
But somehow, in my aching breast, the prisoned words
stuck tight!

15. "But, John, I can't leave baby."—"What! wife and child!" cried I;
 "Must I yield all! Ah, cruel fate! Better that I should die.
 Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me,—
 No wife to cheer me with her love,—no babe to climb my knee!
16. And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred mother-love
 Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever wove.
 Take her; but promise, Mary,—for that will bring no shame,—
 My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp, her father's name!"
17. It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife;
 But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life;
 One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done!
 One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was gone!

Toussaint L'Ouverture.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a Negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a Negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was

forty ; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what ? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what ? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what ? Out of what you call the despicable race of Negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunder-bolt and hurled it at what ? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered ; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet ; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European ; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture ; let him have the ripest training of university routine ; let him add to it the better education of practical life ; crown his temple with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this Negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a State to the blood of its sons—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right ; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the Negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the Negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went

down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

The Merchant of Venice. Scene i. Act iii.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sol. How now, Shylock; what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sol. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Sol. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sala. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have made another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sol. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it

will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she was hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—good news, good news: hal ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my torquise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Our Folks.

ETHEL LYNN.

1. "Hi! Harry Holly! Halt; and tell
 A fellow just a thing or two:
 You've had a furlough, been to see
 How all the folks in Jersey do.
 It's months ago since I was there—
 I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks:
 When you were home—old comrade, say,
 Did you see any of our folks?
 You did? Shake hands; O, aint I glad?
 For, if I do look grim and rough,
 I've got some feelin'—"

2. " People think
 A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
 But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
 And hot saltpeter flames and smokes,
 While whole battalions lie afield,
 One's apt to think about his folks.
3. " And so you saw them—when ? and where ?
 The old man—is he hearty yet ?
 And mother—does she fade at all ?
 Or does she seem to pine and fret
 For me ? And sis ?—has she grown tall ?
 And did you see her friend—you know
 That Annie Moss—
 (How this pipe chokes!)
 Where did you see her ?—tell me, Hal,
 A lot of news about our folks.
4. " You saw them in the church—you say:
 It's likely, for they're always there.
 Not Sunday ? no ? A funeral ? Who ?
 Who, Harry ? how you shake and stare !
 All well, you say, and all were out ;
 What ails you, Hal ? Is this a hoax ?
 Why don't you tell me, like a man,
 What is the matter with our folks ? "
5. " I said all well, old comrade, true,
 I say all well, for He knows best
 Who takes the young ones in his arms,
 Before the sun goes to the west.
 The ax-man Death deals right and left,
 And flowers fall as well as oaks ;
 And so—
6. " Fair Annie blooms no more !
 And that's the matter with your folks.
 See, this brown curl was kept for you ;
 And this white blossom from her breast ;
 And here—your sister Bessie wrote
 A letter, telling all the rest.
 Bear up, old friend."

7. Nobody speaks;
 Only the old camp raven croaks,
 And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still;
 There's some bad news from Grainger's folks."

He turns his back—the only foe
 That ever saw it—on his grief,
 And, as men will, keeps down the tears
 Kind Nature sends to Woe's relief.
 Then answers he:

8. "Ah, Hal, I'll try;
 But in my throat there's something chokes,
 Because, you see, I've thought so long
 To count her in among our folks.

9. "I s'pose she must be happy now;
 But still I will keep thinking too,
 I could have kept all trouble off,
 By being tender, kind, and true;
 But may be not.

"She's safe up there;
 And when His hand deals other strokes,
 She'll stand by heaven's gate, I know,
 And wait to welcome in our folks."

Waldemar Puusti—The Johns Radical

Lasca.

F. DESPREZ.

1. I want free life and I want fresh air;
 And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
 The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
 The mellay of horns and hoofs and heads
 That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
 The green beneath and the blue above,
 And dash and danger, and life and love,
 And Lasca!
2. Lasca used to ride
 On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,

With blue *sérâpe* and bright-belled spur ;
 I laughed with joy when I looked at her !
 Little knew she of books or creeds ;
 An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs ;
 Little she cared, save to be by my side,
 To ride with me, and ever to ride,
 From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
 She was as bold as the billows that beat,
 She was as wild as the breezes that blow ;
 From her little head to her little feet
 She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro
 By each gust of passion ; a sapling pine,
 That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
 And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
 Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
 She would hunger that I might eat,
 Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet ;
 But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
 At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
 One Sunday, in San Antonio,
 To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
 She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
 And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger !
 An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
 And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night ;
 But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
 Her torn *rebóso* about the wound
 That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

3. Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown ;
 Her hair was darker than her eye ;
 And something in her smile and frown,
 Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
 Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
 Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
 The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
 The air was heavy, the night was hot,
 I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot ;

Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
 Forgot that the air was close opprest,
 That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
 In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
 That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
 And nothing on earth can stop the flight;
 And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
 Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
 Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
 I spring to my saddle without a word.
 One foot on mine, and she clung behind.
 Away on a hot chase down the wind!
 But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
 And never was steed so little spared.
 For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

4. The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
 There is one chance left, and you have but one—
 Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
 Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
 And if the steers, in their frantic course,
 Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
 You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
 To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
 And the open air and the open sky,
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

5. The cattle gained on us and then I felt
 For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt;
 Down came the mustang, and down came we,
 Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
 A body that spread itself on my breast,
 Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
 Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
 Then came thunder in my ears
 As over us surged the sea of steers;
 Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
 And when I could rise
 Lasca was dead.

6. I dug out a grave a few feet deep,
 And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
 And where she is lying no one knows,
 And the summer shines and the winter snows;
 And for many a day the flowers have spread
 A pall of petals over her head;
 And the little gray hawk hangs aloof in the air,
 And the sly coyote trots here and there,
 And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
 Into the rift in a cotton-wood tree;
 And the buzzard sails on,
 And comes and is gone,
 Stately and still as a ship at sea;
 And I wonder why I do not care
 For the things that are like the things that were.
 Does half my heart lie buried there
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

No Sects in Heaven.

“ MRS. E. H. J. CLEVELAND.

1. Talking of sects till late one eve,
 Of the various doctrines, the saints believe,
 That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
 By the side of a darkly flowing stream.
2. And a Churchman down to the river came;
 When I heard a strange voice call his name,
 “Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
 You must leave your robes on the other side.”
3. But the aged father did not mind;
 And his long gown floated out behind,
 As down to the stream his way he took,
 His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book:
4. “I'm bound for Heaven; and, when I'm there,
 I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
 And, though I put on a starry crown,
 I should feel quite lost without my gown.”

5. Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.
6. I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the Church*" or not.
7. Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."
8. Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.
9. But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed on the farther shore,
His coat slipped off, and was seen no more;
10. As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.
11. Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing—
That the people in Heaven, "all around" might sing.
12. But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
When he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and the hymns in the waves went down.
13. And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;

But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

14. And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.
15. Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the river together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.
16. "Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you friend,
How you attained to life's great end!"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now;
17. "And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you:
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."
18. Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right—
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.
19. And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.
20. And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.
21. And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true:"

Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

22. But the *brethren* only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And, if one of them ever chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'O, let the women keep silence all?'"
23. I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream:
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one:
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Came out alike on the other side.
24. No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

Poor Little Joe.

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

1. "Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I knowed you'd like 'em—
Aint them scrumptious? Aint them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

2. "I was skippin' past a winder,
 Where a bang-up lady sot,
 All amongst a lot of bushes—
 Each one climbin' from a pot;
 Every bush had flowers on it—
 Pretty? Mebbe not! O, no!
 Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
 It was sich a stunnin' show.
3. "Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
 Lyin' here so sick and weak,
 Never knowin' any comfort,
 And I puts on lots o' cheek.
 'Missus,' says I, 'If you please, mum,
 Could I ax you for a rose?
 For my little brother, missus—
 Never seed one, I suppose.'
4. "Then I told her all about you—
 How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
 (Lackin' women folks to do it.)
 Sich a' imp you was, you know—
 Till yer got that awful tumble,
 Jist as I had broke yer in
 (Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.
5. "How that tumble crippled of you,
 So's you couldn't hyper much—
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you
 Fur the first time with yer crutch.
 'But,' I says, 'he's laid up now, mum,
 'Pears to weaken every day;'
 Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
 That's the how of this bokay.
6. "Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
 You is quite yerself to-night;
 Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
 Sence yer eyes has been so bright.

Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
 Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
 Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
 Well, I thought it would, you know!

7. "Never see the country, did you?
 Flowers growin' every-where!
 Sometime when you're better, Joey,
 Mebbe I kin take you there.
 Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
 Dunno much about it, though;
 Aint as fly as wot I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.
8. "But I've heard it hinted somewheres
 That in heaven's golden gates
 Things is everlastin' cheerful—
 B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
 Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
 So good people, when they dies,
 Finds themselves well fixed forever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails your eyes?"
9. "Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
 O, no! Don't you have no fear;
 Heaven was made fur such as you is—
 Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
 Here—wake up! O, don't look that way!
 Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
 Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey!
 O, my God! can Joe be dead?"

How the Old Horse Won the Bet.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1. 'Twas on the famous trotting-ground,
 The betting men were gathered round
 From far and near; the "cracks" were there
 Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:

The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
 The fleet s. h., Don Pfeiffer's brag,
 With these a third—and who is he
 That stands beside his fast b. g. ?
 Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
 So fills the nasal trump of fame.
 There, too, stood many a noted steed
 Of Messenger, and Morgan breed;
 Green horses also, not a few—
 Unknown as yet what they could do;
 And all the hacks that know so well
 The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

2. Blue are the skies of opening day;
 The bordering turf is green with May;
 The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
 On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;
 The horses paw and prance and neigh;
 Fillies and colts like kittens play,
 And dance and toss their rippled manes
 Shining and soft as silken skeins;
 Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
 And fashion flaunts her gay turnout:
 Here stands—each youthful Jchu's dream—
 The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
 And there in ampler breadth expand
 The splendors of the four-in-hand;
 On faultless ties and glossy tiles
 The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;
 (The style's the man, so books avow;
 The style's the woman anyhow;)
 From flounces frothed with creamy lace
 Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
 Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
 Or stares the wiry pet of Skye,—
 O woman, in your hours of ease
 So shy with us, so free with these!

8. "Come on! I'll bet you two to one
 I'll make him do it!" "Will you? Done!"

What was it who was bound to do?
 I did not hear, and can't tell you;
 Pray listen till my story's through.

4. Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
 By cart and wagon rudely prest,
 The parson's lean and bony bay,
 Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay—
 Lent to his sexton for the day.
 (A funeral—so the sexton said;
 His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)
 Like Lazarus bid to Dives's feast,
 So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
 His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
 The gray was sprinkled in his hair:
 Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
 And yet they say he once could trot
 Among the fleetest of the town,
 Till something cracked and broke him down—
 The steed's the statesman's common lot!
 "And are we then so soon forgot?"
 Ah me! I doubt if one of you
 Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
 Whose fame through all this region rung
 In those old days when I was young!
5. "Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he showed
 Not like the one Mazeppa rode:
 Scant-maned, sharp-backed and shaky-kneed,
 The wreck of what was once a steed—
 Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
 Yet not without his knowing points.
 The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
 As if 'twere all a make-believe,
 Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
 Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
 Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
 Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
 Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
 From strap and rein—a sight to see!

6. So worn, so lean in every limb,
 It can't be they are saddling him!
 It is! His back the pig-skin strides,
 And flaps his lank rheumatic sides;
 With look of mingled scorn and mirth
 They buckle round the saddle-girth;
 With horsey wink and saucy toss
 A youngster throws his leg across.
 And so, his rider on his back,
 They lead him, limping, to the track,
 Far up behind the starting-point,
 To limber out each stiffened joint.
7. As through the jeering crowd he passed,
 One pitying look old Hiram cast;
 "Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"
 Cried out unsentimental Dan;
 "A fast-day dinner for the crows!"
 Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose,
8. Slowly, as when the walking-beam
 First feels the gathering head of steam,
 With warning cough and threatening wheeze
 The stiff old charger crooks his knees;
 At first with cautious step sedate,
 As if he dragged a coach of state;
 He's not a colt; he knows full well
 That time is weight and sure to tell;
 No horse so sturdy but he fears
 The handicap of twenty years.
9. As through the throng on either hand
 The old horse nears the judges' stand,
 Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
 He warms a little to his gait,
 And now and then a step is tried
 That hints at something like a stride.
10. "Go!"—Through his ear the summons stung,
 As if a battle-trump had rung;
 The slumbering instincts long unstirred
 Start at the old familiar word;

It thrills like flame through every limb—
 What mean his twenty years to him ?
 The savage blow his rider dealt
 Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt ;
 The spur that pricked his staring hide
 Unheeded tore his bleeding side ;
 Alike to him are spur and rein—
 He steps a five-year-old again !

11. Before a quarter pole was passed,
 Old Hiram said, " He's going fast."
 Long ere the quarter was a half,
 The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh ;
 Tighter his frightened jockey clung
 As in a mighty stride he swung,
 The gravel flying in his track,
 His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
 His tail extended all the while
 Behind him like a rat-tail file !
 Off went a shoe—away it spun,
 Shot like a bullet from a gun ;
 The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
 From scraps of oaths he used to swear ;
 He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
 He clutches fiercely for a mane ;
 He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
 He'll slide beneath those trampling heels !
 The knees of many a horseman quake,
 The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
 And shouts arise from left and right,
 " Stick on ! stick on ! " " Hould tight ! hould
 tight ! "
 " Cling round his neck ; and don't let go—
 That pace can't hold—there ! steady ! whoa ! "
 But, like the sable steed that bore
 The spectral lover of Lenore,
 His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
 No stretch his bony limbs can tire ;
 And now the stand he rushes by,
 And " Stop him ! stop him ! " is the cry.

12. "Stand back! he's only just begun—
 He's having out three heats in one!"
 "Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;
 But follow up and grab the reins!"
 Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
 And sprang, impatient, at the word:
 Budd Doble started on his bay,
 Old Hiram followed on his gray,
 And off they spring, and round they go,
 The fast ones doing "all they know,"
 Look! twice they follow at his heels,
 As round the circling course he wheels,
 And whirls with him that clinging boy
 Like Hector round the walls of Troy.
 Still on, and on, the third time round!
 They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
 Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
 Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
 And see! in spite of whip and shout,
 Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
13. Now for the finish! At the turn,
 The old horse—all the rest astern—
 Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
 By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!
 That trot no mortal could explain;
 Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"
 Some took his time—at least, they tried,
 But what it was could none decide;
 One said he couldn't understand
 What happened to his second-hand;
 One said 2:10; *that* couldn't be—
 More like two twenty-two or three;
 Old Hiram settled it at last:
 "The time was two—too mighty fast!"
14. The parson's horse had won the bet;
 It cost him something of a sweat;
 Back in the one-horse shay he went.
 The parson wondered what it meant,

And murmured, with a mild surprise
 And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
 "That funeral must have been a trick,
 Or corpses drive at double quick ;
 I shouldn't wonder, I declare,
 If Brother Murray made the prayer !"
 And this is all I have to say
 About the parson's poor old bay,
 The same that drew the one-horse shay.
 Moral for which this tale is told :
 A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

Robert of Lincoln.

W. C. BRYANT.

1. Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers,
 Chee, chee, chee.

2. Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
 Wearing a bright black wedding coat,
 White are his shoulders and white his crest,
 Hear him call in his merry note,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee.

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass while her husband sings :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee.

4. Modest and shy as a nun is she,
 One weak chirp is her only note,
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Never was I afraid of man;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
 Chee, chee, chee.

5. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
 There, as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.

6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell
 Six wide mouths are open for food;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.

7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work and silent with care;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

8. Summer wanes, the children are grown;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

The Bald-Headed Man.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's head is like a baby, aint it?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence, "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine all come off?"

"Some time, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, wont I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed, "Ma, there's a fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Two flies, see 'em fight."

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy.

"Here, you young hedgehog, if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got any red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The Dead Doll.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

1. You needn't be trying to comfort me: I tell you my dolly is dead!
 There's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack like that in her head!
 It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day;
 And then, when the man most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

2. And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you
can mend it with glue!
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose
it was you!
You might make her look all mended; but what do I care
for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables and toys, and the backs
of books!
3. My dolly! my own little daughter! O, but it's the awfulest
crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor
head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little
shelf!
Now, nurse, what makes you remind me? I know that I
did it myself!
4. I think you must be crazy! You'll get her another
head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my
dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new
spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that
horrid cat!
5. When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing
out in the yard—
She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for
Hildegard." .
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegard saw me
do it;
But I said to myself, "O, never mind; I don't believe she
knew it."
6. But I know that she knew it now; and I just believe,
I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head
broke too.

O, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been
hit!

For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

7. But, since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course.

We will take my little wagon, nurse; and you shall be the horse;

And I'll walk behind, and cry; and we'll put her in this you see—

This dear little box—and we'll bury her under the maple-tree.

8. And papa will make me a tombstone like the one he made for my bird;

And he'll put what I tell him on it; yes, every single word.

I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;

She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

THE END.



Reluct to the mountain top
On Jordan's stormy banks
Island.

And cast a wishful eye
To Conzani's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie
It's lone sits alone

Upset in heaven.

If there be three in all your
company dare face me on
the bloody sands let them
come on

To arms! To arms! a thousand
will be used.

The lilacs are in blossom,
The cherry flowers are white,
I hear a sound below me,
A twitter of delight.

It is my friend the swallow,
As sure as I'm alive.

I'm very glad to see you,
Pray when did you arrive.

This vast and solid earth,
That blazing sun

Those skies through which
it rolls must all have end.

10. Even to the sides of the ^{to some} ~~mountain~~ 11. Down
9. Of things that seem or are
8. Through the veil and far 12. Down
7. Of death and life.
6. Through the cloudy stripes. 13. Down
5. Through the shades of sleep

1. To the deep.
2. Down
3. To the deep.
4. Down.







